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SERVICE MEMORIES

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LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD.

SERVICE MEMORIES

BY

SURGEON-GENERAL
SIR A. D. HOME, V.C., K.C.B.

EDITED BY
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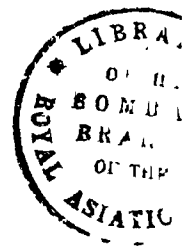
LIEUT.-COLONEL, ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL CORPS, AND BREVET-COLONEL

WITH PORTRAIT



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LONDON
EDWARD ARNOLD
1912

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PREFACE

THE following reminiscences were written by Sir Anthony Home, at the instance of his old friend and brother-officer Lieut.-Colonel Manifold Craig, without any view to their publication. It was felt by Lieut.-Colonel Craig, and the sentiment was shared by many others who belong to the same service, that the records of a career so distinguished should not be allowed to lapse into oblivion, or remain merely in manuscript form. After much persuasion on the part of Lieut.-Colonel Craig, to whom the manuscript had been handed over by the author as a free gift, Sir Anthony reluctantly gave his consent to its publication. Since Lieut.-Colonel Craig felt himself unable to undertake the labour of preparing the manuscript for the press, he entrusted it to the Director-General, Army Medical Service, with the suggestion that this task might be entrusted to some officer of that Service, on the understanding that any profits that might arise from the sale of the book should be devoted to some charitable fund in connection with the Royal Army Medical Corps.

In editing these reminiscences, I have considered it best to add as little as possible to the original story. No attempt, therefore, has been made to turn them into a complete life of Sir Anthony Home. A few short notes only have been inserted, detailing the leading steps in his official career during the intervals between the various campaigns and adventures related in the reminiscences.

C. H. MELVILLE.

March 1, 1912.

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PORTRAIT OF SURGEON-GEN. SIR A. D. HOME *Frontispiece*

SERVICE MEMORIES

CHAPTER I

BEGINNING LIFE (1848-1851)

[The subject of the following reminiscences was born on the 30th November, 1826, at Dunbar, and spent the early years of his life in Berwickshire, and at Selkirk. After passing through the usual medical curriculum at St. Andrews, he obtained the degree of M.D. (St. Andrews) in 1847, and, after a year's further study in Paris, the Membership of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1848. He entered the Army Medical Service as Assistant-Surgeon, being gazetted to that rank in the 3rd West India Regiment on the 17th March, 1848. Nine months later he was transferred in the same rank to the 72nd Foot (now 1st Battalion Seaforth Highlanders).]

THE satisfaction with which I naturally regarded my establishment in a settled career in life (on 17th March, 1848) was leavened when, as a consequence, I was detailed to proceed at once to the West Indies, a station regarded as—barring the West Coast of Africa—the worst to which an aspirant in the Army Medical Service could be sent. To begin with, it raised the question amongst my confrères of the "Fort Pitt Lancers"—as the bright spirits in the garrison pleasantly called us—what I had done to merit the particular distinction, but as the bad eminence was shared by two others at the same time—three of us in the same boat—the subject of merit, by dilution, lost much of its interest. We could plead in extenuation the fact that an outburst of yellow fever in Barbadoes just then had caused some voids in the Medical Service, and that

"meritorious" conduct had nothing to do with the selection—a plea which silenced, but did not convince. I did try, however, to change my fate in the way of station, by a visit to the headquarters of the Medical Department, but Sir James McGrigor, our chief, was inexorable. I only asked him to send me to the West Coast of Africa—where at the time there were two death vacancies not filled up—instead of to the West Indies. I pleaded earnestly with the Secretary of the Office for reconsideration of the decision, on the ground that in offering willingly to give up a bad for a rather worse place I was injuring no one apparently but myself—a volunteer. I was answered gruffly, and told exhaustively "not to be a fool," and had to accept the complimentary ultimatum.

I had good reason for thinking that, under the circumstances, a resignation of the Service would not have been accepted. About a year before a young medical officer had been gazetted to a similar appointment, and with the same attendant conditions. On being notified (I afterwards had the story from his own lips) to embark at Deptford for passage to the West Indies, he wrote a brief refusal of the piece of preferment—written, I can fancy, rather in the style of airy familiarity than in one of severe official formality. Thinking that the last word had been given, he left Chatham and its trammels for a more congenial civil life career in medicine. But a few days after his return to London a visitor was announced, who presented himself as an officer from the Horse Guards, and opened the object of his visit by expressing the hope that he might be allowed to execute an unpleasant duty, as little unpleasantly as possible, the duty being that of arresting and sending him down to Chatham, a prisoner in charge of a corporal and file of men, who were waiting at the door. He suggested, however, that if the prisoner would give his word of honour to proceed without a moment's delay to give himself up to the Officer Commanding at Chatham the guard would only accompany him as far as the setting-off place for that town. This was carried out, and after a good deal of time even the court-martial was remitted, and the delinquent eventually landed in the West Indies, where I may say that

for a year or two he had a very breezy time of it, ending in a sudden calm, and in a warm official expression of appreciation of his services. I give the above story, because I think it is unique of its kind—at least, I never, in the course of a very long service, heard of another case of an officer being marched off in charge of a guard.

In a very short time after receiving my orders I embarked for Barbadoes by the mail steamer. In the spring of 1848 steamers doing long distances were very rare. The pace was not wonderful, but it was (relatively) certain. I think we reached Barbadoes in twenty-eight days, having had a smooth sea nearly all the way. The gradual approach to the sunny south from the wintry weather we had left was a delightful experience, culminating in quite an intoxication of pleasurable feeling, when we reached Funchal, in Madeira; a little paradise as it seemed, bright with the blue water, its clear sunshine, the balmy odour of flowers and shrubs wafted from the land, and the sea covered with brightly-painted shore boats, pulled along or pushed on by picturesquely-dressed boatmen, gesticulating in an unknown tongue the praises of the wares brought off for our purchase. All the passengers made for the land, examined the shops, and took rides in the environs of the town, amongst lovely, garden-surrounded villas, catching snatches of melody occasionally from the well-touched guitar. The occurrence now and then of grated windows, with glimpses of the occupants at them, postern gates, and garden walls, and a vague feeling that you had seen something like this before, recalled Romeo and Juliet scenes. There was, after all, but little of it; yet how wonderfully things seen in the early days are retained in the mind, long after other more important ones have faded from memory like morning dreams.

Next day, by getting on shore early, we had time for more shopping, riding, and loitering about, but in the forenoon the anchor was lifted, and the freshly-coaled ship was put on her course for islands yet farther south and west.

I have touched at Funchal several times since, but never again did the visit bring with it even an approach to the enjoyment of my first.

We had a fair passage after leaving, and we also had agreeable company, the passengers mostly of the planter and the official classes. As no forced attempts were made to create amusements, we happily escaped the quarrels and unpleasantness that are apt to arise on long voyages. In due course we made the land, and anchored in Carlisle Bay, with Bridgetown, the capital, before us. I left the comfortable ship and its most kindly, obliging captain next morning. Once again I saw her—or a part of her—a sunken wreck near the mouth of Balaclava Harbour, one of the many ships that went down in the awful tempest of October, 1854.

On reporting myself to the Medical Inspector-General at the headquarters of the Command, I was directed to start next day for Demerara. On our way down south we touched at St. Vincent, Granada, and Trinidad. With fine weather and a steady breeze to temper the heat, our voyage was a pleasant one. At the island last named an incident of the most unexpected kind occurred—nothing less than the finding of ourselves almost in the midst of a whale-catching operation. I knew that the North Pole had no monopoly of the whale-fishing industry, but to see a whale caught up, harpooned, and killed, within the fourth of a mile or so from the ship I was on, came as a surprise.

The scene burst on us as soon as the steamer had slowly pushed her way through one of the narrow channels, formed by islets lying between the coast of Venezuela and Trinidad, at the north-east point, the distance between the Spanish Republic and the English Colony being about seven miles. The islets spoken of divide the space into three passages practicable for ships—called "Bocas," the Spanish for "mouth." When through one of the Bocas, a ship enters at once the large inland sea separating the two countries, called the "Gulf of Paria," and on this occasion we saw nearly from start to finish the capture and killing of a whale.

The poor brute at first paid no attention to the boats sent from the fishing station to secure it. These quietly rowed up and were allowed to get alongside it by a sudden rush. Probably the first knowledge the whale had of its

enemy—man—was that conveyed by the harpoon driven deeply into its body ; there was little more than this visible to us. The boats backed away from the stricken animal immediately it was harpooned ; then came a great splashing of the water all round, spouting and rolling about ; then the whale dived, but soon came up again, and now the sea nearly up to our ship was coloured with its blood—recalling the

> . . . multitudinous seas incarnadine
> Making the green one red"

of Macbeth. Before we were out of sight, all was over; the body of the whale was floating on the water. I would not wish to see another whale killed.

From the Bocas to Port of Spain, the capital of Trinidad, is about eight miles, but in that short distance there is much of interest. The Cumana mountain range in Venezuela, seen from the water of the misnamed "Gulf" of Pariā, would, if there were nothing more, give beauty to the scene.

On our course we passed over some sunken line of battleships which the Spaniards, the first in succession of the European possessors of Trinidad, had disposed of by sinking, rather than permit them to fall into the hands of the English. I suppose they are all silted over now, as in time the "gulf" itself will be by the action of the mud-laden waters of the Orinoco River.

Our stay at Port of Spain was short, but sufficient to allow me to see a little of it, and, as Fortune would have it, to have "greatness thrust upon me" for a couple of minutes or so, through the kindly courtesy of the Chief Justice of the island, whose fellow-passenger from England I had been. I was allowed to land in the boat sent off for him, since he not wishing to land at once, the boat was available. When I neared the landing-place, there were crowds of people, natives principally, at and about it. Sheltered from the sun by an awning, they could not see me, and fancying that the very greatly esteemed head of the legal courts was landing, volleys of cheers greeted my approach, and loud expressions of welcome. A sudden silence fell on all as I stepped forth—the wrong man—but

the crowd behaved like gentlemen; no reaction from enthusiasm brought contemptuous derision on me. I was allowed to lose myself in the crowd without a single reproach, and I thought it handsome of them.

Leaving Port of Spain in the afternoon, retracing our morning course, to emerge through the Bocas into the open sea, nothing was visible on the water of the harpooning affair of the morning. Another day brought the steamer to the Demerara River in British Guiana, a trifling body of water, only two miles broad at its mouth. I call it trifling relatively, because later on I saw another of the rivers of the colony—the Essequibo—with a width of twenty miles at its mouth, and even that was no great marvel for a South American river. George Town, the capital of the colony, lies on the south side of the Demerara, close to its mouth —a well-built, clean, pleasant-looking town of its kind, but on a terribly low site; it was flourishing when most of the towns in the English West Indies were in the lowest stage of commercial depression due to the abolition of slave labour. The owners of many, if not of most, of the sugar properties lived in Europe, leaving their estates to the care of agents, forgetful of the saying that the eye of the master fattens the steed. Some, however, came out for the sugar season, and found the practice advantageous. British Guiana commerce was not, as regards practical limitation to one article, on the same footing as other sugar-growing possessions, and this buoyed up her prosperity. On reaching George Town my voyage from England was completed. Reporting my arrival, I got instructions to take up quarters in Eve Leary Barracks, just outside the town, and there I settled down to the work allotted me. This in reality—though not technically—was that of the whole Medical Service of the garrison, consisting of the headquarters of a West India Regiment, of two companies of a line regiment, and a few artillerymen. The heat just before the commencement of the rains was great, but I noticed then—a fact which subsequent experience in other tropical countries supported —that new-comers, for a short time—a month or so, perhaps, —suffered less from the effects of the high temperature than seasoned residents. They braved the sun at the

worst hours, and wondered at the cautions their more experienced comrades gave—and were told to wait a bit.

The military duties of the garrison mostly fell to the negro troops, called West Indian; they were—the rank and file—nearly all Africans who had been captured by our cruisers in slave-ships conveying them across the Atlantic from Africa. Few of them spoke English, though many understood a little of it. I was told they made good and obedient soldiers generally; they were of many nationalities, and few groups understood each other's speech. There were one or two of the Mandingo people, a negro race, but well forward in civilization.

It is stated above that the recruits were recaptured slaves; the method of entering them for the profession of arms was simple. Likely-looking young men selected in the depots were shown a red jacket and asked (in English) if they would like it, and usually they jumped at the alluring prize, and were marched out to commence their acquirement of the goose-step accomplishment. But the West India Islands were foreign soils to them, and from time to time suicide, after failure to get back to the old African home, became epidemic, so to say. On one occasion, just before my arrival, a home-sick soldier dressed himself somehow in all his kit, put about him all his belongings, ammunition, and belts, and then shot himself. They were not ill-treated intentionally, but possibly ignorance of their sacred customs may have impelled them to get away from soldiering by suicide. It was said that a colonel, in whose corps at one of the islands suicide became frequent, put a stop at once to the practice by letting it be understood that on the next occurrence of a case he would shoot himself also, and go to Africa along with the suicide, and make it hot for him there. All the men had English names given to them, mostly culled from the Army List. The officers of the garrison were mostly young in years: they had little chance of service in other colonies than those in the West Indies and the West Coast of Africa, but the hopefulness of youth kept them cheerful. They went into the society of George Town with alacrity, and repaid its enjoyments with a weekly afternoon musical attraction by the

band of the regiment, the members of which, like the rank and file, had "run wild in woods," had had "their liberty cloven down in some disastrous fight," had been acquainted with the horrors of the slave-ship and the joys of release, and, lastly, had been taught to play very nicely. An occasional ball in the mess-room, with spacious verandahs on both sides for "overflow meetings," was a not inconsiderable distraction from the monotony of society life in George Town.

But there was also a sprinkling of old officers in the garrison. Amongst these were two who had served in the Peninsular War, both Irishmen, one being the Colonel of the regiment; he had left one arm on the field at Vittoria. The other Peninsular veteran had a great reputation for prowess on the field of honour, repeatedly shown. Duels seem to have been astonishingly frequent in the West Indies, until public opinion was roused on the subject in the early forties, and it may be in the recollection of some that the practice lived on in the southern states of the United States years after this period, dying hard.

A custom once universal in the Army, but fallen into disuse nearly everywhere else, had continued on at George Town. Every morning at gun-fire, instead of the ordinary réveillé (or "rouse") on a single bugle, the whole of the drums and fifes of the regiment marched (I hasten to say that the men so called marched, not the instruments designated) from the men's barracks to the officers' quarters and back again, playing a particular tune, called, I believe, "A Point of War," with much long rolling of the drums: it very effectually roused everyone. Later on—years after—and in China, I heard the "Point of War" played as the réveillé of one regiment, but with woefully-maimed rites. I had also heard the band, or portion of the band, of a Zouave regiment rouse up the corps by playing and marching up and down quickly; they kept up this custom of theirs for something like a month after the arrival of the Allies before Sebastopol. But the fickle French had discarded old "Point of War" for an air out of "Don Pasquale."

The troops had only routine barrack duties to perform; their own presence created the duties. But their presence

was thought to be necessary by the colonial authorities, as there had been some restlessness amongst the native negro population during the period of "apprenticeship" relation intervening between the slavery condition and the existing one of an absolute freedom. And a little anxiety naturally attached to the fact that midnight meetings of the former slaves for "Obi" rites seemed to be more frequent than heretofore. This religious observance, brought from Africa generations before, had survived more or less perfectly. What the faith was, no one whom I asked could tell me, but the likelihood of the correlation of crime with mystery could not be overlooked.

I arrived at George Town in the beginning of May, when comparatively good health is enjoyed by the white residents, and my duties were light. But in a month's time the rains were due. Their coming on the scene was announced by the occurrence every evening after sunset of long-continued, widely-spread, vivid sheet lightning, without thunder. It required no very special knowledge to foresee that malarial emanation from a marshy soil on ground so little above sea-level as that on which the barracks were placed would, under the influence of rain and heated atmosphere, cause a great deal of sickness amongst the troops.

The knowledge of seasons in connection with sickness in British Guiana, expressed sententiously, and with an unequalled economy of words, I found current in the country: "June—July, you die; August you must; September, remember; October, it's over." And this was the course outlined for that part of the season of sickness I saw in George Town, but it applied only to the whites, the negro troops suffering only moderately. With the coming on of the rains the white troops were struck down with ague in large numbers; sometimes the cooling down of the air preceding a downpour of rain would send half a dozen men at a time to hospital, and the gravity of the sickness steadily increased with the period the rains had lasted.

My stay in George Town only took in one-half of the rainy season, but before I left there were 102 of the men of the white regiment in hospital out of about 200; at the same time the negro troops, double in number, had only

thirty-two men in hospital. The rains had an immediate effect in increasing the number of visible snakes crawling about; in going from my quarters to hospital one morning I counted fifteen snakes, the distance being about the eighth of a mile. All I saw were small, not more than a yard in length, and they scuttled away with all speed; but one variety was said to be dangerous, even ready to attack before any provocation had been given.

Before the season had developed its full measure of unhealthiness, an order from Barbadoes directed me to proceed to Trinidad, and there I went at the first opportunity, obeying the order joyfully.

My second landing at Port of Spain was quiet and unnoticed—no outbursts of cheering, no shouts of welcome greeted me this time; but something immeasurably more gratifying came in place of the expressions of joy which had faded into indifference so quickly. An officer, a stranger, proffered the loan of a horse to take me to St. James's, where the barracks were, and but for this courtesy I must have walked the two miles in a very hot sun and over a very dusty road; no conveyance for hire was to be found in Port of Spain in those days.

The barracks were well away from the low, swampy ground lining the seashore, and there was a slight ascent all the way to the foot of the hills where they were placed. Probably sanitary fitness was a secondary consideration in the selection of a site for the housing of the garrison; one advantage perhaps was secured by placing the barracks at such a distance from the drink shops of the town, that it materially countervailed their attractions. Perhaps also military considerations had something to do with the choice of the site, from which roads led through valleys both on the east and the south-west sides. The shape of the barrack enclosure, approaching that of a parallelogram, surrounded by a very strong and high iron railing, supported on a three-feet high wall, showed that defence against internal enemies had received very full consideration in the choice of the site; and it could hardly have been chance that had led to the angles being so constructed that firing from them would sweep all round the enclosure. The near approach to the

barrack-gate was through a road sheltered by gigantic overhanging bamboo bushes, and forest land was within a few hundred yards covering the hills, whilst the valleys were cultivated, for sugar chiefly.

I took up my quarters in St. James's Barracks for temporary medical duty with the corps there—the "Connaught Rangers" well known in military history, and living in Lever's novel. The charge was a very light one, a mere nothing compared with the mental anxiety and bodily toil at Demerara, although, in addition to the troops at St. James's, the duties in connection with the negro troops in the town devolved on me. The station was not exempt from yellow fever, when epidemic, as was shown in the cemetery near by, crowded with men of the 92nd Highlanders, when stationed here; but a period of comparative healthiness had followed.

I look back on this period of my life as one of pleasant experiences; my days were not weary from sameness, nor were they irksome from anxiety. I did not suffer at this time, in the least, from the heat. Rising at gun-fire, my hospital duties were easily over in a couple of hours. All the officers met at breakfast, and when tired of gossiping, the newspapers in the ante-room were conned over for the second or third time with interest; all the "skip" of the first reading was taken into favour.

Time was taken up in speculating respecting the day on which the monthly mail steamer from England would be signalled from the North Post, at the Bocas, and how everyone yearned for this periodically returning joy! Then, for me, there were often some light duties connected with the barracks to put through, such as to visit the cells and see the prisoners, perhaps to visit the married quarters, perhaps to form one of a Board to report on some article in the men's rations; and there was generally a little clerical work to be done at the hospital in connection with particular cases of illness. Then might come reading in my own room, or in the shady verandah running the whole length of the quarters, and in those days we had the green-covered monthly numbers of Dickens' latest work, or it might be those of Thackeray in yellow covers. In the afternoon,

when the great heat had begun to sober down, more often than not, a walk with one of the younger officers, not rejoicing in the possession of a horse, would be taken up one of the valleys, the Diego Martiñ or the Marival, perhaps reaching to the Santa Cruz Valley; or we might make for the beautiful, well-kept "Savannah," or park, of Port of Spain, with nice houses nearly all round it, and plenty of people coming out for their evening drive. Or we might saunter through the grandly-shaded principal street of the town, or find we wanted something in a shop until it was time to return to St. James's.

Then came my regular evening visit to the hospital, then dress for mess, then sit down to a good dinner well cooked. The resources of the island were great in the matter of materials for dinner. Excellent fish of various kinds were caught in the Gulf; turtle abounded in the sea; the place was an Alderman's paradise for turtle soup; our neighbour, Venezuela, sent excellent oxen for the table, and turkeys were in profusion. America sent ice and "canned" delicacies of sorts. We did not sit long after dinner; cards were rarely played, chess not much; smoking and talking in the verandah took up some time; a little reading afterwards in our rooms was usual.

The men of the Connaught Rangers were not of the same nationality in every case, but the admixture of men, natives of other parts of the United Kingdom than Ireland, was quite insignificant; the corps was an Irish one, if ever such a one was. Perhaps a few "Glasgow Irishmen" might have been found—a spurious article, may it be said without offence?—for though the racial connection may have been as pure in the one case as in the other, the upbringing of the young in an overpowering environment of children of another race is fatal to the survival of the original national feeling in a child so brought up. I do not dwell on the well-known and admitted characteristics of temperament and genius of the Irish race, but I would note the surprise it was to me to feel, from daily observation, how little Lever has exaggerated the portraits of the Irish soldier he has given in what we may call the "Mickey Free" sketches.

One of the first things noticed in the experience of a

day or two at Trinidad was the perplexing number of languages in use. There is no Babel, however, as the separate languages are spoken by different, clearly defined sections of the population, the members of which may not ordinarily have any but casual and unimportant, society or business, relations with each other. The first language from without to reach the country was Spanish, and this is still spoken by certain of the planters and others in inland districts farthest from the coast. Its use is also perhaps aided by the intercourse between the island and Venezuela. Next to the Spanish zone is that in which French is largely spoken still by the people in it, and also in Port of Spain itself. I think that the town might be called a French-speaking one; this language was the official one when the island was taken by us in 1797. I have seen it stated that the latest warrant for the judicial use of torture is still preserved in the Government archives; it runs thus: "*Appliquez la question à Louise Calderon*," and it is signed by the Governor, Thomas Picton, the General who fell at Waterloo.

English is the latest arrived language, unless the various languages spoken by the coolies from India be taken into account. Even then, however, strict accuracy would require account to be taken of the aboriginal Carib language, of whom a few remained—under one hundred, I think, in 1849—and also that of the considerable number of negroes working the sugar properties in some districts, then lately emancipated slaves. In our rides and walks we were occasionally addressed by the English-speaking, country negroes with beaming faces, in their patois of the tongue: "How 'ee do, Massa? for true me berry glad for see you."

I have mentioned afternoon walks and rides as pleasant parts of the day's routine observances. Occasionally these were expanded into an outing for the whole day; the temperature might be 93 degrees in the shade, but the steady cool breeze from the sea so mitigated the heat that few people found the exposure injurious. I have no recollection of having seen a soldier suffer from sunstroke in the whole course of my West Indian service, in localities ranging from about 13 degrees to 6 degrees of the line.

For a holiday the sea was nearly essential in a country not overprovided with roads, and little more than a fringe of which running along the coast was cultivated; and a visit to the Bocas by boat gave variety to the excursion on the waters. First of all, visits might be made to the islets between Port of Spain and the Bocas. On most of those pleasant little retreats had been built for occasional use, and when it happened that the owners were in residence, their hospitality might be reckoned on. But the Bocas themselves always interested new-comers, a feature in one of the channels being a cave entered from the sea by a narrow opening, expanding and lengthening when the entrance was passed. It was called, from the flocks of sea-birds that inhabited it, the "Diabletin" cave, but I never discovered for myself, or heard from others, anything that made the name appropriate for the birds. Caution was necessary to get the boat inside the cave, as the swell of the sea might crush it against the rocks, or perhaps a ducking might be had for nothing from the spray splashed up; and when the visitor was inside there was nothing to see worth the trouble of a visit—only a very poor grade of Isle of Staffa cave, with no basaltic columns, no height to speak of, no spaciousness, no colouring. But it was the fashion to visit it. Sharks might be seen in the waters outside, but in what part of the Gulf of Pariā could they not be seen?

In company with two other officers, on leave for a few days, I made a trip to the western end of the island some sixty miles from Port of Spain, to see a wonder of Nature at Cedros, opposite one of the mouths of the Orinoco River —the "mud volcano," as it is called. Trinidad is subject to frequent sudden and short tremblings of the earth. If the advent of one of them is in the night, sleepers are pretty sure to be wakened by the short-lived shock; if he is a new-comer, he is confused without knowing why; if an older resident, he knows that it is only an earthquake. In the quarters at St. James's Barracks a noticeable effect of the earth's tremors was seen in the wrenching away of the iron railings of the verandahs from the heavy iron columns to which they had been fastened by rivets, not universally, but here and there. No great active volcano centre was

known in the island, but there were slight evidences of the hidden fires underneath at the west end of the island in the shape of what were called " mud volcanoes "—that is to say, geysers—not spouting up hot water, but liquid mud. Of former volcanic outbreaks there were evidences enough; what the very large area of unexplored country might contain was conjectural at the time of which I write.

A " sugar drogher "—that is, a sloop of about fifteen tons —having been obligingly lent to us, we waited for the evening breeze, and had a fair wind; but when all was going well, a most sudden and unlooked-for squall caught us in its grasp, and heeled the lightly ballasted drogher over on its side, almost to the point of capsizing. The vessel had no bulwarks to speak of, and the danger of being pitched over into the water was imminent. The sudden darkness, too, was all against our mariners; but the peculiar " Bermudian " rig of the sloop saved us: the sail was light and easy to handle, and as the squall was short, we were soon on an " even keel " again, as the sailors say, and a little while after we anchored off the town of San Fernando.

We left the drogher at an early hour next morning. As only the most elementary and imperfect cooking could be done on board, we had to trespass on the kindness of a planter living in the town for breakfast. Throughout the West Indies, the old fashion of open-house hospitality was universal amongst the magnates of the country districts, and to arrive at the house of one of them for breakfast, uninvited, created no surprise. We were not only hospitably entertained, but were given mounts for a ride in the country, and enjoyed the ride. There was preserved in the house a zoological curiosity which I fancy few museums could show—namely, the dried skin of a serpent considerably over twenty feet in length, said to be not a boa-constrictor, but a water-snake of some kind. Its length and diameter seemed equal to the crushing of an encircled middle-sized ox, but how the ox could be swallowed was not apparent; perhaps the snake devoted its whole attention to fishes or alligators.

Leaving the hospitable roof after dinner, we were carried westward by our sloop, and next morning we landed at Cedros, there to seek hospitality again at the house of a

planter, and not in vain. After breakfast we rode to the "mud volcanoes" over a track of pure alluvial soil, with (as far as I could see) not a stone or pebble in it, brought from some lofty region in Central America by the great American river with many mouths, washed over to our island of Trinidad, and settled there to form new land, to join it eventually to the continent, as Tennyson describes—

> "Drawn down Æonian hills and sown,
> The dust of continents to be."

The scenery was very dreary. We entered a mangrove swamp which lined the margin of the whole of the coast in view; there was forest land inland and even a few trees just outside of the swamp, but the whole aspect together was depressing. We soon reached the "volcanoes," which were simply rents communicating with the interior, and through which, from time to time, during our visit, we saw hot liquid mud ejected, and sent up to a variable height in the air not more than six feet, when we saw the action of the geyser; a low, rumbling sound was heard from time to time, not continuously. Of course, violent eruptions occur from time to time, and the mud is sent to considerable heights on such occasions, and, falling around the opening in the earth, prevents vegetation for a little distance. More curious and interesting than the volcanic effects were those seen where the mangrove bush was close to the water, and day by day, hour by hour, was making new land.

At a little distance the mangrove might be mistaken for the familiar alder-bush of the British Isles, but not near at hand. Growing close to the sea, its branches bend downwards on the sea-side into it, and produce real roots, which, entering the soil, spread out and enclose in regular process sections of the bed of the sea, and, retaining the mud in them, eventually makes land of what was sea.

The seeds of the mangrove bush are scattered about, and young plants spring up to occupy the land newly made, and to march on in the same course to new conquests. In all this it seems to me that there is a bewildering analogy to the instructive influence in certain animals, suggesting a link between the animal and the vegetable life—*e.g.*, the

busy bee building its cells, and the beaver erecting its fortified city.

In the afternoon we saw more of the cultivated country of extremely rich soil, and then, embarking in the drogher, set sail on the return journey. But this was a very weary piece of work, against the wind, and on water too near land on each side to permit of "long boards," so it was zigzag all the way up, with an always present anxiety that instead of advancing we might be driven backwards to leeward; but we were fortunate, and next morning anchored off the coast where the "pitch lake" lies.

Landing once more in time for breakfast, we were conducted to the lake, which is not far from the shore. It is strictly what it is called—a lake, but filled with pitch, not water, hard on the surface, and superficially furrowed a good deal, and in the furrows or hollows dust, turning to earth, had settled, and bushes had sprung up. In the more shallow depressions, after showers, rain-water settled, soon to evaporate. The value of the product of the lake was well known, but very little use had been made of the pitch, the excavating and shipping of which I believe is now a very important business in connection, amongst other things, with the facing of wooden pavements in cities.

The first real start, in the recognition of the value of the pitch lake, was given by the great seaman Lord Dundonald, when he visited Trinidad as Admiral of the Station. He explored the lake carefully, and shipped a quantity of its product in his flagship for examination and transmission to England for dockyard purposes.

Our arrival at St. James's created some excitement, explained to us in the exclamation, "Why, we thought you were lost!" It appeared that a drogher, going on the opposite course, had seen us caught in the squall on our way to Cedros; our drogher was seen to disappear suddenly, and on the passing of the squall in the clear starlight nothing could be seen of it. After looking about for us a little, the worst apprehensions were confirmed by the sight of a boat's oar floating where our drogher had been in the squall, and more significantly still by some odds and ends swept off the

deck of our drogher; this flotsam and jetsam was, in fact, convincing, and our barque was reported as lost. Our arrival safe and sound dried up what remained of the nine days' wonder. It was lucky for us that the usual sale of "kit" that takes place in barracks on the occurrence of "a casualty" had not come off. But my time of sojourning in Trinidad at this time was soon to be over; the medical officer belonging to the 88th Regiment, for whom I had been acting, arrived from England, and Othello's occupation was gone. I had to leave the bright, pleasant, sociable island for residence in Demerara—a woeful prospect soon carried out. The Connaught Rangers did not remain long; in due course of relief their service in the West Indies terminated, and the corps was sent on to Canada.

I did not fall in with the Rangers again until 1855, at which time the regiment formed part of the army engaged in besieging Sebastopol. With an acquaintance who had known it in old times, I went up from the Kadikoi Valley to the front, to see our old friends. It was a great change; cold, hunger, and fatigue had done their work, the old mirthfulness was gone, and the men looked what they were, jaded and depressed. Whilst we were sitting in the tent of one of the officers, the Adjutant came to report that an order from the General to reinforce the trenches could not be carried out, as not one man available could be found. The order, therefore, was given for the men who had just arrived from a twenty-four hours' tour of duty in the trenches, to be marched back again there to do another day's duty in them, and it is likely that this hardship was shared by other regiments.

My stay in Demerara this time was short; not longer, in fact, than the waiting for an opportunity to reach Barbadoes on my appointment as assistant-surgeon to a regiment there, vacant by the death of my predecessor from yellow fever. I proceeded to Barbadoes by the mail steamer, and, on the way up, for the third time entered and left the Bocas of Trinidad.

CHAPTER II

THE CRIMEAN WAR (1854)

[Assistant-Surgeon Home proceeded to Nova Scotia early in 1851, and from that station returned to England towards the end of the same year, being posted to Guernsey. He was gazetted Staff Assistant-Surgeon on the 10th December, 1852, and Assistant-Surgeon, 8th Light Dragoons (now 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars), on the 15th August, 1854. He was promoted to the rank of Surgeon, and appointed to the 13th Light Dragoons (now 13th Hussars) on the 9th February, 1855.]

After return to England in 1851, I was attached to the Depot Companies of the regiment, with the service companies of which I had been in the West Indies. A pleasant period of duty was passed in Guernsey, and subsequently in the South and West of Ireland, at Fermoy, and Clare Castle, after which I was sent to Gibraltar, and there spent nearly eighteen months in very varied medical duties, a factotum, everything by turns.

In August, 1854, desirous of seeing service in the tented field, as were so many others, I was appointed Assistant-Surgeon to the 8th Hussars, and was sent on to Malta to await a passage to Varna, where the regiment was with the Light Cavalry Brigade. A delay at Valetta was fatal to my prospect of being present at the first encounter of the allied English and French forces with the Russian army. A vessel taking stores for our troops gave me the opportunity of continuing my onward journey, in the company of others similarly situated. The passage was a very interesting one, owing to the associations connected with

places from time to time brought into view, the first of which was Cape Colonna, with the ruins of the temple of Minerva. Isolated, conspicuous, and impressive, the numerous marble columns, erect and, when seen at a distance, apparently not materially injured by the decay-producing touch of time, had a wonderfully fine appearance. We passed the plain of Marathon some eighteen miles north and east of the Cape, at too great a distance to recognize the scene of the immortal contest; all we could see in connection with it were the mountains "which looked on Marathon, where Byron, musing an hour alone, had dreamt that Greece might still be free."

The next day we anchored at the entrance to the Dardanelles, awaiting the good pleasure of the Turkish Government to grant permission for the vessel to pass through. The plain of Troy was on our right and close at hand, all its features distinct; on the left was the island of Tenedos, looking very near, but in reality seventeen miles off, south of the entrance. Our anchoring ground did not turn out to be propitiously chosen. In the night our ship had a very narrow escape of being sent to the bottom by an incoming one, which, making straight for us, stem on, seemed bound to strike ours amidships; but luckily, yielding to the altered helm, she only grazed along the side of our ship, spoiling her appearance for one-half of her length, but doing no vital injury.

After this experience our vessel was shifted to a more sequestered berth on the west side of the strait, whence, on the arrival of her "firman," she passed through the strait into the Sea of Marmora. This traversed, she anchored off Scutari, with Seraglio Point, Pera, and the Golden Horn all visible together.

Here I saw the ships arrive with the men wounded in the Battle of the Alma,* for transfer to the hospital at Scutari — a huge Turkish barrack, made over for this use.

Transferred to another steamer, in her I got as far as Varna, the just abandoned base of operations for our troops; and in another steamer I reached Balaclava, two days after

* Fought on 20th September, 1854.

the troops had arrived, after the march from the Alma River.*

The town of Balaclava was hardly more than a fair-sized village; and, judging by appearances and the very contracted area available for building ground, it was difficult to believe it could ever have been a considerable place. At one time it was used by a settlement of Italians trading to the Crimea, by whom the uninhabited and ruinous edifice which crowned the ridge on the east—called the Genoese Castle—was built. For its size, the harbour was one of the best in the world; a narrow, winding, landlocked inlet, with a nearly uniform depth of water, and of size sufficient to float the largest line of battleship as securely as if in a wet-dock. The berth allotted to our steamer when it entered from the outer bay—of dreadful history from the loss of so many ships in it soon after in the memorable gale—was next to a 90-gun ship, from the deck of which the shore might have been reached by a jump.

Balaclava was between six and seven miles from Sebastopol—the great naval station of Russia in the Black Sea. To destroy the large fleet sheltered within the enclosure forming the harbour was the object of the expedition to the Crimea. The transports landing stores at Balaclava crowded out nearly as many more waiting their turn for admission in the outside bay. The main street was crammed with people, associated with the war in some way—soldiers, sailors, traders, or it might be inhabitants of the country near the line of march from the Alma who had abandoned their dwellings from fear, and had sought refuge in Balaclava.

It was late in the afternoon when I left the steamer, and I owed my lodging for the night, and my dinner, to the kindness of two officers of my new regiment, of which a troop was quartered in the town. On the following morning I left for the camp of the Light Brigade, at the village of Kadikoi, about two miles from Balaclava, and on the road to the headquarters of the allied armies in front of Sebastopol. In the villages were some very pleasant, if small, country houses, surrounded with large and bountifully

* The British Force occupied Balaclava on the 26th September, 1854.

stocked gardens, and the outbuildings needful for the carrying on of the vineyard farming industry, which was the reason of the existence of the village. Around this there was a large extent of ground bearing a rich harvest of black grapes, small and delicious to the taste, just ripe to perfection and ready for the wine-vat.

At the time of the year specified, this portion of the Crimea was a paradise for campaigning purposes ; the cattle employed in connection with the vineyard culture had need of fodder, and the hay crop was ready for carting, but the oxen to eat it had either been hurried away, or had been slaughtered by the warrior hosts, for whom the hay in the fields also provided most luxurious couches, as well as splendid forage for the troop horses. It did not last long, however.

I reported my arrival to the Adjutant of the regiment, and got a batman out of one of the troops for the horse which I had brought from Gibraltar, and for myself in respect of wants in the drawing and cooking of rations, etc. Tents had not as yet been disembarked, nor were they then particularly required. It was no hardship to live in the open air, day and night, in the balmy time of the early autumn.

The seamy side of war in the field was revealed to me very soon after my arrival in camp. Dinner being ready soon after noon, my messing—as the term was (my share of the entertainment)—was brought to me by the batman : a lump of boiled salt pork on a skewer. I had no plate at hand and nobody had one to lend. The uninviting " messing " consisted of fat without a single streak of lean meat about it. Hunger compelled me to try to eat the ration ; and as a measure preliminary to commencing, that of getting some substitute for a platter on which to set the unsavoury mess, fortune came to my aid, as I found a broken piece of board, mud-covered on both sides. A superficial cleansing of this substitute for a plate was carried out in the water held in a canvas bucket used for all analogous purposes, though intended primarily for use in the watering of my horse. Severing a portion of the fat pork from the lump, with a clasp-knife, I tried to eat the nauseous morsel

with the aid of the ration biscuit—almost as hard as stone—which I attempted to grind with my teeth at the time ; but my hunger was not up to famine point, and the food never got further than my mouth. In the afternoon, however, I got on very well by soaking the biscuit in the tea, and, to use a present-day expression, I found the meal to be " grateful and comforting."

My duties at this time were very light, and in the execution of them I was superintended by the Surgeon of the regiment.* One bell tent was allotted for the hospital needs, without, however, any equipment. The sick men lay on the ground in their regimentals, and had to use their cloaks as coverlets. Though the amount of sickness was light, in a few cases it was of the gravest kind ; cholera, which had reached Europe from India, the country of its origin, was in epidemic prevalence in the South of Europe. Outbreaks of it occurred amongst the troops in the Crimea, lasting the usual number of days, and then apparently disappearing; but only, as a flower disappears, until next season's flowering time.

The illness attacked fatally two or three men of the regiment.

Together with medical duty I had that appertaining to the campaigning stage of active field service, having to turn out and accompany the regiment whenever it was called on for action entailed on it by the close neighbourhood of the enemy. At this time it was part of the routine duty of troops, so situated, to form up an hour before daybreak to be ready to receive any sudden attack of the enemy ; and the Light Cavalry Brigade, of which the 8th Hussars formed a part, had its share of watching in advance of the troops, with vedettes but a short distance from the Cossack vedettes on the plain. Sometimes the whole brigade was moved out as a consequence of communications from our advanced posts, but usually after sunrise the troops were dismissed without having stirred for the whole of the weary hour.

* Surgeon George Anderson, Surgeon 8th Hussars from 16th December, 1853, to 7th December, 1854. Placed on half-pay 23rd July, 1861, his rank at that time being Staff Surgeon, 1st Class, with rank of Deputy Inspector-General. Died 30th December, 1888.

This was sufficiently tiresome work, coming regularly every morning, but it was nothing to the duty which after a few days became almost a regular one—that of turning out in the night when information was sent in, that the convoys of provisions and ammunition were being passed into the besieged city. There were few nights on which we were not roused from our slumbers by the trumpets sounding the "turn out"; not infrequently this occurred twice in the night, and on one occasion the harassing call was made three times; the horses were kept saddled up at this time, and the men were bivouacking in an analogous fashion, so that armed men may almost literally be said to have sprung to the earth in obedience to the trumpet's sound. I believe that on no single occasion did the enemy fail to pass their convoy into the city with complete success; the darkness and the protecting Tcherniaya River together ensured this.

Faithfully following the precedents of the Peninsular War, our troops had been landed in the Crimea in full dress, and the venerable traditions of that time were acted on with an almost superstitious reverence. Apparently it had not then dawned on the minds of our military administrative rulers that the weight of showy trappings and equipment impeded the wearer most unnecessarily, and thus detracted from his usefulness and overloaded the horses; to say nothing of their being most incongruous with duties in the execution of which death might at any moment lay the individual low.

I have already stated that the village of Kadikoi, around which the two brigades of the Cavalry Division were placed, was the centre of extensive fruit and vineyard cultivation—a circumstance which was, for two or three days, very much to the advantage of the Division. In that time, however, the last grape had been plucked, and not only had all the fruits been gathered from the trees and bushes, but the fruit-trees themselves had been felled, to meet the imperious need of the field cooking-pots. It was wonderful to see how rapidly the utter devastation of the whole area of the vineyards was effected; the news respecting the fruit treasures at Kadikoi soon reached the main body of the troops

investing Sebastopol, and both the English and the French sent emissaries to get a share of the harvest. There was a difference in the way in which the representatives of the two allied armies set about the work of securing the spoil. The English, after satisfying individual wants, carried off each man in his haversack, or it might be in his hands, as much as he could; the French worked methodically and in pairs, provided with branches from the trees, or other poles, on which they strung the clusters of grapes gathered; two men carried them to their camp at the front on their shoulders.

But, comparatively, the destruction of the houses and the buildings connected with them in the pleasant-looking village was effected even more rapidly than that of the fruitful vineyards; all the inhabitants had fled, excepting the priest of the Greek church, who remained undauntedly, and had his reward in the preservation of the building, which remained uninjured whilst the allied armies occupied the country. Consequent on the presence of invading troops, the process of destruction was as simple and, so to say, natural as possible under the existing conditions, and it began as soon as the men dismounted after arrival. A meal had to be cooked for the hungry campaigners; firewood could not be carried on the march, so it was sought for in the deserted houses, where no sufficiency was found; but furniture was there, and the coarser sorts of tables and chairs were broken up for the instant service of the cooking-pots. Successive parties on the same errand next laid the better kinds of furniture under contribution, and by next day the houses were empty. Then the doors were taken off their hinges, and the next comers had to content themselves with the frames of the doors and windows, the wooden flooring, and the roof. The walls soon fell in, and in a few days a heap of stone only remained to show where a pleasant-looking country house had been.

There was not an atom of malice in the proceedings, which were excused on the ground of urgent necessity. But the heaps of stones, even, did not long remain to mark the sites of former dwellings; they, too, were urgently wanted for use in making a substantial roadway between the base at

Balaclava and the encampment before Sebastopol six miles off, and for this purpose the broken stones of the Kadikoi houses were put to use. The church only remained to show where a smiling village had been ; every other building was absolutely obliterated. Every tree had disappeared, and the very roots of the vines had been dug up for firewood. A small brook, which ran through the village to the adjacent Black Sea, soon disappeared ; its bed dried up without any interference, and the water did not reappear during our long occupation.

After my unsatisfactory attempt to dine on a lump of the fat of salt pork, I made no further call on the services of the cooks of the troop to which I was attached for rationing. It was unnecessary, as many of the transports arriving at Balaclava, with stores of all kinds for the army, had also on board little trading ventures of various kinds, most acceptable to both officers and men of the besiegers of Sebastopol. The most highly prized of all, I think, taking precedence even of wine or spirits, was jam. Strange it was to see the eagerness of all, officers and privates, to procure when in the field the prized luxury of their youth ; but, indeed, the craving was only an instinctive desire for a vegetable food capable of warding off disastrous scorbutic illness. This disease is terribly destructive to armies in the field not provided, abundantly and sedulously, with a dietary capable of averting by its use the rapid enfeeblement of the troops.

Deprived of the regimental mess when sent on active service, just the time when such an institution might have justified its existence by a special usefulness, the officers of the regiment established small messes for themselves on the best plan of all, that of elective affinity in the membership, two or three having their rations cooked and served in common ; this plan permitted one or other of the members to visit Balaclava occasionally, to procure from the stores there, which soon sprung up, and from the transports, additions to their field rations, which added very much to their comfort, and through this something to their efficiency. Next to jam, I think that bread was usually the luxury most prized ; an officer who brought back in

his haversack a loaf of bread was an object of admiring envy, everyone asking where and how did he get it.

The biscuit issued with the daily ration was not unwholesome or even repugnant to taste, but it was certainly not relished, and bread was much sought after. A small and irregular supply was obtained from an unexpected quarter.

Amongst other things in which the superiority of the French military administration in victualling their troops appeared was that of the issue to them of ordinary baked bread within a day or two after their arrival at Sebastopol, and the issue was considerable enough to allow a portion of it to find its way into our camp, in exchange for something more desired by the soldiers of our allies. This traffic was initiated through the presence of French soldiers roaming about the neighbourhood searching for edible vegetables with which to season their soup ; in this way they procured a grateful addition to the food served out to them. To us the plants, gathered eagerly by the French, seemed weeds ; I suppose for no better reason than that they had not been grown in a garden, and the research was a staple subject for joking amongst our people when the weed-foraging allies were met with near our camp. But the sagacity of the French in this matter was justified later on, when the carefully sought for additions to ordinary diet, together with the knowledge of cookery so generally an acquirement in French soldiers, were potent factors in maintaining the health of their troops during the first winter before Sebastopol : a period so disastrous to our troops from the occurrence of much preventable sickness.

The road from the Headquarters before Sebastopol to Balaclava passed through the camp of the Cavalry Division, and this circumstance made life in it less wearisome than it would otherwise have been where interest in the novelty of campaigning experiences had worn off. The daily stream of visitors were on their way to the ships and stores to pick up palatable additions to the field ration, or clothing, especially boots, and perhaps most eagerly sought of all the desired luxuries—soap—and they brought down the news as to the progress made in the siege preparations. On this subject everyone, having no responsibility in the

matter, was very hopeful; the siege was to be a very short one; the fire of the enemy having been suppressed by our much superior artillery, the entrenchments of the place would be stormed; and there you were, with the redoubtable fortress, arsenal and fleet, in our hands. In this way of looking at the case, hope told an extravagantly flattering tale.

The road to the front was well frequented and the traffic heavy. The first part of this was for the carriage of food for the troops; whilst just second to this primary need was that of the transport of the Siege Train, and of the materials to supply its wants. Even from the first there was a return flow of travel on the road, due to the necessity of sending many of the sick and wounded to Balaclava for ultimate transport to Scutari, the base of the British troops in Turkey. The transport service was outrageously insufficient from the first, and of a special service for the carriage of disabled men there was at first absolutely none. When the army embarked at Varna for the purpose of landing in the Crimea, two four-wheeled waggons, the only two with the army, were placed on board one of the transports to subserve the needs of the wounded; but on second thoughts it was considered better to utilize the space on board for the carriage of horses, and the only specially designed waggons —the two in question — were bundled on shore again. Possibly this was in strict conformity with Peninsular War practice, as on the ship in question two old Peninsular officers of high rank were embarked. At the present day the statement made above seems to be incredible, but in the evidence given before the Parliamentary inquiry later on "Mr. Roebuck's Commission," as it was popularly called, the fact was fully brought out.

The general transport for the needs of the campaigning army was strengthened, a little after its arrival, by local resources brought in by the Mussulman population in the neighbourhood—Tartars we called them—settled in Europe, and not nomadic. Amongst the transport animals brought in by them were a few camels, which were mostly used for draught purposes; it was strange to see them yoked in to drag the small rickety waggons, used by the inhabitants

of the country. To many of us, only acquainted with the camel through pictures, one was an object of interest; but a very short experience in petting or handling the camels sufficed to discredit the quality of patience, usually conjoined with a mention of them in books. As we found them, they were bad-tempered, and their bites were very serious as well as "frequent and free."

As time went on, tents were sparingly served out to the troops. They were much appreciated, as the nights were beginning to get cold, though the daytime was warm and pleasant. The want of water for cooking and ablution purposes was now the most pressing trouble of the camp. No sufficiency of this necessary could be obtained at hand; the small quantity which for a time was afforded by the brook passing through the centre of the camp was soon turned aside for the purpose of watering the horses. As the immediate gathering ground of this water got foul, it became unfit for use in the tents, so a supply to replace it had to be sought at some available distance. Thus, bathing and clothes-washing became the luxuries of the scrupulous, and of the comparatively leisure class in camp; practically everyone wore their clothes by day, and slept in them every night, no baggage having been landed for a considerable time after the army arrived in the country. The result was, that one of the most exasperating of the Plagues of Egypt fell on the camp—universally, I fancy. This may be an exaggerated view of the case, but it was the current saying throughout the army that everyone from the Commander-in-Chief downwards shared in the misery resulting. There was no respect of persons. With the disembarkation of the baggage, the plague was stayed, disappearing almost as suddenly as it had begun. Subsequently to the Crimean expedition it was my fate to be employed in four other wars, in two of which the operations extended into a second year of campaigning, but the field service mentioned was the only one in which the pest alluded to was epidemic in the army in the field.

The active stage of the siege of the great military position of Sebastopol had now commenced, the firing being pretty nearly continuous from one side or the other,

though it was intermittent in the intensity distinguishing it; much of this quality was shown in the night when both sides were on the alert to repel real or suspected attacks on their respective siege works. At first it seemed as if the capture of the place would not necessitate a lengthened undertaking, the very day was named on which the allied forces were simultaneously (both by land and by sea) to attack and to capture it. On the day before the intended storming of the works, I remember being warned—as I believe was every other Assistant-Surgeon of both brigades of the Division—by the Brigade-Major, that next day our services would be wanted in the trenches when the attack on the works of the enemies was made. But the assault did not come off for nearly ten months after this. The navy made an attack on the sea-front defences, which sheltered the large Russian fleet, but the experience gained in the action, though short, was very decisive as to the ability of sailing-ships of war, for the most part wooden, to overcome the fire of the enemy's casemates. After this, the service rendered by the navy was that of effectively blockading the port, to keep the fleet of the enemy in the harbour.

Meanwhile the convoys of the enemy continued to pour into Sebastopol provisions, stores, and reinforcements; whilst our cavalry were reduced to being helpless lookers-on at the proceedings with which the nature of the ground precluded successful interference. The besieging force was too small to blockade the place completely on its land side. The hold of the British troops on Balaclava at this time was precarious, as the Russian troops occupied the heights north and west of the plain, through which the road from the seaport base to the front ran for the first two miles of its course.

On the arrival of the Allies, part of the population—mostly women and children—remained in Balaclava, a few also in a village on the south side, and it soon became apparent that the enemy was supplied with useful information in spite of the vigilance of our vedettes. The Russian General was communicated with, and was requested to withdraw all the inhabitants of the country remaining within our lines,

as we could neither provision them nor tolerate their signal fires, and other services, to the troops to which we were opposed. He refused, however, to entertain the request, and, as the inconvenience was urgent, the Russian authorities were notified that the remaining portion of the inhabitants would be expelled from our lines. On the morning of the day specified all the women and children were taken beyond the lines, but the Cossack vedettes refused to allow them to enter the Russian lines, and the unhappy crowd remained on the plain all day, neither side allowing it to pass its pickets. Before dark, however, our authorities relented, and the ejected and rejected victims of war were allowed to return to their homes, but only temporarily, until an effectual means of securing their departure could be arranged for with certainty. This done, they were taken on board ship, and landed on the coast near Yalta, where perforce they were received.

There was yet another little incident which excited interest, and continued to do so from time to time in the camp of the Cavalry Division during the whole of the period of the siege. This was connected with the presence of a battery of guns, the fire from which was intended to sweep the plain between the camp and the enemy : from time to time a single shot was fired, and occasionally, though very rarely, a second shot followed, but this demonstration never elicited any return fire from the foe. The disturbance was due to the fact that the nature of the ground at the locality was favourable for the passage of spies or deserters, the individuals of the two classes not being always from the Russian side. The shot sent from our battery was either to aid the fugitive coming over to us, by turning back the Cossacks in pursuit; or, if the fugitive were an outward-bound one from our side, to aid our vedettes in his capture. On the conclusion of the war I remember seeing a statement given in newspapers in connection with the trial in England of a deserter from our army given over by the Russian authorities when peace was declared, contrasting the number of deserters from the French army in the Crimea with the number from our own, and, in view of the comparative strengths of the two forces, this was humiliating ; the ex-

planation in respect of the French deserters that all the three belonged to the Foreign Legion did not diminish this. I have no doubt that the explanation was in the desperation created amongst certain of our men, perhaps of neurotic tendency, by the overwork and imperfect nourishment which was their portion at first. Their misery in the trenches in the hard winter would have taxed invention to exaggerate.

Now and then I had a short outing to the front, a half-hour's ride, and met there many with whom I had been associated—more or less—in former days; such as the Connaught Rangers, with which I had been employed in Trinidad, also the regiment with which I had returned from Nova Scotia to England; in addition, more than one of the regiments with which I had done short periods of temporary duty at Gibraltar, now formed parts of the besieging army at Sebastopol. The officers were doing their work in the trenches at that time in full dress, which also served them for a sleeping suit when off duty; but the ornamental epaulettes had been discarded, it turned out finally, as after the war a tunic replaced the swallow-tailed coatee for the army. The bright scarlet dress did not do well with the mud of the newly-dug trenches, and most of the officers looked grimy and weary. Long days passed in the trenches, the cold nights and constant apprehension of a sally out in the darkness from the works of the enemy, made the time of the besiegers an anxious one, which they would doubtless have been glad to exchange for the excitement of a storming of the whole position in front of them.

From the slight eminence called by our troops Cathcart's Hill, at nearly the centre of the British portion of the besiegers, an excellent view was to be had of much of the town in front, and of the defences, as well as of the offensive works which were steadily being pushed on for the reduction of the place. The harbour, then occupied by the large fleet of the enemy, was partially seen. Conspicuous amongst the line-of-battle ships was the flagship, a large three-decker, which was oddly named, the *Twelve Apostles*—surely an inappropriate mixing up of the message of peace and goodwill on earth, with powerful means of slaughter and destruction. On the extreme right, French troops com-

pleted the investment, having the conspicuous Malakof Tower confronting them. Beyond this the high ground sloped down to the valley of the Tchernaya River, on the other side of which were openings leading, we were told, to the former dwellings of a prehistoric people. The French troops also occupied the left extremity of the ground, about a mile from which was the excellent harbour (Kamiesch Bay) at which they had disembarked. At this time visitors to the trenches were discouraged, if not absolutely prohibited. Curiosity was out of place when its indulgence was so immediately connected with the sufferings of others occurring in the trenches, appalling from their suddenness and intensity. The unprovided-for state of the regiment in respect of special hospital provision, and its concomitant requirements, was a little amended within a fortnight after the Brigade arrived at Kadikoi. More bell tents were issued for the lodging of the sick, and the ordinary ration served out to them could then be supplemented a little with other articles of diet more suitable for their needs. Blankets were now available for their use, but they still slept on the ground without bedding, and in the clothing they wore during the day, their ordinary uniform. As the transports arrived with stores, their condition was day by day a little ameliorated. All the sick of the Brigade were now located at one quarter of the camp, instead of remaining in the regimental lines. From this consolidation some advantage accrued; but I suppose that the Peninsular tradition, through the light of which even medical arrangements were then viewed at Headquarters, demanded that what had served the needs of our troops nearly a hundred years before should suffice for the conditions of a war at the other end of the Mediterranean.

The efforts of the enemy at this time, to pass stores and men into Sebastopol, were unremitting and also successful, and it seemed as if they had recovered from the perturbation which their unsuccessful fight at the Alma River, and the unopposed march of the Allies to Sebastopol, had caused them. The movements of the Russian troops were held seriously to threaten the port of disembarkation. To meet this danger, the Cavalry Division posted at Kadikoi, with

some Field Artillery, was aided by several companies of a Highland Regiment (the 93rd), posted between Balaclava and the camp of the Cavalry Division. The Turkish army was also represented by several newly raised regiments, which were stationed partly in earthworks along the crest of the ridge, between the cavalry camp and the Tchernaya River. This body of men was not held to be representative of the quality of the Turkish army in general. It was understood that it had been hastily gathered from the troublesome part of the population of Constantinople, and had been shipped off to the Crimea, where it joined in the campaign without military training. The Russian troops at this time were seen to be in large numbers on the Fedioukine Heights about a mile and a half from the river on its west; this threatened the cutting-off of communication between the seaport and the British camp at the front, which depended on Balaclava for everything.

It has been mentioned that at first the enemy had a knowledge of the proceedings of the allied forces through spies in the outlying villages, who amongst other ways signalled by means of fires at night; but after the deportation of the inhabitants this advantage was lost, whilst to the Allies good information respecting the movements of the Russians was obtained during the whole of the siege. This, it was believed, was usually brought in by the Tartar co-religionists of the Turks. Notices as to intended passages of convoys past our lines into Sebastopol were very regularly received, and usually they turned out to be accurate.

On the 24th October an intimation reached the British Headquarters that a large body of Russian troops had arrived at the heights referred to, but, as similar notifications were constantly made, it was not considered necessary to make any special further provisions than those duly carried out every day, of forming up all our troops in front of their lines, for an hour before daybreak, so as to be ready to meet a surprise on the part of the foe.

As was known afterwards, the troops at Fedioukine Heights, and in the adjoining Baidar Valley, consisted of 25,400 men (22,000 infantry, 3,400 cavalry), with 78 guns, under the orders of General Liprandi, and during the night

a portion of this force had occupied Tchorgoun, the village close to the Tractir Bridge over the Tchernaya River, which was in possession of the Russians. At the same time the village of Kamara, on the heights overlooking the village of Balaclava on the northern side, was also occupied. By this movement the Russians had placed part of their army within less than two miles and a half from Balaclava. Before daybreak the whole of the main body of Liprandi's force had crossed the Tchernaya, and was marching on Balaclava.

Between the river and the camp of the Cavalry Division at Kadikoi, on slight rises at intervals, in a line extending from the south side nearly half across the valley, over a thousand Turkish soldiers had been stationed in hastily thrown up earthworks. In addition, on the northern border of the valley, a little in rear of the earthworks, on a prominent isolated hill, called by us "Canrobert's Hill," after the name of the French General then in command, a redoubt had been constructed, in which also Turkish troops had been placed.

The Russians, advancing from the river at daybreak, rushed the line of earthworks, overcoming the defence after some resistance; the Turks, hastening in disorder towards the camp, were hotly pursued by the Cossacks, whose long red spears laid many of them low. At the same time the attack on the earthworks was made the redoubt on the hill was also assaulted, but the Turks holding it made a strenuous and protracted defence, losing a great part of the troops within it. Before eight o'clock the Russians were free to advance. The village of Kamara, on the northern side of the valley on the high ground nearer to Balaclava, had been occupied by another division of General Liprandi's forces coming up from the Baidar Valley. This position had not been seized by the Allies, and its proximity to the seaport gave the Russians the opportunity of threatening an advance on it, whilst their main army advanced from the west.

To meet the advance of the enemy, the troops immediately available consisted of the two brigades of the Cavalry Division, and of about 400 men of the 93rd Highlanders, with a few details of other regiments; the numerically

most important of which was that of about a hundred men, more or less enfeebled, who had been awaiting, at Balaclava, transfer to the base hospital at Scutari. Shortly before the crisis of the day, it may be said, the 93rd was reinforced by two weak companies. With this force, which has become historically known and famous as "the thin red line," the direct road to Balaclava was barred. Some strength may, in the eyes of the attacking force, have been added to this line by the presence of two battalions of Turkish troops, encamped in proximity to the Kadikoi camp, but they added little real strength to the defence; their confidence had been shaken by the sight of their comrades driven headlong over the plain in the early morning, and the battalions were unsteady, unreliable. Many of the Turkish soldiers had left the field and made for Balaclava, where apparently they expected to find transports waiting to carry them back to the Bosphorus.

The infantry at Kadikoi were commanded by Brigadier Colin Campbell, an old Peninsular officer, whose first act of distinguished service was that of successfully leading the "forlorn hope" at the storming of a breach in the wall of a citadel (San Sebastian), when he was a very young officer with Wellington's army. Some forty-two years after this intrepid beginning, and after much service in the field of signal importance in China and in India, he now awaited the attack of the enemy, calmly resolute.

The Russian attack was led by fine-looking and well-mounted men, the Leichtenstein Hussars chiefly, with a few of whom I made a professional acquaintance later on in the day. Part of the ground over which the regiment advanced to reach "the thin red line" was most unsuitable for horsemen to traverse quickly, as on its area the former smiling gardens and vineyards had flourished; but of them at this time not even the roots of the bushes remained, but the holes made in excavating the roots were effective hindrances to horses.

The Russian infantry, for some reason which was not apparent, took no active part in this attack. The cavalry came on steadily but slowly; there was no headlong rush to shorten the time during which they were exposed to the

fire of the infantry, which it was their aim to reach. When this fire became effective the attacking cavalry retired quickly, but in good order. To an onlooker like myself, the charge seemed to be a half-hearted one, and it was not repeated.

The greater part of the Cavalry Division had been withdrawn, before the Russian advance, to a position near the heights on the south side of the valley, where it could await the developments of the fight; but a part of the Heavy Brigade was kept near the camp, and at this time it was ordered to attack the Russian cavalry, drawn up after its futile effort against our infantry. Led by Brigadier Scarlett, this attack was signally successful; the charge drove right into the ranks of the enemy and hurled them back into the western end of the valley. As a consequence of the charge, General Liprandi lost his chance of capturing Balaclava—if, indeed, he ever intended to do more than to make an imposing "reconnaissance," with the hope also of withdrawing for the moment a large part of the investing force from the front. It was now nearly eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and two Divisions of British infantry had arrived in hot haste to succour the position at Kadikoi; they were soon followed by two strong Divisions of French infantry, with two regiments of cavalry. By the arrival of these troops, the day was practically won for the Allies, although the Russian troops remained in the valley, and held undisputed possession of the Valley of Kamara: no serious menace was made against the Allies holding the eastern end of the valley, although a little desultory firing was kept up.

This almost passive attitude was broken at about half-past four in the afternoon, when a misunderstood order was conveyed by a Staff Officer* to the Commander of the Light Brigade, and was accepted as a direction to capture twelve of the enemy's guns at the western end of the valley close to the river; the fire from this battery swept straight up the valley, on the sides of which also the infantry of the

* The Staff Officer was Captain Nolan, A.D.C. to the Quartermaster-General, Brigadier-General Airey. The order was conveyed in the first place to Lord Lucan, commanding the Cavalry Division, and by him imparted to Lord Cardigan, commanding the Light Cavalry Brigade.

enemy directed their fire on the Brigade as it charged onwards. The battery was reached, and was captured by the decimated Brigade, but as the horses of the battery had been withdrawn the guns could not be removed; the capture was useless, and nothing remained for the captors but to retraverse the valley in any order or in no order, to reach their own lines; facing a second time the infantry fire, and pursued by the Cossack horsemen, their escape was largely due to the demonstration made by the French cavalry which arrested the advance of the Russian troopers. With this episode the Battle of Balaclava may be said to have ended. The spectacle of the audacious charge down the valley, and the disordered return of the Light Cavalry, was well characterized by General Bosquet, commanding one of the French Divisions, in the words, "It is magnificent, but it is not war"—a striking phrase which has remained as one well applicable to many occurrences in probably all wars.

The casualties in the famous charge amounted to 36·7 per cent. of those who rode in it, and 475 horses were lost in the action. This number, I fancy, included horses disabled only temporarily, but whose sustenance in a time of certain inactivity would outweigh in value their prospective serviceableness; it was one of the unpleasant accompaniments of war to see the poor horses so circumstanced, led out to be shot.

Of the prisoners taken by the Russians on this occasion, I venture to mention the case of one, who was exchanged in the course of the campaign, rejoining his corps, the 13th Light Dragoons, in the field. I say, venture to speak of the case, because some—perhaps many—and not unjustly, may consider the facts too trivial for even reference. The man had been shot in the chest, in the charge on the 25th October; his wound had healed apparently perfectly, and he continued at his duty until the close of the war, never coming near the hospital. Just two years afterwards, on the 25th October, 1856, the regiment (of which I was surgeon), being then stationed at Cahir in Ireland, the bullet, which had travelled half round his chest, was extracted, and our Balaclava hero was soon again at his duty.

At the close of the fight the Russians retained all the ground they had seized early in the morning, with the earthworks and the redoubt on the top of Canrobert's Hill. Their outposts were thus brought unpleasantly near to our camp.

On the other hand, a Division of French infantry under General Vinoy was permanently located on the high ground on the south of the valley, close to our cavalry camp. The defence of the narrow portion of the valley leading to Balaclava, hitherto entrusted to about half a regiment of the Highland Brigade, was now seen to by the whole of that Brigade.

My own share in the proceedings of the day had been a very unimportant one. The evening before the Russian advance I had relieved the medical officer in charge of the small hospital at Kadikoi, to which the regiments of the Light Brigade sent their more seriously sick men, until they could be transferred to the hospital at the base.

This tour of duty was for twenty-four hours, and it included the looking after the wounded men who fell near to it. The hospital was within a hundred yards of the infantry force which blockaded the road to Balaclava. No wounded were received from the force after the charge of the Russian Hussars on it in the forenoon ; but an officer and a few wounded men left on the ground by the Leichtenstein Hussars were attended to, until their embarkation for the Bosphorus next morning. I noticed that even when cavalry met cavalry, as when the squadrons of the Heavy Brigade closed with the Russian cavalry—a rare occurrence, I believe, in all fights—the wounded in the encounter in the majority of instances suffered from gunshot injuries, not from the sword.

In the afternoon, hearing that my own regiment was advancing, I got on my horse, arriving too late to see more than the retirement of the Light Brigade. I passed the night in attending to the wounded occasionally brought in ; they were very few, but amongst them were an officer and three men of the Leichtenstein Hussars, now prisoners of war, and next morning, when relieved, I rejoined the regiment. There was unrest all about, and rumour with

her hundred tongues was busy with the propagation of distressing news; it was persistingly repeated that Balaclava was to be immediately abandoned with all its stores of food and ammunition, the transports lying there being withdrawn if possible. It had required no military knowledge to divine, that if the Russians had pushed on with their 25,000 men at daybreak, they might have possessed Balaclava within an hour, or little more.

That the notion of abandoning Balaclava had been seriously entertained* was a fact everyone believed; provident Hussars in camp were weighted with the care, which is said to ride behind the horseman, as to how to retire safely with the little articles of the camp kitchen on which they depended for the cooking of their daily food. On my way to the camp in the forenoon I had met two naval officers riding about anxiously looking for the General of the Cavalry Division. I told them where I had seen Lord Lucan, a few minutes before, and they rode off quickly in the direction of the place indicated. I afterwards heard that one of the officers was Admiral Lyons, then the second in command of the Fleet; perhaps—as was rumoured—his counsels determined the retention of Balaclava. Shortly after this the 8th Hussars were moved up to the front and encamped close to a Zouave regiment of the French army; this circumstance brought with it a little enjoyment, recurring every day before sunrise, when the band of the regiment roused the men from their excellent little "shelter tents," briskly marching up and down the special parade ground of the corps, playing the inspiriting strains of the serenade from "Don Pasquale."

* It is mentioned by Lieutenant-Colonel Sterling, Brigade-Major to Sir Colin Campbell at this time. See "The Highland Brigade in the Crimea," p. 95.

CHAPTER III

IN HOSPITAL AT SCUTARI—BEFORE SEBASTOPOL (1855)

THOUGH the nights were cold, the weather continued to be very pleasant, and every day brought some little amelioration of the condition of camp life : the transports, arriving from Scutari, now systematically landed clothing, bedding, and extra food supplies. My own lot was a very easy one ; the regiment was never roused in the night, and I had no trench duty. But to this seemingly favourable turn of fortune was due a turn of adversity.

Having leisure, I sought the stream of water near St. George's Monastery on the coast, some two miles from the camp, and there enjoyed an alfresco bath. Returning to camp heated and a little tired, I lay down on the ground, and incautiously went to sleep, with the wind blowing in through the upturned flap of the tent. I awoke feeling chilly and uneasy, had no sleep during the night, and next day was feverish with pains all about me, almost as weak as was compatible with continued existence and indifferent to everything in the world. Three days afterwards I was jolted down to Balaclava, and was put on board a transport with other sick for conveyance to Scutari. Very early next morning — it was the 5th November — a continuous roaring of guns was heard coming from the front, and this lasted all day, the meaning of it being explained by the arrival from time to time of numbers of wounded men from the great fight of the Battle of Inkerman. The transport, not specially fitted for the reception of either sick or wounded men, was soon crowded, but it did not clear out of the harbour until the day after the engagement, and, being a sailing vessel, her passage across the Black Sea to the Bosphorus

was a leisurely one. Scutari was at length reached, and the ineffective soldiers were transferred to the huge barrack there, previously the quarters for Turkish troops, made over to the British army on their arrival in the country, and used as a base hospital for the ineffectives of the force. The building, though very spacious, was terribly crowded, especially so for the lodgment of wounded men, and was deficient in special accommodation for the use of the sick. Sick officers were in many cases lodged in other buildings, or in private houses rented in the town. When disembarked, I was placed neither in a private house nor in a public building, but in a small house near to the hospital of the Turkish barrack, on the border of the lower entrance to the Bosphorus, from the Sea of Marmora, exactly facing the Stamboul quarter of Constantinople on the western side—a small wooden structure. It was quite isolated, with no garden or grounds round it, nor any outbuildings whatever, very desolate in appearance externally, and though in good repair, with no fittings of any kind inside, or appearance of recent habitation. I heard afterwards that it was one of a numerous class of buildings scattered about in the neighbourhood, allotted to those who had fallen from high estate and royal favour together.

I had no reason to pride myself on the freak of fortune which lodged me in an offshoot of an Eastern palace, though I had it all to myself; indeed, in the words of the poet, it was better "to live in the midst of alarms, than to reign in this horrible place." The batman who looked after me in the field had been left to look after my horse there, and for the three days of my occupation of the former abode of a discarded favourite I depended on the good offices of the medical officer attending me for everything my situation required. It was, however, more than instalment in the grandest habitation would have been worth, to live alone day and night in a solitary dwelling, and far out of reach of communication by voice with the nearest neighbours, and with a door always open for the easy access of individuals from the swarms of Levantine scoundrels abounding in the slums of Pera.

The last night of my stay in this lone habitation, on the

dirty floor of which I lay in my uniform, with my cloak and a rug for bedding, is memorable to me as the period of the occurrence of the worst storm of which I had up to then, or ever since, had experience. It was connected with the sad tempest which at this time sunk so many transports and other vessels anchored off the harbour of Balaclava, and off Eupatoria on the south Crimean coast, in which so many lives were lost. The violent wind of the evening seemed to me suddenly to rise to all the fury of a most violent tempest; and it continued in fearful gusts all night, causing the frail wooden structure in which I was lodged seemingly to be on the point of being lifted up in the air, to be hurled from the promontory on which it was placed into the waters of the Bosphorus. And so hour after hour passed away, until with daylight the violence of the wind took off, and settled down into a steadily decreasing blow.

From this desolate abode I was moved in the afternoon to the hospital, in which I shared a room with two other ineffectives for a few days; finally, I was quartered with others in one of the Turkish houses rented by the Commissariat in the town of Scutari. The dwelling was pleasantly situated close to the Bosphorus, where it leads to the Black Sea. I was now convalescent from my illness. I had a room to myself, and the companionship of five or six officers in conditions similar to my own, and also the great comfort of the attendance of an attentive and capable Maltese servant.

In the course of life, however, unalloyed satisfaction is (I fancy) a feature of rare occurrence. In this case cholera, which was prevalent at the time, broke out in our quarters, and the servant of one of the officers speedily died of it. The difficulty was to find out where to bury the man. Being a private servant, the authorities disclaimed all responsibility in the matter; this was held to belong to his employer. It was not readily ascertainable where a burial-place for strangers was to be found amongst a dominating population of fanatical Moslems. The garden of the house was proposed, but rejected, as the project, if carried out, might have started at once an outburst of religious animosity

amongst the Turks. But next morning we found that the matter had been settled; a door in the garden wall opened directly on steps leading to the Bosphorus, and a native boat, a "caique," brought up to the steps at midnight, carried the body down the rapid stream, to the very place below Scutari, where, for hundreds of years, the living and shrieking victims from the Stamboul palaces have been tossed into the stream, and there the body of the sufferer from cholera was set afloat.

The arrival of the English troops had, of course, created quite a harvest of gold in Scutari, and we saw a curious exemplification of this at breakfast one morning when, in cutting the loaf of bread on the table, one of the officers present found a bright new sovereign in the heart of the loaf. This raised the question how could it have got there, and the feelings of the two Levantine servants waiting at the table were painfully agitated, as they hurriedly explained that it was their property. They failed to show any reason for investing their savings in the dough of the bread they had brought from the bakery for our breakfast, and the officer, whose action had discovered the hidden treasure, constituted himself trustee of the coin at once. The same day, in the course of the afternoon ride of three of our associates at table that morning, one of the party spied a little golden glitter on the pathway, and, dismounting, promptly found himself the discoverer of another strayed sovereign.

My stay in Scutari at this time made me acquainted with that custom in Moslem communities which rouses in a stranger, on his first notice of it, a weird interest which I fancy is never quite forgotten in after years. I allude to the recitation every morning, from the top of the minaret of a neighbouring mosque, of a prolonged invitation to the faithful within hearing, to rouse themselves from slumber, and make their early devotions at the mosque. The exhortation began long before sunrise, and it was continued in a loud chant by the muezzin for perhaps five minutes, or rather more; it woke up everyone, faithful or not faithful, but especially, of course, the first class of hearers, with its increasing fervency, for them to fulfil the injunction.

Apparently every Turk in Scutari responded daily to it, for, before the muezzin had finished, we heard them leaving their houses, and hustling on in great numbers to the holy building, there to prostrate themselves in prayer before undertaking the performance of any act of daily duty. I was told that the conclusion of the chant was nearly this: "Prayer is better than slumber, prayer is better than enjoyment: come ye, then, to prayer."

With re-established health, my services were made available to aid the hard-worked medical staff of the hospital. It was a painful sight to see its wards occupied by a daily increasing number of badly wounded men from the front, and by those suffering from the special illness of armies in the field, which we were long ago told thin out armies quicker than the sword. At Gibraltar I had been a witness to the intense enthusiasm amongst the men of the regiments there, not selected to proceed to the East, to volunteer for service with the regiments selected for service, and thus to make up the strength of the latter to the full quota for field service; and it so chanced that some of those very men—the volunteers—were in my professional charge in the Scutari hospital. I saw almost daily how soon the "paths of glory lead to the grave."

As my detention at the base of the army was only to last until a transport arrived with reinforcements for the troops before Sebastopol, I employed my afternoons, when practicable, in visiting the European portions of Constantinople, to procure necessaries and clothing for use in a Crimean winter. The passage across from Scutari was made in a caique, manned by a single rower—always a Moslem, and necessarily a big stalwart man, the work being one of very strenuous labour. The course over to Pera, the principal European suburb of the city, was against the stream setting out from the Black Sea, and it was often as much as a good rower could manage, to escape being carried downwards towards the Sea of Marmora. Pera, with the connected suburbs of Galata and Tophana, formed essentially one town on the Golden Horn, as the waterway fringing them is called; a magnificent harbour, at this time having a large amount of shipping in it, brought there—much of it—by the

necessities of the expeditionary force; but there were also some Turkish line-of-battle ships, venerable from their age, reposing peacefully at their last moorings.

Considered as a separate city, the northern part of Constantinople was mean-looking, but its chief thoroughfares were animated enough, and in its shops everything in reason could be found; the restaurants furnished fairly good entertainment of the kind sought in such places, and at that time tourists, contractors, and anxious relatives of officers at the front swarmed in the streets, most of them looking forward to being allowed to get as far as Balaclava, as pure curiosity or mercantile interest, or absorbing family affection animated them. The resident population was a confusing mixture of seemingly all peoples, in which all languages were heard. On landing for the first time, I found myself the object of the attentions of a group of men who, singly or in little bands, were anxious to promote my wishes, and make everything smooth for me; contending vehemently singly for my possession, or, failing that, for the chance of joining a ring with others, to share in the beneficent work of making things pleasant for a new-comer, and thus make shopping easy for him.

Being recently from Gibraltar, where part of my official duty was made easier by, if not quite dependent on, a rudimentary knowledge of colloquial Spanish, I now heard with wonder this particular section of the loungers at the shore conversing fluently with each other in the Spanish tongue—although they were in Eastern garb. Having foolishly expressed my surprise, I heard one of them call out to the rest, "Beware of this man, he knows what you are saying." The men were Jews, whose forefathers had been banished from Spain hundreds of years before; I was told they had transmitted the language, as the everyday one, to their descendants for habitual use. Greeks were very numerous, and, as to those called collectively Levantines, the separate varieties were so mixed up that it was impossible to discriminate them. The crews of the English and the French transports, enjoying themselves on shore, added their respective quotas of speech to the Babel of language heard on setting foot on shore at Pera.

The soldiers of France, early in the campaign in which they fought side by side with those of England, fraternized with their Allies to a small extent when individuals met; the Frenchmen had picked up two words, one of Levantine, the other of English speech, and with these they used to address their comrades in arms as the embodiment of commonplace civility—the salutation was, "Bono, Johnny!" The English soldier returned the civility in the slightly altered phrasing of "Bono, Francey!" It seemed to me that the cordiality was not of an effusive kind, though I believe ill-will was equally absent. Judging from my own observation, I should say that there was even less intercourse between the officers, than amongst the men, of the two armies; the French soldier did occasionally hail his insular and temporary comrade, but the officers of our Allies were restrained from boisterous, though well-meant, familiarity, and when individuals of each were unexpectedly brought together, a more or less frigid salute was usually all that the situation was thought to require. Many English officers understood French, but wanting practice in speaking it, most frequently they could not make their knowledge profitable, nor did their natural shyness often allow them to try; on the other hand, I never heard a French officer attempt to express himself in English.

Amongst the sights of Pera, one of the most striking was that of the porters in the streets, slowly bearing along, and often uphill, loads which seemed to be three times greater than those I had chanced to see on the backs of porters elsewhere; I understood that the men were mostly Armenians. There was a great deal for a stranger to see at Pera and at its sister suburbs; but one thing always haunted the visitor from Scutari—namely, the necessity for leaving early on his return journey. I have mentioned at how early an hour in the morning the Moslems of the town on the Asiatic side were roused from slumber to begin a new day, with public devotional duties: a counterpart to this was the universal custom of the observance of the set of the sun as a time for prayer and adoration by every man. If a visitor did not leave Pera in very ample time for making the transit, it was likely enough that the delay might result in a great

upsetting of his plans, as when the caiquejee found that the current was unexpectedly strong he would at once turn back, even if close to Scutari, in order to reach the shore at the Golden Horn in time to prostrate himself in prayer at the close of day. No money present offered by the hirer in addition to the usual fare would have tempted the Moslem rower to subordinate his religious duty at sunset to the earning of a large reward.

In the last week of December, I embarked for Balaclava, and had a very enjoyable passage with the 18th Royal Irish Regiment, which had been sent out to reinforce the troops at the front.

On landing, I found that my regiment had rejoined its brigade of the Cavalry Division at Kadikoi, occupying the same lines it had before the action on the 25th October. The Russians, seeing that the earthworks from which they had driven the Turkish troops on that day were but a useless acquisition, had retired from them, and, as our troops did not resume their possession, they became a sort of "No Man's Land," overlooking the valley down which the famous cavalry charge was made. The base of the English part of the allied army was now, however, defended by the Highland, and a portion of the Guards, Brigades—otherwise things connected with the defence of the seaport at Balaclava were very much the same as they were before General Liprandi's futile raid on the lines, with a most important exception—namely, that a division of French infantry was permanently encamped on the high ground overlooking, and close to what had been, the village of Kadikoi.

Our troops were now lodged in tents, but both officers and men were experiencing the incidence of that condition, in connection with living under canvas, familiarly known as "doubling up." Fur coats and good warm underclothing had also been served out, and the rations were good of their kind and regularly issued. But the mischief caused at first by unpreparedness for the averting of scurvy amongst the troops, as soon as they entered on field service, had set in with a rapidity and a severity very menacing to the success of the operations on which they were engaged. The drain of enfeebled men from the field force to Scutari, which had

begun within a few days after the investment of Sebastopol, had steadily increased; its distressing consequences were accentuated greatly by the want of suitable carriage to convey the invalids to Balaclava for embarkation. The courtesy of our French allies did somewhat mitigate this, by the temporary use given of a part of their sick transport, the mule cacolets, which were effective when wheeled carriage over heavy ground was impracticable.

The nights at this time—the end of December—were bitterly cold, though the sun had warmth enough during the day to prevent inconvenience from the snow which up to then had fallen. The men of the Cavalry Division could not be said to suffer from the hardships of field service, if compared with those of the Infantry Division engaged in the siege, at a season when the surface of the standing ground within the trenches was seldom other than either soft mud or half-frozen slush, but it would be nearer reality to say that the cases of the two classes of soldiers were not comparable. The cavalry camp furnished one painful sight which could not be matched, in point of magnitude, at the front—that of the sufferings of the horses; these, ranged in lines in front of the tents, without any shelter to minimize the blasts of the cold wind which swept up the valley, beyond that given by a flimsy blanket, suffered terribly. Not overfed certainly, they stood in a sea of mud, or it might be occasionally on frozen snow, day after day, without exercise—except for those on picket—and some employed in bringing up fodder from Balaclava. It was pitiable to see them when, at a certain stage of physical deterioration, they were adjudged to be, as the saying is, not worth their keep, and the sufferings of the poor brute creatures were summarily ended.

At the end of the year there were frequent alternations of rains with high winds, and of frost and snowfalls, which greatly restricted exercise beyond the camp, not undertaken at the call of duty: this made camp life very dull, as there was no substitute, no social gatherings—such as in the times of garrison life the meetings at mess afforded—to lessen the dulness of military life in quarters. Nor in camp at that time was there much lounging about or visiting from tent

to tent; perhaps rather a reaction from the buoyant excitement of the first part of the campaign might be seen, in a moody listlessness which followed on it quite naturally, and made the seclusion of the tent more sought after than an exchange of ideas in conversation, on the one point of interest held in common by all, contained in the question, "When you do think they are going to finish this (siege) business." A weariness had set in very early as regards the siege and literally all its works amongst those connected with it closely or remotely. From the first there had been a notion—possibly a wrong one—that Sebastopol might have been "rushed," and captured, on the very day of the arrival of the Allies on the ground; at any rate, the camp gossips showed to demonstration how easily this might have been done. The appearance of the ground was greatly changed from what it had been at first, by the encampment of a Division of the French on the tableland south-west of the valley, and contiguous to our lines; its presence there ensured the safety of the road to the front, and its constant liveliness in the daytime was pleasant to see. One of their regimental bands also played every day, affording a distraction shared in by us in the valley. The rule in the British service was that, when regiments were ordered on field service, the musicians of the bands reverted to their places in the ranks, and the charm of music ceased until the campaigning was over.

In the Cavalry Division at Kadikoi, apart from the daily routine of picket duty, the calls on the regiments composing it were infrequent; the village of Tchorgoun at the west end of the valley, and on the other side of the Tchernaya River, was still held by the enemy as an outpost, but the Russians there gave little trouble. Soon after the arrival of the French Division, the village was captured and burnt, so its amenity as a winter-quarter for its Cossack garrison was greatly impaired, but it continued to confront the allied pickets—in a friendly sort of a way—for months after this.

The weather during the first week of January settled down into that of the regular winter character of the region; preceded by a bitterly cold wind, a heavy and long-continued storm covered the ground with snow to the depth of

three feet. In our sheltered valley the discomfort brought by it was great, owing to the multitude of small worries which came along with it; one of the more prominent of these was that the wind drove the snow into the tents exposed to it through the flaps of the canvas which should have shut up the entrance to the tents; this was not quite effected in gales of wind—thus the floors of the exposed tents got a powdering, or, it might be, a thick sheet of snow over more or less of its area, the occupants being powerless to remedy the matter. The horses of the Division suffered greatly; it was said that as many as sixty of them perished in one night of particular severity.

The sufferings of the troops at the front, occupying the exposed plateau of high ground there, were great: in some instances—those in which men on duty were frost-bitten—they may be said to have been appalling from the terrible mutilation which sometimes followed. Compared with the amount and the severity of the sickness amongst our troops at this time, that amongst the French force was inconsiderable, but they suffered from the same kinds of illness as those which so disproportionately weakened the British force serving in the trenches.

The sick and wounded of the force in the field were now lodged in the special marquees allocated for their needs, but, as at first, the men still lay on the ground and lived in their clothes, and their dieting, in kind and in cooking, was but little, if any, better than that of the men at their duty. They were attended by "hospital orderlies," who might be—indeed, who usually were—without any acquaintance whatever with the requirements the position in which they were placed demanded; the Peninsular War standard only was considered in the selection of the orderlies, and this determined the appointment of men, sent with no more care for their suitability for it than if they had been told off for regimental fatigue duties.

Meanwhile, at the front, the trenches were being pushed forward, zigzagging up to the enemy's defences; and, although from Kadikoi nothing of the duel between the attacking and the defending forces was seen, there were many nights on which the roar of heavy guns made known to the dwellers

in the valley that a deadly struggle was going on between the assailants and the defenders of the works, at the great fortified position of the Tauric Chersonese.

At one time a successful defence of Sebastopol on the part of the Russians seemed possible, in appearance at least, as at a particular point they had assumed the rôle of besiegers of our works; but this inversion of parts in the drama of the siege did not continue long.

There were few days on which evidence of the progress of the siege operations was not to be heard. It was a common saying, perhaps an exaggerated one, that every gabion set out, in the onward construction of the parapet covering the front of the trench, cost a man his life. As was explained to me one day when I was allowed to visit a part of the trenches, the skilful shots of the enemy, well screened from the view of our sharpshooters, were always on the watch waiting for the momentary uncovering, when the roller at the saphead was pushed on for the placing of fresh gabions, and the engineers and others engaged at this point of great danger were exposed without protection.

From time to time also—usually in the night—fierce firing from heavy guns woke our camp up; this might occur when one side or the other was determined to destroy a piece of fortified work which threatened to become a lodgment more than usually perilous to its position, or the firing might cover a sortie from the town, or, on the other hand, an attack from the trenches. The losses on such occasions might be quite disproportionate to the long-continued and rapid fire of the guns; the daily loss in the trenches, however, even on quiet days, as they were called, steadily wore down the fighting strength of the Allies.

The accounts received in England of the destitution of the troops in the field, and their consequent enfeeblement as a fighting force, had roused a furious resentment against those whose shortcomings in respect of the equipment and provisioning, and lack of foresight as to the amount and kind of carriage necessary to the very existence of a field force, had brought about the calamitous state in which the troops were placed at the end of the year. One of the first measures taken to remedy the evils which the supineness

of the authorities at home had erected, was that of sending out to the Headquarters of the troops a small committee, composed of men whose past services in public duties justified their selection for investigating on the spot the extent of the disasters; with authority to remedy them at once when this was practicable, without waiting for sanction to the proposals contained in their report sent home on the completion of their inquiry. Presided over by Sir John McNeill, an eminent retired officer of the Indian Medical Service, the commissioners made a most painstaking visitation, which took in all parts of the force, both those at its base and those in the field, and took down the evidence given in most instances by those cited before them. Amongst other medical officers of the Division, on two occasions I attended the sittings of the Commission at Balaclava, to give my evidence and to answer questions; it was a nice break in the weary monotony of camp life at this time to have attention fixed, even for an hour or two, on something outside it.

Although the duties of the Brigade since the battle on the 25th October were essentially only of a routine kind—to guard against sudden attack by the enemy occupying the Fedioukine Heights, and the lower ground near Tchorgoun and in the Baidar Valley—on rare occasions some further call might be made on its wasted numbers.* One such occurred on the 20th February, when a reconnaissance had been ordered to be made by a large part of the infantry of the French Division at Kadikoi, with two squadrons of their mounted Chasseurs; on our side about eighteen hundred infantry, and all the effective strength of the Light Brigade of cavalry, were to be employed. The movement was to be a surprise, and nothing was known of it in our camp until about 10 p.m., when the order was given to rouse. The air was extraordinarily warm and moist, and had become so almost suddenly, and to this bewildering phenomenon was soon added another, that of the sudden oncome of darkness, more intense than I had ever known in my life before,

* Shortly before this, on the 9th February, 1855, Assistant-Surgeon Home was gazetted to the 13th Light Dragoons (now 13th Hussars) as Surgeon.

or have ever had acquaintance with since—it might almost have been characterized as a "darkness which might be felt." The troops were not to move before midnight, but it was long after this—at the cavalry camp—before the contingent from it got clear of the lines, and, as no one could see the man in front or in rear of him, many accidents occurred, through horses stumbling over the tent ropes and dismounting their riders, or by their falling into trenches, causing great confusion and delay. When at length the troops got clear of the camp, they were halted for a long time—no one could guess why. Subsequently we knew that the halt was made in order to get into touch with the French portion of the force, but this was not then effected, and later on it was known that the French General, recognizing that the atmospheric conditions were so opposite to those necessary for the carrying out of the intended operation, had sent notice to the Officer Commanding the British portion of the force that the reconnaissance could not be made. The officer charged with the carriage of the communication had lost his way, and wandered about for some hours in the darkness.

In ignorance of the fact that he was unsupported, the Officer Commanding the British troops at length gave the order to march. The darkness had now lifted a good deal, and following this change an intensely cold wind succeeded to the previously unnatural heat experienced; then came a heavy snowfall, making the march a very slow and trying one. At length the river was neared, and at a time when it could be seen, just before daybreak, that the enemy had become aware of our approach. With a threefold number opposed to us, and of men who knew the ground well, and to whom snow-storms were not bewildering, our position might have become a very serious one. A trifling exchange of shots between the advanced men of either side lasted only until our troops were ordered to retire; the Cossacks were slow to follow; still, with wearied men and our small number, it was a great relief to find that the French Division —as soon as it came to their knowledge that their allies had begun the reconnaissance—by a rapid movement joined with the British portion of the troops.

When this was ascertained, the Russians ceased to follow, and we got back to camp without further incident. It was both a striking and a pleasant sight when daybreak showed us the French troops hurrying up to join on that morning.

The snow-storm continued all day, and with it cold of a severity which may be judged of from a strange experience in connection with it. On arriving in camp and dismounting, I disembarrassed myself of my cloak, and flung it into the tent close to the door ; it was not easy to do this, as the cloth had become frozen, and for more than two days it remained looking very much like a sentry at the door, stiff and upright ; on the third day, with a change of weather, it " slumped " down. The wind had blown the falling snow under the canvas flap of the doorway, and on waking the first day after our little outing, I found a white sheet of snow neatly spread over my feet and half-way up my legs. I fancy this was the case with many others in the camp on that windy night.

The overflowing pity aroused in England by the newspaper reports of the sufferings of the troops was shown at this time by the receipt in the camp of presents from private individuals, of large quantities of food, clothing, and articles of every description, which the generous feelings of the donors had suggested would add to the comfort of the men " at the front," or at least help them on in the struggle for existence. The presents were, indeed, very highly prized by the men and officers, who were gratified by the knowledge of the interest felt for them, and its benevolent form of expression ; the kindly donations exerted a sustaining influence nerving them to endurance of their hardships. The warm clothing sent out, and received before the Government stores of this sort arrived, was probably the form of present which served its purpose best, in the conserving of the strength of the individuals fortunate enough to receive gifts of it early.

How rapidly the strength of the British troops was melting away, may be estimated by a consideration of the fact, that in one week of January a thousand sick or wounded men were sent down from the front, for embarkation to the hospitals at Scutari and elsewhere.

At this time it had become difficult to recognize—by their dress, at least—to what branch of the service the men—or sometimes even the officers—met, belonged; the full-dress uniforms with which they had entered on field service were now either worn out completely or were hidden under outer fur-lined garments of any sort that were to hand, which met the first requirement of warmth; the head-dress, too, was now a fur cap, of any pattern having the essential feature of protective ear coverings. Thus, for the time uniformity in the appearance of the men in the ranks had gone, and with this there set in a slight but perceptible slackening off in the more formal disciplinary observances; the slouching walk succeeded to the rigid machine-like step which had been impressed on the recruit by the efforts of the drill-sergeant, and the smartness, the outcome of his labours with his pupils, sunk down into a slovenliness, which seemed to have permanently taken the place of the old style of carriage. Something like this is inevitable on field service, whatever conditions it is conducted under, but the "slump" does not always set in so quickly, I fancy, and continue so markedly, as in the instance in question.

A change set in, however; one was due in the natural course of things, and would have come under any circumstances, but I associate the shaking off of the period of dormancy, in respect of those external appearances, which we are accustomed to connect with the profession of arms, to an incident unlikely to have influenced the matter. It was this. The former surgeon of one of the regiments of the Heavy Brigade, as it was called, had died shortly after his promotion to a position which entailed his transfer to a Division at the front; he had been a long time with the Dragoon Guards, and was highly esteemed by everyone in it—officers and men—and the Commanding Officer proposed that Dr. Chilley Pine should be buried with his old comrades of the 4th, who, in the field or in hospital, had fallen at Balaclava. The suggestion was enthusiastically acted on; the body of the deceased, brought down from the front, was followed by every officer and man of the regiment off duty, and placed amongst those who had gone before.

As the procession there threaded its way along the

southern border of the camp, the spectacle brought out everyone aware of its passing, to look at the wonderful sight of a body of Heavy Dragoons, dressed and equipped as if they were paraded for a duty in England, and with nothing to suggest that the season was still that of the semi-Arctic winter of the Crimea, about to burst into spring, but still presenting the appearance of winter. The critical onlookers, and those gazing on the spectacle were all such in the particular matters under view, noted the resuscitation of smartness of appearance of the Irish Dragoons, but especially they were excited by the brilliant appearance of the stripes on the overalls of the men, and kept asking, in wonder, where was the yellow ochre got which had made the stripes so attractive and soldier-like ? The exhibition had, in fact, wakened up a desire, amongst the men and the officers too, that their regimentals also might smarten up. I do not leave out of count the subtle influence of the approach of spring as a powerful factor in the acceleration of the time when everyone was ready to discard the skins of furred animals, and revert to the habitual dress which these for a time had superseded. But the incident of the funeral set the beginning of the action for the change. Soon after this, the sight of the early flowers coming up in sheltered places, and the notes of the birds fluttering about everywhere, told us that the winter was over and gone.

But although general opinion had been a little hasty in assuming the advent of spring, from its forerunners only, and occasional sudden snaps of wintry weather did not cease to present themselves, the general hopefulness of the camp was warranted by the many visible signs that the epoch of languid siege operations was over. The comparatively well-made road from Balaclava to the front was used most profitably ; the construction of a railway to connect the two places was actively commenced, and eventually its utility had a most important effect on the siege. At the time of the greatest despondency about the issue, I saw it stated that about five hundred applications from officers in our army had been made—to retire by the sale of their commissions ; this was a monstrous exaggeration, even if applied to the army in all parts of the world, but supposing

that a tenth part of the number of applications, given in the newspapers, had actually been made, the fact would leave a startling impression of the evil produced through ignorance of the gravity of the task attempted, as regarded the British portion of the allied force, when the siege of Sebastopol was entered on. The applications were all refused, and those who "had sent in their papers," as the phrase in those days was, had to stay on whilst the war lasted.

The period of mistrust as to the result of the siege was over; no one talked as before of the probability of a two years' siege, or even of this as a possibility. A blind confidence that, somehow or other, all would come out right, had taken the place of the former discouragement. There were now so many evidences of a change for the better, such as the arrival of fresh regiments, and of drafts of men to fill up the depleted ranks of the corps which first landed in the Crimea; remounts for the cavalry, the strength of which in effective horses had, in some instances, almost disappeared; fresh meat was now issued as a ration nearly every other day, instead of the daily former issue of salt meat, which had become intolerable to the men; vegetables were also made a part of the ration, and fuel for cooking was regularly issued; whilst the operation of preparing the raw material for dinner had got beyond the "Nothing could be worse" stage, into that of the "Well, it might have been better if" one. Sutlers had arrived, and were to be found wherever money was to be had; and there was plenty of that, as the men could spend their pay in nothing else, so it went in purchase of the more dainty forms of food, above all in that of jams.

Whilst reinforcements from England, and from stations abroad, added to the strength of the army in the field, a considerable number of temporarily inefficient men with it were placed in hospitals in Balaclava, and rejoined the ranks much more quickly than if they had been sent away to Scutari.

The sight of men, "navvies" and others, sent out from England to construct the little transport railway from Balaclava to the front was cheering. Connected with the

inception of this work, the question was asked: "If you contract to make a railway, why not contract for the whole job of the siege?" The suggestion was probably only the fun of some habitual joker; it raised a laugh, however, and even that was a gain.

On the 18th April another reconnaissance was made in the direction of Tchorgoun and the river, in order to discover what opposition could be made by the enemy to a force seeking to place itself between Sebastopol and the district through which the garrison received its chief reinforcements of men and supplies of all kinds. The reconnaissance was under the orders of Omar Pasha, the General of the Turkish force, which gave the infantry needed for the occasion; English and French cavalry took part in the movement also.

From the rattling of waggons and guns over the road near our camp on the night before and the early morning of the next day, the preparations might have been considered as those preliminary to a great battle. As it turned out, the affair was nothing more than an outing of the most delightful kind; no surprise apparently was intended; the march was made in full daylight down the valley, and over ground now covered with verdure and bright-coloured flowers. The brushwood in leaf, the perfume in the early time of the morning from the crushed mint, wild thyme, and other flowers, seemed intoxicating to persons who had just left the long tenanted sodden lines of a cavalry camp. There was also the satisfaction of penetrating through the distance which had hitherto made the ground occupied by the Russians so mysterious to us. There was no serious fighting, but, when our force retired, a newspaper correspondent, who unhappily had lingered too long, was killed by a rifle shot.

About this time, a little late in the day perhaps, the War Office sent out an agent—I might almost call him a personage, so high was his reputation in his important art—charged with the duty of reforming the system of cooking of the army in the field. Mons. Soyer was renowned in England as the greatest existing exponent of culinary art, and the reform was to be effected by practical demonstrations

of it in the field-cooking places, by an investigation of the equipment in use, and by suggestions for its improvement; naturally, those privileged to be present would benefit by hearing the remarks from a master-mind, on the general subject of efficient cooking with restricted material and apparatus. Perhaps some direct good resulted from the visit of the eminent man, as it called attention to the fact that good cooking had a near relation to the efficiency, bodily and mental, of those who were lucky enough to be provided with it. But I doubt if the flying visits of the instructor left much impression on his pupils. His flights through the camps, however, were always noteworthy—dressed smartly and accompanied by a small entourage of his own, he galloped from one place to another. Anyone who could say, "I saw Soyer to-day cutting along," always commanded an interested audience, and so added to the good humour of the camp.

CHAPTER IV

SEBASTOPOL AND AFTER (1856)

THE bright weather of the early summer, now free from the spring freaks of frequent and sudden changes, made a daily ride out, in one direction or another, an almost necessary part of the life of those encamped at Kadikoi, when no turn of duty shut out the individual from its enjoyment. Calling on acquaintances at the front was a very common way of passing a portion of the time, and a pleasant one, affording the opportunity for unlimited gossip; though a sight of the works in progress for the reduction of Sebastopol was the chief object of a never fully sated curiosity. For this purpose the visitor would choose "Cathcart's Hill" as the best standpoint, a small elevation in front of the camp of the 4th Division, commanding a very extensive view right and left and in front; from this the harbour, and the creek dividing the town, could be seen, and some of the ships of war which were subsequently to be sunk by the Russians themselves to save them from falling into the hands of the Allies, as well as to block up the entrance to the harbour to the ships of their enemies.

The town itself was extensive; much of it built on the side and crest of a ridge of hill, which shut out a large part of the harbour from view. The houses on the ridge were numerous, and of many varieties of apparent importance, if estimated by style and spaciousness—some with gardens and enclosures, and others forming parts of streets of houses. There were many public buildings, and churches, and store-houses. Of these some were injured, or had even been destroyed by the shells of the besiegers which, aimed at the Russian field works but overshooting their mark, had fallen on, or near to, inoffensive buildings beyond.

On two occasions only was I able to visit the trenches, and I only saw them under the very favourable circumstances of fine weather, and of a quiet day, as it was called—that is, when the fire of the enemy was not directed on the particular works in question. The men, guarding the trenches, in a general way kept near to the embankment of the trench which screened them from the enemy's fire; look-outs were placed at intervals who watched, and warned all whence the fire came from. The men not engaged upon fatigue work looked weary of trench duty. I noticed that a small shelter had been made, sufficient to lodge one or two wounded men from fragments of shells exploding near them, but not strong enough to resist a shot exploding on its roof, or very close to its walls.

On a subsequent occasion, I visited another part of the siege works, reaching them through the well-known approach, called familiarly "the Valley of the Shadow of Death"—a significant and sadly appropriate name for it. This was the main road by which access was had to the English and also to the French works on the right, and was habitually used. Before the siege it had been the road leading from the north into Sebastopol. It passed, at the point referred to, through a ravine which could not be seen from the works of the defence; but the Russians had a perfect knowledge of it, and, as the term is, had located it most accurately knowing the importance of it to the besiegers, and being fully informed of the frequently occurring changes of the hours, on which the incoming and the outgoing occupants of the trenches had to traverse the road through the ravine.

At such times the fire from the Russian works into the ravine was sharp, and often deadly; nor was the use of the occasional surprise caused by unexpected shots from them into the ravine, both by day and by night, neglected—a practical form of "nagging," which was very effective. The surface of the "valley" was strewn with the shot and fragments of shells which had thus been sent into it from the guns of the garrison; it was an amazing sight. How anyone entering the valley had escaped death, when the enemy's guns were directed on it, was a puzzle. There was one gruesome sight at a part about forty yards from the

pathway, and in full view for men marching to relieve the trenches; it was that of four or five newly-opened graves, prepared, I was told, in anticipation of casualties. I asked the question pointedly—I hope I misunderstood the answer, that the graves were there in case of need; if otherwise, the sight would have shown how possible it was that the phrase of "digging one's own grave" might have a very literal, as well as the usual figurative, meaning attached to it.

A very favourite afternoon ride was that to the Monastery of St. George on the coast between Balaclava and Kamiesch, occupied by the French as their port, for the landing of stores, etc., close to Sebastopol. There was a good deal to see, irrespective of the monastery and of the village of Karani, from which, as before mentioned, the entire population had been deported soon after the commencement of the siege. Towards the north, about thirty miles off, the Chattir Dagh Mountain—that is, "the tent-like mountain" —nearly 5,000 feet high, stood out grandly. To the west the eye could take in a great part of the coast-line, along which the allied armies had marched from the Alma River to its objective before Sebastopol; eastwards, part of the coast-line leading to Yalta was visible. The whole of the ground in this neighbourhood had an unremembered history of Greek colonization, indicated by the presence of abandoned, but not exactly ruinous, structures, one of which the books told us had been the Temple of Diana. If this statement was correct, the building must have been between two and three thousand years old; it had no roof, but perhaps it never had one—somehow it seemed to be complete without one. The walls were made of huge, well squared, closely-fitting blocks of a very hard, unweathering stone, without any cement joining, and there was no trace of ornamentation inside or out. The structure quite suited the description given long ago in another connection, of being "simplex munditiis." The neighbourhood seemed to be eminently one which might be expected to yield a grand harvest to the investigations of a skilled explorer of the Egyptian, or of the Assyrian, school of architecture.

The health of the British troops in the Crimea, speaking of the force as a whole, had now become very good. The

reason for the improvement in the health of the men at the front was that those amongst them who had weathered the terrible conditions of the first winter, and remained at their duty, had exceptional constitutional powers of endurance, and being at length well fed, suitably clothed, and cared for in every reasonable way, were physically fit for any exertion that could be required of them. The qualification made implies that a part of the British force in the second year did not reach the standard of health to which the other part had attained; the less healthy portion of the troops was mostly found amongst the newly arrived regiments and drafts.

Concurrently with the rapid improvement in the health of the British troops in the field, from a state which seemed to forebode its dissolution as a fighting body, to one of vigorous health, was that of the equally astonishing lapse of the French force in front of Sebastopol, through a steady decline in its health to a state of weakness, from the prevalence of virulent sickness. The French army, beginning the campaign with so marked a superiority to that of its ally in sanitary provision, lost this by not recognizing that, good as were their methods, they were a long way short of the unexpected requirements of a force, placed in conditions resembling those in which the army of the great Napoleon found itself, in winter, on its retreat from Moscow. The triumph of their arms at the siege of Sebastopol was due to the resolution with which they provided increased fighting power in the shape of reinforcements from France, as the resistance became more and more desperate. Thus the strength of their force for the four months, September to December, 1854, averaged 49,150 men, amongst whom, if the deaths from wounds received in action and those from epidemic cholera be omitted, the mortality for the period was only 2 per cent. But the death-rate of the army for the period from January to April, 1856, inclusive—that is, after the fall of Sebastopol and the cessation of operations in the field—in an average strength for the period of 125,250 men, had risen to 7·15 per cent.

Sir Thomas Longmore summarizes the statistical results of the mortality in the two allied armies in the statement,

that whilst the deaths from disease amongst the British troops *decreased* 80·49 per cent. in the four months of September to December, 1855, in comparison with the rate of the same month in 1854, with the French troops, on the other hand, the death-rate for the same period increased by 57·43 per cent. In reply to certain questions addressed to her in 1857, by the Royal Commissioners then inquiring into matters affecting the sanitary state of the army in the Crimea, Miss Nightingale showed that whilst in the first seven months of the field operations the mortality of the British troops (from sickness alone) was at the *annual* rate of 60 per cent., in the last five months of the war, the mortality was only at the rate of two-thirds of that of the troops in England.*

In April the epidemic cholera, which had been dormant

* In 1857, the year following that of the restoration of peace between the Allies and Russia, a professional report of the medical aspect of the war in the East was issued, prepared by the head of the Army Medical Department. In this elaborate and carefully-prepared work the utmost pains were taken to supply data which by their accuracy and their completeness might be relied on, for guidance in any future war. Full reports were also made by the different Commissioners, sent out to the Crimea to investigate the causes of the disastrous enfeeblement of the army by sickness, in the autumn and winter following its arrival; and most valuable of all is the "Report of the Royal Commissioners who were appointed in the year 1857 to inquire into the Regulations affecting the Sanitary Conditions of the Army, etc., together with the Evidence on which the Report was based." From a short but very instructive brochure, entitled "Sanitary Contrasts of the Crimean War," by the late Sir Thomas Longmore, Professor of Military Surgery in the Army Medical School at Netley, I take the following facts, the data of which are given in the various Reports referred to:—

The deaths amongst the Non-Commissioned Officers and Men of the British Army in the war in the East from April, 1854, to June, 1856, were 18,058 in all, of which only 1,761 were those of men killed, or who died of wounds received in action; while the deaths in hospital from disease were 16,297. Thus the percentage of deaths from the fire of the enemy was only 9·75 per cent., but the deaths from sickness amounted to 90·25 per cent. of the whole number; that is to say, were tenfold greater than the death-rate of the casualties occurring in battle. "War has its means of destruction more terrible than the sword," wrote Dr. Johnson: how forcibly the truth of his statement is shown by the above statistics!

How effectually as well as how quickly the drain on the troops by the mortality from disease was stopped by measures taken to strengthen the individual soldier is shown by the facts that in the first winter in the Crimea, say from November, 1854, to April, 1855, the deaths from disease alone were 10,283 in an average strength of 31,333, while in the ensuing winter, between November, 1855, and April, 1856, in an average strength of 50,166 the deaths were only 551 in number.

since the February of 1855, broke out afresh, and did not disappear amongst the troops in the field until November. The men newly arrived in the country suffered from it out of all proportion to their numbers, a recently-landed regiment, encamped near Balaclava, losing ten men in one day. In my own regiment (I had now been transferred to the 13th Light Dragoons), with only one exception, all the men attacked belonged to the newly-arrived drafts from England.

Taken all together, the loss by cholera in the expeditionary force amounted to 4,513 non-commissioned officers and men.

In May the allied armies received a very acceptable accession to their strength through the arrival of some 10,000 men of the Sardinian army, under their distinguished General, La Marmora: they were fine-looking, well-equipped, soldiers, who, later on, took an important share in the Battle of the Tchernaya. Encamped on the slopes of the hills near Karani, their presence added to the animation of the valley which now was the Headquarters of a large force representing four nations, but these fresh arrivals

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"The contrast between the earlier and later states of health of the British troops is rendered still more striking, and the observation seems in some respects to be fairer, by noticing the different rates of mortality during the two complete successive winter seasons of 1854-55 and 1855-56. The winter in the Crimea may be said to have lasted from November to April inclusive. Now the number of deaths from disease alone—all deaths from wounds being excluded—from November, 1854, to April, 1855, was 10,283; while the number in the ensuing winter between November, 1855, and April, 1856, was 551. The average strength of the troops during the first winter when so frightful a number of men perished from sickness was a little over 31,000 (31,333); the average strength during the second winter, when the number of deaths was so diminished, was above 50,000 (50,166). Had there been no reinforcements to keep up the average numerical strength, but only the troops present who were there at the beginning of the winter, it will be seen that nearly one-third of the force would have perished from disease in the first winter, while in the corresponding months of the second winter, under like climatic conditions, not so much as one-ninetieth part of the force would have been lost. Again, the total number of deaths from disease during the whole campaign, as already mentioned, having been 16,297, the fact is shown that out of every hundred of this total number of deaths 63 occurred during the first winter in the Crimea, while only 3·38 out of every hundred took place in the second winter in the Crimea."—*Extract from "Sanitary Contrasts of the Crimean War," by Surgeon-General Longmore, C.B., page 9.*

at the time of the cholera recrudescence suffered very severely from this scourge. It was apparent from the concentration of troops that something was intended to be done with them, a view that was strengthened by the reconnaissance made by the French and Turkish troops into the Baidar Valley, up to that time held by the Russians. It was afterwards known that the intention had been to march a strong body of troops towards Simferopol, the capital of the Crimea, and to close in Sebastopol completely, shutting it out from reinforcements and supplies; this intention was abandoned, however, almost as soon as formed, and until the day of its evacuation by the Russians the town remained in open, unrestrained communication, on its western side, with the adjoining country.

In spite of the untoward reappearance of the cholera pestilence, the hopefulness of the army as to the result of the siege was unabated; summer had brought the conviction that the worst part of the business was over, and the domestic life, if I may so call it, of the troops, was one of quite a settled regularity, varying, of course, with the particular duties which fell to the individual according to the branch of the service to which he belonged. So it came about that in camp there was a daily approximation to the tastes and pursuits that would have been followed in a peaceful garrison life in England; an afternoon ride into Balaclava, or the French Kamiesch, meant shopping, only shops oftener than not meant ships; occasionally those were well supplied with goods suited to the market, in which, as in others, trading, at first confined to the necessaries of life, grew into that of its luxuries. Books especially were eagerly bought, and as was natural from the contiguity of a French army of about threefold the numerical strength of our own, the works of fiction in its language, imported at that time into the Crimea, were much in evidence in the English camp.

All the amenities of life, however, which gradually followed on the prolonged encampment of the army were as nothing, with regard to the comfort of the troops, compared to the satisfaction given by the regular and frequent postal communication with the outside world—

the greatest boon that could have been given under the circumstances.

As the besiegers pushed on the trenches nearer and nearer to the works of the enemy, the occurrence of little battles for supremacy at particular points became usual. After one, called the attack on the Quarries, a well-contested and successful action with considerable loss on both sides, an armistice was arranged, for the time necessary to bury the dead. Having nothing to do in my own sphere of duty, I rode up early to the front, to offer my assistance to the surgeon of the regiment, with which I had had the pleasure of voyaging from Scutari to Balaclava six months before. The presence of one surgeon more with the wounded may sometimes be of moment, such as when a man wounded in a large bloodvessel may slowly bleed to death unobserved. There was nothing of this kind amongst the wounded on this occasion, in attending to whom I assisted my friend. The work finished, I had a more leisurely view of the besieged town than I could have attempted under ordinary circumstances.

Amongst the reinforcements landed in the country for the second year's campaign were two regiments of Light Cavalry, the 10th Hussars and the 12th Lancers, who brought their horses from India with them. These regiments were in excellent order, and contrasted very favourably in appearance with the regiments of the Brigade that had gone through the storm and stress of the first winter in the Crimea. Though not encamped in close proximity to the Brigade, the newly-arrived regiments were a worry and vexation to their newly-made comrades, owing to the number of their horses that broke loose in their lines, and came over, snorting defiance, to the lines of the old regiments, quite spoiling for a fight, as the Irishmen say.

It was difficult for a person, riding near the camp of the new-comers, to escape the truculent attention of the horses roaming about, and though the escaped ones were followed by men trying to persuade them to return, by flinging leather buckets at their heads, the rider of the demure old stager, attacked by the fiery youth from India, did not always escape the bite, or the kick, meant for his quadruped.

And when the stray horse did reach the camp where the objects of his fury were fastened up in their lines, they caused a great alarm to the dwellers in tents by their tripping up on the tent ropes, and it might happen—by bringing the tent to the ground, enshrouding the inmates of it at the time. The shriek of a wild horse near the old camp was likely to be followed by an exodus of persons who happened at the time to be resting in the tents most liable to accident in this way.

In the middle of July a reconnaissance was made by French and Turkish troops into the Baidar Valley, an operation connected with the scheme of sending a force towards Simferopol. The survey of the country showed that the idea was impracticable of realization—but the result was that the area occupied by the Allies was increased by the permanent possession of the valley, only separated from that of Kadikoi by the heights on which the deserted village of Kámara stood. This latter very prominent feature in the landscape, as seen from the plain held by the Cossacks all the winter and spring, was now occupied by a British garrison and securely fortified. The French remained in the Baidar Valley, where they found an abundance of pasture for the service of the baggage animals out of condition, and a vast extent of woodland, where they procured the scrub-wood for making the gabions and fascines, very large quantities of which were required to meet the demands of their engineers at this time for the construction of the trench parapets, in the near approach to the main work of the enemy, the Malakof Tower and its subsidiary defences. Large working parties of the French were employed cutting the wood for weaving the gabions, and bundling together the rods for the fascines.

We had long heard of the beauty of this "valley of the nightingales," as it was called, and a ride out to it was a pleasure we could now have; it was certainly a very beautiful valley, charming the eye with its verdure, and the notes of the singing-birds, which were in amazing numbers, and equally amazing variety too, filled the air. A small stream ran through the ravine on the side of which the main road had been cut which led to Yalta—a watering-place in that

region, often the temporary residence of the Czar. In the valley there were houses of the Tartar country people, and there were many vineyards; taken altogether, the place might well be called a smiling valley. Though the enemy was near, the road was securely held all along its course, and where the occupation ended, at the Phoros Pass close to the margin of the Black Sea, the French had a fortified post: the new conquest became the object of the afternoon ride. I followed the fashion, and at a later time, when a small British force was established in the valley, had the opportunity of making a visit of two days to it, connected with some matter of duty—a very pleasant break in the monotony of life at this time.

On the occasion of my first visit to the valley of nightingales I had to take a part in a very unexpected incident, which I cannot call trivial, because it involved puzzling ethical considerations which might never come up in the ordinary course of life, were one to live on for a hundred years. At one point of the road on the far side, overhanging the ravine, I saw an officer dismounted beside his horse, which stood on three legs with drooping head, a melancholy eye, and perfectly quiet; a glance showed that some accident had brought the horse into the condition in which I saw it. The officer accosted me with the question, "Have you a pistol to lend me? My poor horse has broken his leg, and must be killed." I told him that, like himself, I had no pistol, but if the matter were urgent he, having no sword of his own with him, might use mine to drive into the heart of the poor animal, and so kill it instantly. He said he could not kill his horse in this way; would I do so? My answer was, "No; to do so would pain me as much as your dealing the blow would pain you; if it is a duty, it lies with you to fulfil it—done by anyone else it would look too like murder." As John Bunyan says, "I went on my way, and I saw no more of him," but I pitied him.

The large force, estimated at 50,000 men, which the Russians had accumulated on the farther side of the Tchernaya River, with the view of repeating vigorously the attempt feebly made by them at the Battle of Balaclava, had now become a formidable menace; the intelligence brought in

by the secret agents of the allied armies showed that an attack was imminent. To meet this, a strong division of the French force had occupied the high ground at the Tractir Bridge over the river; had fortified it specially, and with their guns could sweep the open plain, more than a mile in length, over which the Russian troops must pass to the attack.

The French occupied a ridge, broken into abrupt eminences, the bushy surfaces of which greatly added to the difficulty of climbing them; but before a hostile force could reach the foot of the ridge the Tchernaya River, running along its face like a moat, had to be crossed. At midsummer the water in the river was very low, the course of it seeming more like a succession of pools, of very unequal depth, than the bed of a running river. The channel, which had been scooped out from the plain of clay, was full of rolled stones, large and small; the sides were nearly 6 feet high, and were not easily taken in a descent to the water, whilst the ascent of the left bank—the clamber up—was difficult, though here and there, where the sides had fallen in, there were facilities both for reaching the river-bed and for leaving it. But the foot of the ridge of broken high ground, on which the camp of the French was placed, could not be directly reached until another impediment had been overcome, that of an aqueduct, which conveyed water for domestic use to Sebastopol from a point higher up the river, and the course of which ran between the river and the foot of the ridge. The depth of the water in the aqueduct at this time seemed to be a little less than 3 feet, and the depth of its banks about the same; the width of water was seemingly about 6 feet. The passage over this watercourse in a leisurely way might not be difficult, but when the attempt was to be made in a hustling scramble, it would be a very different affair. The Sardinian troops of the allied army had been brought up nearer to the river, and a force of good Turkish troops was available for the northern side of the valley.

During the early days of August, the rumours of an immediate attack by the Russian army became more specific day by day, and the Light Cavalry Brigade marched out of

camp every morning before daybreak, and formed up with the other allied forces at the river awaiting attack.

On the morning of the 16th August a heavy continued cannonade from the ground at Tractir Bridge startled the camp. Hearing the firing, I joined the regiment in haste, riding right along what has been called the "Valley of Death," from the action on it on the previous 25th October; and joined the corps formed up with the Brigade at the head of the valley, but after the repulse of the Russians. The Russian troops coming from the heights, which close the valley in on the right bank of the river, had made a determined attack on the French position, and, to the wonder of everyone, not stopped by the works at the bridge, had rushed the river and the aqueduct successfully; the leading troops had also got some way up the steep ridge of hills on which the French camp was placed, before they were hurled back by the fire of their opponents, and retreated in complete disorder, followed by the French.

Another body of the Russians had seized the hill on the west, and close to the burnt village of Tchernaya; from this they were driven by an intrepid assault made by a part of the Sardinian army, in which it lost a General and 200 men. General La Marmora, under whom the Light Cavalry Brigade of the British Force had been placed, ordered it to cross the Tchernaya and pursue the retreating Russians, but the order was rescinded, owing to the obstacle of the river, and the nature of the ground on the other side, not permitting its execution until a pursuit would have been useless. Having nothing to do amongst those of my own charge, I offered my services to help a few of the Sardinian wounded who had been placed close to the regiment.

A second attack was attempted—very feebly—by the Russians in the same direction as the first one; they did not reach the river-bank, by a long way, but turned back in disorder, halting after a time. Apparently, the men could not be brought up again. The plain was covered with men, and looking down from the rising ground on our side, the appearance to me of the Russian troops brought up for the second attack (and fallen back from it) was, at the distance, wonderfully like that of a field of corn swayed to and fro

by the wind. But it did not last long; the Russians retired to the Fedioukine Heights, and the battle was over. There was no pursuit on the part of the Allies. The loss of the enemy was stated officially to be about 5,000, but this could only have been a conjecture, as the enemy were not likely to send in returns of casualties to their opponents after the action. The number stated probably estimated the loss in killed and prisoners only. Many men had been drowned in the aqueduct; probably many of them were wounded men unable to raise themselves above the height of the water.

In the afternoon I paid a visit to the scene of the fight of the early morning, where fatigue parties were busy in the work of burying the dead, in huge square pits; the bodies of the fallen being regularly packed in layers, covered over with a shallow covering of earth. Other parties were engaged in the systematic collection of the arms, ammunition, and accoutrements, of those who, to use the French way of expressing it, had fallen on the "Field of Honour." There were many visitors who—like myself—arranged that the afternoon ride, from the front or from the Kadikoi Camp, should that day have its objective at the battle-ground of the morning.

On another afternoon's ride to the Tchernaya, and very near the ground on which the Light Cavalry Brigade had stood in the recent action, I rode past one of the localities where the men of it who had fallen in the charge down the valley on the previous 25th October had been buried by the Russians. The rains had washed away much of the surface earth, and in some cases had exposed the bodies sufficiently to enable the corps of many dead to be identified. The uniforms were uninjured in three of the instances that came under my notice, and permitted of ready discrimination of the regiment to which the "poor inhabitant below" had belonged. Thus a minute difference in the cuffs covering the bones of the forearms showed men, one of the 13th Light Dragoons, the other of the 17th Lancers. On another grave was the protruding hand of a man of the 8th Hussars.

The incident of the Battle of the Tchernaya was taken

calmly in the camp, sojourners in it having had the crust of excitement well worn down during the tediously long time the siege had already lasted, and now that only a small distance separated the trenches of the Allies from the defences of the Russians, and that daily shortening, the approaching crisis—the storming of the hostile works—was not only uppermost in everyone's thoughts, but may be said to have excluded interest in every other matter. At length it became known that on the 8th September the attempt would be made to carry the place by storm; such things cannot, from their nature, be kept secret. On the day before I went up to the front, and from the best position saw the panorama of the siege before me. There was a striking, if only a comparative quiet; the firing on both sides, though not quite extinguished, had ceased to be regarded, as to nearly the whole of the front.

Behind the farthest advanced parallel of the French, a large area of ground was covered with troops, lying down to escape a stray shot now and then passing over them, but in that position formed up, and in instant readiness to dash onwards for the defences in connection with the Malakof Tower. No shells from the enemy reached them whilst I was looking on at the spectacle; the Russian fire had been "dominated" by that of the besiegers at the particular point. Naturally I avoided going near the tents of my acquaintances in our camp, at a time when their thoughts would surely be with their families, which, perhaps, they were never to see again.

The day for which all the sacrifices of the Allies for the past twelve months had been made arrived, and on the 8th September the French, after a strenuous fight, captured the Malakof works, which were seen to be, as they thought from the first, the key of the whole position. The attack on the Redan was at the same time made by the British, but was a failure.

With the capture of the Malakof the defenders judged that Sebastopol was incapable of a successful resistance, and, having sunk all their remaining ships of war, the Russians evacuated the city, leaving its battered defences and ruinous houses to the besiegers, but still holding the Northern Forts.

The capture of the besieged town did not come as a surprise to the camp; this had of late been looked on as a certainty. The result was received, however, with the greatest satisfaction, but with no mad exultation; the enormous relief that the abrogation of duty in the trenches would bring had been discounted by anticipation.

On the afternoon of the day following I went up to the front, and, having no knowledge of the localities, followed the French soldiers I had seen making, as I thought, for the Malakof. This brought me to the ground where, on my previous visit, I had seen the storming party lying down awaiting the signal to attack; working parties were now everywhere about burying the dead. I was struck by the fact that no other person in English uniform was to be seen, where I expected to see many. Almost as soon as this was evident, I was horrified by the sight of a notice that it was forbidden to anyone not on specific duty to be present at this place. The situation I had created for myself almost took away my breath by the feeling of shame and confusion, mixed with the prospective worry which would befall me, when, as every instant I expected, my presence would be challenged. However, Fortune favoured me completely. I rode on quickly, and left the scene of the great assault by the first path I could see leading away from it, and went straight back to Kadikoi Camp.

Two days afterwards a general permission was given for all to visit the area of the entrenchments, and that part of the town which was practically safe from the fire of the enemy, who, from the forts still held by them, might send an occasional, though infrequent, shell into the town on its harbour front.

As a matter of course, the officers of the allied armies, who had the requisite leisure, took advantage of the permission, and streamed in to make the acquaintance of the place which for a year had been so all important to them; so near, and yet in effect so far off.

The whole system of the works formed a spectacle of absorbing interest, though, needless to say, the Redan was the part most interesting to officers of the British force. All the works had been more or less carefully prepared to

baulk off attack at close quarters; but at one of them I noticed a particularly gruesome-looking arrangement of rows of bayonets stuck into frames of wood, which were fastened into the ground of the little glacis—if that term is applicable—giving it something of the look of a long and broad parterre of flowers. The ditch in front of the parapet was thus securely guarded; no assailants could either thread or jump over the obstacle.

The town was quite deserted, both by its civil and by its military population. The feature of that small portion of the outskirts of the town, I was able to see, was the number of small houses with nice little gardens in front of them—perhaps the residences of the lower class of the official body; but of spacious houses also there was no lack.

The work of dismantling the fortifications, and of destroying the docks, so that the place might be unavailable for some time at least as a naval port, went on apace; and the cessation of all sounds of war that followed the retirement of the Russians from the town was a grateful relief to the ears as well as to the nerves of those who had so long been worried by them.

A large Russian force remained outside, but neither army provoked the other to useless, aimless exhibitions of valour. The same outposts and vedettes faced each other at distances within the range of annoyance, but without any convention—unless a tacit one—they were mutually forbearing: just as we read that in the Peninsular War English and French outposts developed understandings with each other, to the advantage of both. It was whispered in our camp that little courtesies were occasionally exchanged between the officers on outpost duty in the two armies—on rare occasions, however, we may be sure. I heard a specific mention of one in which the Russians and the British officer had exchanged a light kind of hospitality with each other.

From the height over the Kadikoi Camp, on a dark night, it was easy, through a pair of field-glasses, to see the men of the Russian outposts, not on sentry or vedette, coming and going, to have a warm and, no doubt, a talk, round the large watch-fires they were able to keep up.

The great topics of discussion in the camp after the end

of the siege were, of course, What, and where, next? Our possession of Sebastopol did not seem to have done anything to dishearten the enemy; they could spare one town, and a few miles near it, without great inconvenience, and were apparently waiting movements from our side, calmly. The "quidnuncs" in camp had settled all about it, and made it easy for the "High Contracting Parties" in Paris, London, and Turin, to arrange for the mode of action of the course of the "just and necessary war." They were not unanimous on the point; a minority of them advocated a plan for penetrating into Russia near Odessa, the great southern mercantile port, but an imperious majority said no to this project, and ruled that the Allies in the next year should advance into Circassia, and aid the Mussulman population there to repel the Russians who were bent on subjugating them. It came as a surprise to the camp that the leaders of the army had a plan of their own for immediate action, which took no notice of either of the counsels which had been elaborated in the tents. The plan was a resuscitation of the one hastily abandoned in May—namely, that of getting between the Russian forces near to Sebastopol and those holding Simferopol, the capital of the province, and the great depot of supply through its communication with the North. By a successful realization of this project the Russian troops would have been starved out of the country. It was quickly attempted; a large French force was the main feature of the expedition, which was under the command of a French General; the Turkish force, which under Omar Pasha had successfully repelled an attack on Eupatoria by the Russians, made an important contribution to the strength of the expedition. This was further augmented by the cavalry sent from the British force, under the command of the Brigadier of the Light Cavalry Brigade, which furnished three regiments for the service; of these the 13th Light Dragoons was one. We embarked at Balaclava on the 15th October for Eupatoria, less than forty miles west from Sebastopol; the interval traversed between the two places had a mournful interest, so many of the ships lost in the great cyclonic storm of the November before having been engulfed there, carrying

all on board to the bottom. The first part of the voyage took us along the sea-front of Sebastopol—a striking view, with its huge casemated works and numerous large buildings; the last part passed along the front of Kalamita Bay, near the Alma River. Eupatoria reached, we were speedily disembarked, and encamped close to the sea.

The town of Eupatoria, small in size, and with a good deal of the look of an extensive village, was not particularly attractive. Asiatics—that is to say, Tartars—were more numerous in it than Europeans, and the visible means of transport for the troops assembled were largely those in which camels were the draught or carriage animals; we seemed to be placed in an outpost of Asia, on European territory. The Turkish army in possession held a fortified position, and, as events had shown, were able to hold it very effectively; but the Russian army outside left the Turks a very circumscribed locality for occupation, and it was a little time before the arrival of the French and the British troops added anything to the area of the environs of Eupatoria. The Russians occupied the whole of the country between Eupatoria and Sebastopol. The town had no suburbs.

The troops for the projected expedition soon arrived, and in a few days the combined forces moved out and began the march into the interior; the weather was perfect for the purpose, and the ground to be traversed was absolutely an ideal one for the use now to be made of it. A perfectly level plain, covered with short coarse grass, with quantities of flowers all about, stretched out as far as the eye could see in front and on each side; a miniature representation, or, perhaps, the actual prolongation, of a Russian steppe, making a carpet for walking on, so soft that marching became as pleasant and easy as one could wish. The only prominent objects to be seen, near at hand, were here and there tall towers, evidently old, and intended for look-out stations over the plain. In the far-off distance the Tchatyr Dagh Mountain was a very prominent object, rising abruptly from the plain. The part traversed only produced pasture; no animals had been left on it for our use.

As the country afforded at that time nothing for the use

of a hostile army, everything it required for the sustenance of its men, and for the animals connected with it, had to be carried from the point of departure—a severe strain on its resources, as protection for a long line of transport had to be arranged for. Water was scarce also. The Cossack vedettes, who were close to the town, retired gracefully as soon as our advanced guard appeared on their horizon; but it soon became necessary for them to mend their pace, and abruptly, too, for the Turkish cavalry, consisting of the irregular—in all senses of the word—Bashi Bazouks, from Asia Minor, rushed out on them at headlong pace, yelling wildly. A Cossack had had the misfortune of being posted on one of the towers mentioned above. On descending hurriedly, he was not able to mount his horse in time, and a Bashi Bazouk was there to interfere in the matter. The Cossack sought to escape by running round the tower, which he did once or twice, followed by the wild warrior from the East, but he was not seen again alive. The Bashi reappeared after a short interval, holding the head of his adversary on high, and throughout the day he carried the token of his prowess fastened to the pommel of his saddle, apparently performing all his duties without inconvenience.

The march lasted until about four in the afternoon, and then the force encamped on the plain. Not a shot had, I think, been fired by our opponents, who retired slowly before the advance of the Allies, and seemed to avoid fighting as much as our side did. Perhaps they wished to draw the troops of the Allies away as far from the coast, and the supplies it ensured, as possible; or it might be assumed that the expedition was only a feint, intended to draw off the attention of the enemy from the attack about to be made on them in the Baidar Valley by the French. After another unexciting day's march, on the following day we returned to Eupatoria.

Having rested from our not overpowering labours, the march in the direction of Simferopol was made again. The Russian troops marched parallel to our own, and in the afternoon they used their guns for a few minutes against the allied cavalry, drawn up about half a mile from their own. Their fire went over the heads of our cavalry, and did

no harm, unless I except from this statement the fact that an officer, an acquaintance of mine in the regiment of Lancers of the Brigade, had his cap blown off by the wind of one of the missiles passing near his head. I went up to my friend, thinking he had been injured; his explanation was simple, that he jerked and his cap fell off without any assistance from the missile. I prefer to think that the theory of the attraction of wind in very rapid motion close to a cap—perhaps not a closely fitting one—was the cause of the commotion raised, and the harmless mirth which followed, when it was realized that the officer's head was not in the cap when it fell to the ground.

The Russian cavalry, numbering, it was said, sixty-two squadrons, made no attempt to charge that of the allied force of thirty squadrons only, and we encamped shortly after, returning to Eupatoria next day.

I thought, at the time, that a contest between the two bodies of cavalry might have had consequences not foreseen, when the British portion of it was sent to engage an enemy without any suitable provision for carrying off the wounded that might be expected; for in spite of all the indignation roused in England when it was known that after the Battle of the Alma the army had no suitable carriage of its own to remove its wounded, the Light Brigade was sent to Eupatoria with no other provision than a few canvas stretchers carried by the farriers of the regiments, in front of them as they rode. As it would have been necessary to dismount four men in order to carry one man wounded, and that another man would be required to keep the horses of the dismounted, it follows that if the necessity had arisen, one wounded man would have depleted the ranks of five other men. The authorities must have known this, and the presumption is, it was not thought that the expedition would be engaged with the enemy.

When the force returned to Eupatoria, in sight of an army it had not engaged, the supposition was that no more attempts in the direction of Simferopol would be made; nor were there any; but conjecture was at fault in assuming that the Brigade would never ride over the steppe again, as it took part in a completely successful little enterprise,

bringing advantage to the allied forces, and some little disgust, no doubt, to the enemy.

The intelligence officials had come by the knowledge that large flocks and herds, which provided for the sustenance of the foes in our neighbourhood, were within striking distance of Eupatoria, and a mounted force was promptly sent out to seize the prey. It did so as completely as the heart could desire. Every head of herd and flock was secured, and brought safely in, before succour for the animals pasturing unsuspectingly could be sent; the capture was unchallenged by the enemy. So complete was the raid, that even the great contractor, for the supply of this kind of food to the Russian camp, was himself roped in, and, placed by his captors in his own "drosky," rode to Eupatoria at the head of the booty, as if he had a place in a triumph.

From this time our acquaintance with the open country in the environs ceased, and we were thrown back on the attractions of town life only, if these could be said to exist at all. Dinner could be had from a restaurant, a title of courtesy of the least exacting kind, which supplied a sufficiency, but not a variety, of food for the meal. We often wondered if the meat served at table was that from the ox, or from a nobler animal worn down by the hardships of war, and utilized after death for gastronomic purposes, to this day an unsolved problem in my mind. Camel "beef" was openly sold in the market, and one day a dish of it was served at dinner to satisfy our curiosity, which was very quickly satisfied: the "ship of the desert" cutlet was never called for again.

One of the sights at Eupatoria was an effect of the great storm of November, 1854, which had been exceedingly disastrous there; two Egyptian line-of-battle ships had been sunk, and a fine French three-decker—the *Henry the Fourth*—had been blown clean on shore, where it remained unmovable, almost literally out of the water. But the French utilized its timbers, which were shipped off to Kamiesch, and were very useful in the trench work of the siege. Very little of the three-decker remained; a plank from its side, a short one, gave a bridge for entrance to and exit from it.

Between the officers of the French contingent and those of the British there was more of an approach to intimacy than I had ever seen before, or heard of, as occurring in the intercourse of the two bodies at Sebastopol. Hardly ever did it happen to me, there, to hear a Frenchman speak or even understand a word of English. On the other hand, our officers ventured to air their French, which a few of them spoke fluently and well, but usually a sudden break-down soon reduced to silence those who essayed to converse in a language only learnt from books. At Eupatoria the officers of the French cavalry showed friendliness to their British confrères; a great advance on the studied civility, lacking verbal expression, of the first period of the war.

The climate at the season then arrived at, the late autumn well into December, was delightful. Sea-bathing was a pleasure to be had within a few yards of the tents; but there was no afternoon ride, and not too frequent intercourse with the world outside of Eupatoria. On one occasion (15th November, 1855) the whole town was startled by a piece of intelligence which actually announced itself, that of the explosion of the great magazine of the French army at Sebastopol; which everyone judged, and correctly, could only be that of the greatest magazine in the country.

At length came the order that the Light Brigade was to proceed to Scutari. The day before the embarkation, the officers of the French cavalry paid our brigade the greatly valued honour of an invitation to a *punch d'adieu*; this expression of good comradeship was very gratifying, and, at the function, the greatest cordiality between our French hosts and their English guests was in evidence.

In less than two days after embarking we were steaming down the Bosphorus enjoying the sight of its lovely banks, a foretaste of the satisfaction we were to have on a return to a peaceful tranquillity, no matter for how short a time.

Landed at Scutari in the end of December, the regiment was quartered at Haidar Pasha in one of the many unoccupied small palaces belonging to the Sultan; and as they successively arrived from the Crimea, the other regiments of the Light Brigade were sent to this place, avowedly to remount,

refit, and prepare generally for the next year's campaign, the scene of which was only known negatively as being not in the Crimea. At first we had a good deal of cold weather with occasional snows, and winds which swept the plain roughly, but the snow did not lie; a few hours sufficed for its disappearance, and as spring advanced, many days of delightful weather came along with it, and greatly promoted the exercising and drilling of the regiments, which had been a very minus quantity, or perhaps altogether unknown, at the Kadikoi Camp.

My own special work was made easier by the allotted share of the Turkish hospital, subservient to the needs of the barracks of the Sultan's guards at Scutari. There was a great deal more sickness at the base of the army now, than with the army in the field; cholera in its third year of epidemic visitation attacked a few men recently sent out from England, enteric fever was also prevalent, and a good many men were affected, through having to do with mangy horses, which were found in considerable number in the lines. The change for a sick man from lodgment in a tent and lying on the ground, to the comfort of a spacious building designed for hospital use, thus came very opportunely.

The town of Scutari, with its miles of cemeteries, had nothing to attract the new-comers; the afternoon ride was rarely taken in any other direction than that of the Bosphorus. We were warned that armed robbers would be quite likely to be found after a little time, within a mile or two of the town, in the course of a country ride in any other direction, and this limited the scope of curiosity respecting the environs of the Asiatic town with most of us.

As might have been expected, after a year of field service, the great rush of the new-comers was to Pera, the suburb on the north side of the Golden Horn; the military authorities gracefully and tactfully raised no question on the point, and a daily stream of visitors from Haidar Pasha to the European side of the water kept the caiques available for transport constantly employed before sunset.

In addition to attractions of its own, the principal suburb of Constantinople had, at the season arrived at, a fresh one connected with it—namely, the sight afforded by

the assembly of many hundreds of persons of both sexes—though *the* sex was most largely represented—in the Valley of Sweet Waters, about two miles from Pera; this took place on one day only, the Friday of the week. The place bloomed like a garden with the bright colours of the women's dresses, Turkish and European, crowded together on a relatively small area; children were also there in plenty. Friday, we understood, had some kind of sanctity attached to it by the Moslem population, and, amongst others, the ladies of the Palace, or a portion of them, were allowed a holiday to the valley on this day—and they eagerly availed themselves of the tacitly conceded right, to take their recreation where they could see—and be seen by—the ladies of the subject infidels.

The procession from the Palace—honoured, or guarded, or both, by the officials who walked at the carriage doors on each side, who would not in ordinary times have hesitated to cut and slash with their sabres any male passer-by whose eyes wandered towards the interior of a carriage—was at this time eagerly looked for. Times had changed for the while: the French and English officers had now no scruple about looking at the veiled and guarded beauties. But the veils did not always veil the faces in the carriages, nor did the stern commands of the guardians always suffice to keep their charges mute: these evidently enjoyed being seen, and it was said—I make the statement on hearsay—that they often met the angry orders of their officials by handing them out little pacificatory presents of sweetmeats.

The programme at the Valley of Sweet Waters was a very simple one: the entertainments were those of seeing and being seen, and of eating sweetmeats uninterruptedly.

Whilst on the "daily round and common task" of my duties, a sudden and not to be anticipated change in their kind occurred, giving me a lively interest in cognate matters, in a different sphere of action, and—writing this at a distance of nearly fifty years—an interest which has never faded in my memory. I have already adverted to the bewildering reversal of the sanitary well-being of the French and of the British contingents of the Allies, in the early and in the later-on days of the expedition to the East. The *débâcle*

(I know no other word which so completely conveys the idea) in the health of the British force, and the comparatively good health of the French one, in the first winter of the campaign—leading amongst other things to the necessity for our asking the aid of the French to assist us to move our ineffectives from the front to Balaclava—and now the almost unprecedented extent to which the French force suffered from a highly infectious fever, brought from the General Commanding at Galata to the Commandant of the British force at Scutari a request that he would lend the services of twelve British medical officers to assist in the French hospitals, until more of his own could be brought from France. The mortality amongst the French medical officers had been very large from this one form of disease, acquired from their hospital duties in attendance on soldiers suffering from it.

Our medical officers were asked to volunteer for the work, the only special condition being that those offering must have some acquaintance with colloquial French. Amongst others, I offered my services, instigated to this largely by the desire common to most people, of wishing from time to time to make for "fresh woods and pastures new"; but I may further say that I was urged somewhat in the matter by a grateful recollection of the generosity of the French educational authorities, in allowing all foreign medical students to pursue their studies in Paris freely and gratuitously, Paris being then the greatest school of medicine in the world, and having the largest field of medical instruction in its public hospitals. The professors and lecturers who conducted the course of studies were then the most famous in the world—pioneers in the advance of medical science. I think a sense of the propriety of repaying in a small way something of my debt partly influenced me in the course I took.

With the others who had offered their services, I reported myself to the French principal Medical Officer at Galata, the Headquarters of the base of the French army. We were very courteously received, and were each appointed to a charge in one of the hospitals at the base, of which there were many. The charge allotted to me was in the Dolma

Batchi Hospital, which had fallen from a very high previous estate—an Imperial palace, I understood—to that of a residence for the sacrifices to war caused by disease.

It was my good fortune to make the acquaintance of a French surgeon-major, whose friendship during the month of my work at Dolma Batchi was a most pleasant incident in my life.

The contingent of medical officers sent from Scutari had no difficulty in falling in with the routine of the work which now devolved on them. The French sick did not seem to have any objection to being placed under the care of foreign medical men, most of whom had acquired a knowledge of French methods and customs in the hospitals of Paris. The Sisters of Charity, who superintended devotedly the affairs of the establishment, and the needs of the sick, made us feel awkward, but, gracious in speech, simple and demure in manner, and most exact in seeing to the carrying out of all directions, their value was recognized at the first visit to the hospital wards. We thought that the French hospital regulations were somewhat frugal in the matter of dieting, but the patients seemed contented, and were certainly well cared for under the conditions in which war had placed them, the chief of which was the diminished power of resistance they had to struggle against the formidable disease so prevalent at the time. How greatly the sanitary conditions of the French troops had fallen off may be seen from the statistical facts given in the Report already mentioned.* The deaths from typhus fever in the French army during the first six months of the campaign were 90 only, whilst those from the same disease in the same period in the second year were 10,278. This, allowing for the fact that in the second period the strength of the French troops had been increased by three-fifths over that of the first year, the number of men carried off by the disease in the second winter period was 114 times as many as that in the first winter period.

The increased intensity of the disease in the second period is shown in the facts that whilst in the first period, out of

* "Sanitary Contrasts of the Crimean War," by Surgeon-General Sir Thomas Longmore, C.B.

every hundred men attacked by it, the deaths were fractionally less than 14; in the second year, the deaths amongst those who suffered from it were at the rate of 53 per 100.

The malignancy of the disease as time went on is also shown by the fact that 58 of the French surgeons died from it alone (the average strength of the medical corps for the whole campaign having been 450, this gives a death-rate of 12·89 per cent. of the strength).

Recalling Dr. Johnson's pregnant saying, it came into my head to see what application it had to the matter in hand, as shown in a superficial statistical working out of the data available in the case. The weakness of this method I at once allow lies in the having to deal with comparatively very small numbers on one side of the question; but even with this allowance the result is startling. Thus, taking the two great battles of the Crimean War together—those of the Alma and of Inkerman—the whole of the casualties of the Allies engaged in them—that is, the killed in action, the wounded, and a small number of "missing" (so returned)—when worked out into a rate per cent. of the strength, did not equal, but was 3·74 per cent. lower than, the death-rate of the French medical officers attending the sick men of their army suffering from typhus fever during the campaign. This looks incomprehensible at first, nor is the statement rendered less so by the fact that in one scale are included a large number of trifling injuries, whilst in the other deaths alone are weighed. Stated more in detail—the data being taken from the well-known Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates"—we find that the combined strength of the British and French forces at the Battle of the Alma was 50,000 men, amongst whom there were 3,288 casualties of all kinds, being at the rate of 6·58 per cent.; and at the Battle of Inkerman, in a combined strength (so given in the notice) of 14,000 men, there were 2,605 casualties, being 18·6 per cent. of the strength. Taking, therefore, the two actions together, we have a combined strength of 64,000, with casualties amounting to 5,893, a loss of 9·2 per 100 men only, being 3·7 per 100 less than the death-rate of the French medical officers who fought—and died—in their battle against the deadly typhus fever ravaging the French force

in the Crimea, and at the base of the army. Before leaving the domain of figures in connection with inquiry, and having well in view the portion of truth contained in the sprightly jest, "that the only things more fallacious than facts are figures," I give a few more of them, which may have interest for some readers. They refer to the causes under which the mortality in the French army in the expedition to the East have to be grouped. They are taken from the Report of Dr. T. C. Chenu, *Médecin Principal* with the force—a man characterized as "a most painstaking and earnest seeker after truth," by whose persevering labours and expositions "a vast amount of good was accomplished for his country." The deaths were 95,307 in number, of which 8,084 were due to cholera and other diseases before the landing in the Crimea; 29,095 deaths occurred in the Crimea, in field and reserve hospitals; 27,281 in hospitals at Constantinople; 10,240 were killed by the enemy or disappeared; 4,342 men died without entry into hospital; 846 deaths occurred on board ship; 394 men were lost in a troopship on passage; and the deaths in France after the evacuation of the hospitals in the East were 15,025.

Hospital duties over, the afternoons were passed pleasantly, often in company with my French confrère, in visiting the mosques and tombs at Stamboul, and parts of the city built by Constantine, yet to be seen; the bazaars and caravanserais where travellers and traders from Asia Minor resorted—half inns and half warehouses—were interesting to look at; the dancing dervishes in the full swing of their gyratory excitement might be seen any day. In the evening I might visit the Italian opera-house, and in my ignorance could enjoy its music quite as much I am sure as if I had been seated in La Scala itself. But the greatest satisfaction was that which followed in the course of the talks I had with my colleague; we lived in the same house, and we had our meals together. He had many acquaintances amongst the officers of the French force at Galata, and amongst the members of the French colony at Pera. Through his means I saw much that was new to me. Though we talked about the war, and speculated as to what its issue would be, that which held us most, to which we oftenest returned, was the

old story of the difference between the French and the English in everything. I had a fine chance of seeing myself as others saw me, but always in inoffensive portraiture. His view was that the two people were radically incomprehensible to each other, pointing out that, whilst there were thousands of English families living settled in France, it was an almost unknown thing for one of them ever to have had the opportunity of seeing the domestic life of the people amongst whom they dwelt; that all we knew or saw of French life was the out-of-door frivolity as seen in cities, with no conception of the bright but unpretentious indoor life of the vast majority of the nation, the members of the family being knit together by the strongest affection.

The soldier who acted as batman to my friend was a fine example of the French peasant, always cheerful; he cooked well and managed well. There was a chronic joke on hand between him and "Monsieur le Major." If Louis forgot a teaspoon for the table, or the name of a caller, or some other small matter, the reproof was always the same: "Louis, you are bound to perish on the scaffold some day," but this forecast of his fate did not affect Louis' health. His happiness came when a letter from his home told him what was going on in his village, and above all when he heard what had been sown or planted in this and that corner of the small paternal plot he would one day inherit. To get back to this cherished plot was his dream of happiness.

So the time passed until, the medical staff at Galata having been reinforced from France, our services with the hospitals there were not further required. At parting we had the cordial thanks of our French companions, and the official acknowledgments of our labours from the General at Galata. Some time later I was told that the French War Office had accorded to each of us more than thanks, a thousand times over, but that the tokens of this expression, which had been sent to our War Office for the English medical officers, were sent back by officials, who perhaps could not see that the performance of work, entailing daily risks in the course of the profession of medicine, merited any special thanks at all. All things have an end, and an end came even to a siege of Sebastopol and a Crimean War.

Through the good offices of the Emperor of Austria terms of peace had been discussed, and an armistice had been agreed on between the belligerents in the war in the East, and on the 2nd April peace was proclaimed in the Crimea.

In the middle of April the 13th Light Dragoons embarked for England. As it was the first regiment of the Light Brigade to arrive from the late scene of war, a most gratifying honour awaited it. The Queen, having commanded that the corps should be paraded at Portsmouth for inspection, Her Majesty, accompanied by the Prince Consort, the Princess Royal, and by Prince Frederick of Prussia, passed along the front of the drawn-up regiment, and addressed a gracious welcome home to the Commanding Officer on its behalf.

The regiment then re-embarked, was landed at Queenstown in Ireland, and went into barracks at Cork.

After a day or two's routine of garrison life, the hardships of war had been forgotten—like the fairy gold in the legend of the country in which we then were, they had faded away.

CHAPTER V

THE INDIAN MUTINY (1857)

[Surgeon Home served in the 13th Light Dragoons till 6th February, 1857, when he was transferred in the same rank to the 90th Foot (now 2nd Battalion Cameronians, Scottish Rifles).]

In the spring of 1857 I embarked for China, or say that part of it selected as the rendezvous of the expeditionary force detailed to coerce the authorities of the "Flowery Land" into the acceptance—with all its consequences—of our view of some dispute about the importation of opium into their country. Of course, our view was the right one, but the justificatory reasons for it have faded from my memory. Opium wars were a sort of leading line in our national business at one time.

Our vessel was one of the Royal Navy, officered and manned from its personnel. The ship was adapted for sails or for steam, and acquitted herself well in each way, or in combination. We took our formal "departure" from the shores of England on sighting the well-known lighthouse used as a starting-point for ships going southwards. The dreaded Bay of Biscay was quite equal to its ancient repute as a place of trial for landsmen not unconcerned about rolling billows, but our ship carried us briskly through the troubled waters, and, our newly-found sea-legs giving confidence, we were able to pace the deck confidently, enjoying the balmy temperature of Southern Europe and that of Northern Africa.

In about sixteen days we reached the Cape de Verde Islands, our first coaling station. Our anchorage was some

two miles from the landing-place, and the coal being brought off in barges, the filling-up with it was a very leisurely business. Seen from the deck of a ship anchored at the distance we were, the particular island in view appeared to be desolation itself, though there is cultivated land in the interior. I believe that during our stay no one from the ship, not having duty which required it, ventured on shore; the place looked so depressing with its volcanic rocks, its heat and glare, that spite of the clouds of dust raised by the coaling, the ship's deck, with its thick awning overhead, seemed a little paradise compared with anything the shore seemed to offer. This was new to me, as until this occasion I had invariably seen a stampede of passengers for the shore on the arrival of a ship at a stopping-place. Cape de Verde Islands as we saw them looked more like a lunar landscape than a terrestrial one.

On putting to sea again we had smooth seas, and steam had to do most of the propelling work to get through the calms and variable winds on both sides of the Line. Life on board was not unpleasant, but there was nothing to go into raptures about. The heat was not excessive; the deck was our place of assembly by day, cool even in a calm by reason of the current of air consequent on the ship's onward course. Books and yawning, games of chess, talking of a desultory kind, much of it bearing on the then recent Crimean War, in which most of the officers and men had served, filled up the time; I noticed that China or the immediate future hardly ever came up in conversation. There was a good deal of quiet inward contemplation, which much resembled sleep, but was not; as when rallied on taking a forenoon nap, a mild resentment was always expressed by the accused.

The regimental band played or practised frequently, and with good taste; the bandmaster managed to give music which the men could feel and understand, thus the "Irish Melodies" were always to the fore. Much quiet interest was shown in the weekly recurrence of the festival "plum-duff day," on which the pudding of that name was added to our somewhat Spartan dinner on the other six. The birds of the air gave us something of interest when we were below the Southern tropic; the huge birds of the region began to

appear, their hovering flight was a mild attraction, and when we reached the latitude of the Cape a stray albatross, with its possible 15 feet of wing expansion, always excited curiosity. But, from our setting out on the voyage to its ending, the thing that never failed to draw an audience was the hourly heaving of the log, which told us how far the ship had got on her way since the previous heave. The news was circulated on deck, and the question put, "What is she doing?" was usually followed by the ungrateful remark, "Oh, is that all?"

At length our good ship anchored in "Simon's Bay," the little town of which is a sort of suburb of Cape Town. In the long run from Cape de Verde I think we did not sight a single ship. Those were the days of sailing-ships, and the course for India, Australia, etc., was far away from the African continent. We remained at this new stage on the voyage about ten days, the instructions of the Captain having been to make no haste, as the whole of the expeditionary force could not be assembled at Hong Kong for a considerable time. Cape Town and its environs made an enchanting change from the weariness of life on shipboard on a long voyage. All who wished got leave in turns to stay at the South African capital, and no more quietly pleasant outing could be wished for—plenty to see in the town, the drives into the country never-failing delights.

On leaving the Cape the course was laid for a sailing-ship's passage to China, so we steered far to the south to get into the strong and nearly constant westerly wind met with south of the Cape, using sails only. We did find the wind we were looking for, and I for one wish we had never found it. Driven before a gale, chased by huge following waves, our ship was sent along with hardly any canvas set at 13 knots an hour. As the screw at the stern was detached from the shaft of the propeller, whenever the ship used canvas only, it was sent whirling round at an amazing rate. The pace the ship was going and this whirling made her quiver dreadfully when the stern was out of the water; through the incessant plunging the ship vibrated so much that it seemed as if she must crack into two halves. But the gale took off

without harm to us, and we still spun along at a fine rate, but edging northwards.

The birds in the course of the ship at this time were incredibly numerous, of wonderful variety; many of them settled on the sea round us, and did not disdain to contest with each other the possession of any unconsidered trifle thrown overboard that seemed to be edible.

One forenoon a sad incident occurred—a fine young seaman fell from aloft. Measures were at once taken to bring the ship to; lifebuoys were thrown over the stern, and everyone on deck fixed their eyes on the man to mark his position as the ship's position changed. He, poor fellow, made a strong struggle for life in the wake of the ship, but as we were looking at him he suddenly sunk. It was a painful scene to witness.

We were now nearing the tropic, and soon that was left behind. The ship entered the Straits of Sunda, and before it was dark lay at her anchor off Anjeer Point. This stage of our voyage reached—almost touching hands, as it were, with Hong Kong—"all went merry as a marriage bell." We began to speak a little positively as to the date of our arrival there, but meantime there were not unpleasing moments of speculation about to-morrow's breakfast, on fresh comestibles brought off from the shore, at this well-reputed provisioning stopping-place, and many were anxious to put foot on Java, once a British possession. But this was not to happen. We had noticed a ship at anchor on the north side of the Straits, a man-of-war, our experts said, and in the increasing darkness we were feebly amused at the sight of a boat light bobbing up and down, and seemingly making for our ship. Nearer and nearer it came, and when alongside a Navy officer left the boat, and asked for the Captain. His bearing was serious; what could it mean? No one guessed rightly, but a voice from the boat astounded everyone when the import of the words was caught: "All the white people in India have been killed, and you are to turn about for Calcutta, and get there as fast as the ship can carry you." When the Captain came out of his cabin we did not learn much more than this. As we had used up a good deal of coal in crossing the Line it was necessary to fill

up for the voyage across the Bay of Bengal, and for this we must first go to Singapore.

Next morning the ship left Anjeer Point, and to our surprise we anchored at dark ; but the reason was plain—the ship was about to enter an area in the Eastern Archipelago, *sui generis*, such a one as I had never heard of up to that time, nor read of.

Proceeding on the voyage next morning, as long as daylight served, our course lay amongst an uninterrupted succession of tiny islands stretching away on both sides ; they varied in size—some were mere rocks, some an acre or so in extent. I noticed no large island. All were covered with a luxuriant vegetation of trees and scrub-wood, but the trees did not seem in any case to be fully grown ; the bright foliage shading the calm, glistening water was a pleasant relief to eyes like ours wearied with the monotony of the long sea voyage. The islets were closely packed together, but I suppose the charts on board laid down the course with exactness, however bewildering it might look, and the water was deep enough to allow a large ship to go very close to the islets. The sea was, as they say, calm as a mill-pond, but was not pleasant to look at, from the sight of the water-snakes wriggling their way over it on all sides. A land-snake in motion may be graceful, after its way, always allowing for its proximity to and the notice it takes of the observer ; but the water-snakes we saw were hideous to behold, apparently 4 or 5 feet in length and quite 6 inches in diameter. Their squatness, aided perhaps by their colour, chiefly, I suppose, gave them their repellent appearance, as, with head and neck high above the water, they went about on their avocations. But it may be that a sense of horror on the part of the spectator at the possibility of having to meet on the briny deep this particular inhabitant of it had something to do with the loathing their appearance excited.

Sharks were very numerous. I suppose that the two denizens of the wave had in time acquired a respect for each other's potentialities, counselling them to live harmoniously together.

Our ship anchored again at dark. Next day "was as yesterday," still slowly feeling our way through the maze

of islets, and again anchoring when light failed. No doubt everyone on board set himself the problem of accounting for the formation of the little archipelago we had been threading. I came to the conclusion that the man in the street would probably arrive at—namely, that a portion of a subsided continent had not got down far enough to cover every lofty mountain peak with sea. Next day we were clear of the islet region, and were making for the Straits of Banca, between the Sumatra and the island of that name. In the afternoon, being on deck, admiring the Sumatra coast, close to us, I heard one or two words of command given energetically from the bridge, addressed to the Quartermaster looking after the steering.

Before I comprehended their import the speed of the ship slowed down, and almost immediately she struck and was firmly fixed on a sandbank. Then came a period of disciplined excitement. The engines, reversed, could do nothing to move the ship; we had struck at high tide, and soon the water around began to fall. Anchors were got out astern to haul on; what little could be done to lighten a ship, whose chief cargo was a body of soldiers, was done, such as throwing overboard some of our remaining coal, but nothing materially to help. Luckily a sailing ship, like ourselves bound for China, was coming up behind us. She was signalled and communicated with, and anchored in proximity. Her presence was a guarantee for our safety, so far as human life was concerned.

Next morning men were walking on the dry sand from stem to stern on one side of the ship; on the other side and at the stern about 3 feet of water remained with us. We had struck just one day before the highest of the spring tide, and this was hopeful. The engines were ready, and when, about four in the afternoon, the tide seemed to have ceased to flow in, they were set on full power astern. Grunt, grunt, grunt, they went on continuously for nearly an hour, and unavailing; the ship stuck fast.

During the time 100 soldiers in compact divisions tramped heavily in step from one side to the other to shake her, ropes from the anchors to the stern were hauled on, all in vain. Hope was flickering out when the chief engineer

begged for another chance with the engines, and before a score of revolutions "hope came by stealth." We looked at each other inquiringly. Yes, yes, there was a springiness under us replacing the former dead tread on the deck, certain sure, and in less than five minutes the ship began to slip slowly and steadily into deep water. The *Himalaya* was saved, and riding at her ease, with, I fancy, not a pennyworth of damage to her seaworthiness.

We did not get away from our sandbank neighbourhood for another twenty-four hours ; weights of stowage required to be trimmed, and so on. Then our course was laid for Singapore, where we arrived without further mishap.

Having filled up with coal, the ship got quickly over the Bay of Bengal to the Sandheads. There, the danger of the Hoogli having been piloted over, our good ship reached Calcutta, receiving, from Garden Reach onwards to our berth, the cheers of the ships at anchor we passed. How the folks exulted at the sight of a shipful of soldiers coming at the crisis !

On disembarking, the regiment was sent to Chinsurah, a neighbouring cantonment, to be fitted out there with equipment of all sorts adapted for service in India, and to await river transport to the upper country. Railway construction was commenced only at this time in the Bengal Presidency ; a short piece of line leading from Calcutta to a coal-producing district inland existed, but it was not serviceable, being so short, and leading, so to say, nowhere—that is, to no important centre of population.

To our great surprise, we did not find at Calcutta visible appearances of terror or great disquietude, such as a sense of impending catastrophe and of unreckonable extent would have accounted for : the shops were open, and the people, native and European, were carrying on their ordinary duties and work in the ordinary way. The afternoon drives of the wives of officials, and of the carriage-keeping class generally, were not discontinued, and in conversation the progress of the mutiny, its possible limits, its longed-for suppression, though earnestly discussed, were not carried to the extent of making the sudden rising a topic of such overweening importance that it excluded every other.

No doubt there had been a partial exodus, chiefly consisting of wives and children from up-country who had escaped massacre at stations where the mutineers had risen, while in some cases the husband, being wanted in the field, and for no definable period, it was better that the families should return to England. But there was no aspect of flight in unreasoning terror. The newspaper columns gave ghastly reading nearly every morning—either that of fresh horrors or, with further details, augmentation of previous accounts. And it was sad, indeed, to read letters expressing the fearless confidence of an officer in some particular Native regiment that, whatever had happened in other corps, his own would, through every temptation, stand fast in loyalty to the Government, whose salt the men of it had eaten, and then perhaps next day to learn that the very regiment referred to had risen and killed all the officers with it, the writer of the letter included.

For people fresh to India—and I believe that every officer of the regiment then at Headquarters was comprised in that category—it was at first difficult to realize that the Native servants about him were—as a class—perfectly trustworthy, even the Mussulman section of it : none more so probably in the world. In view, however, of our ignorance as to the complicity of individuals in the conspiracy, it was natural to feel uneasy on reflecting that the bearer sleeping in the verandah at your door had you at his mercy. But one gets accustomed to everything, and sound sleep, if ever absent, soon returned to anyone suffering from unrest from this cause.

The transport provided for the voyage up the river consisted of two river steamers, each towing a "flat" carrying a section of soldiers ; and, further, a hulk, a new sea-going ship, dismantled and fitted for the urgent particular service, was provided. Very ample and good of its kind as this provision seemed, the heat was so great that it was insufficient, and the men, particularly those in the hulk, suffered on the very slow passage up-stream on a river in flood. It is lamentable to see how experience of war unerringly shows the truth of the remark that "war has weapons more terrible than the sword," and how soon the process of "silently melting

away" begins in a body of men involved in it. Cholera appeared (though very lightly) at Chinsurah, and enteric fever on the course up, one of the assistant-surgeons being the first to die of it.

The first stages of the route to Cawnpore had been arranged, in view of the necessity of disarming those bodies of Native troops near Calcutta, generally belonging to the regular troops of the Presidency, who had not up to then openly joined the mutineers. Certain corps, such as the Sikhs and the Goorkhas, remained loyal from first to last, and a large share of severest fighting ensuing fell to them, and was nobly done. The first disarming, at which the 90th Light Infantry assisted, was that at Berhampore on the left bank of the river. On arriving at this important cantonment, the regiment was landed, and marched to open ground, where it joined a battery of artillery ready for the instant use of its guns.

When proper disposition of the troops had been made, the Native infantry to be disarmed were brought up, and ordered to lay down their arms; they made no demur. The arms deposited, the disarmed men were marched back to their lines. When the arms were examined it was found that some of the rifles were loaded. A very fine regiment of irregular cavalry—"Alexander's Horse," I think—was in turn brought up. The first squadron ordered to give up their arms flung them down disdainfully; the succeeding squadron suddenly wheeled round and left at a gallop. As we had no mounted troops to pursue, the mutineers escaped and joined the others up-country. Subsequently, we saw a few stragglers of them journeying up on a track parallel with the bank of the Ganges, near enough to our steamers to be recognized. This disarming duty over, the regiment marched across the Rajmahal Hills for a similar duty more inland, but the troops to be disarmed did not wait for us, and the 90th, reaching the bank of the river, re-embarked on the river transport, which had moved up during the interval. The former process of steaming on during the day and fastening on to the bank at dusk then recommenced. Progress was very slow, but daylight was essential for the navigation of the river. So soon as planks were laid to the bank

in the evening, the natives streamed out to cook and eat their meals, and some also to carry on specific employments, such as clothes-washing, an urgent necessity in the position.

One evening after everyone but the "dobies" (washermen) had left the shore, a sudden shouting of "Baug! baug!" and a race for the planks revealed to those on the steamers the fact that a tiger had surprised the poor dhobies. Most of them got on board, but two or three were missing—either they had jumped into the river in their terror and been swept away, or had been caught by the tiger. To some of us the untoward event meant very straitened resources as to underclothing for months to come.

The sameness of the scenery within sight added to the weariness of the journey, for, excepting near small towns or villages, people were rarely seen in the fields. Crocodiles frequented the river in large numbers; they gathered and basked in the sun on any available gravel or sandbank; and the number of dead human bodies floating past astonished us much at first, but an explanation of the cause—as in the case of all wonders—turned this wonder into a prosaic, understood fact: the Gunga, or the Ganges as we call it, is held by the Hindu population to be a sacred stream propitious for the dead cast into its waters.

Although it seemed to impatient spirits on board that the steamers did little more than beat the waters with their paddles, holding their own, but not advancing more than a recruit at his "goose step" labours, it was the fact that every day of the "something attempted" something *was* done, and at the end of July the station of Dinapore was reached. On passing the city of Patna, an important place with a large Mussulman population, as the steamers passed close to the bank, their arrival with a reinforcement of troops was greeted with hearty cheering from Native troops holding a post close on the river, and the satisfaction was not lessened amongst those arriving to find that the garrison cheering was one of Sikh soldiers; all knew that on the loyalty of those stalwart-looking men and their fellow-countrymen in other districts of the Presidency so much depended. The cantonment of Dinapore is the quarter for the garrison of Patna, and is about six miles from this town.

The arrival of reinforcements proceeding northwards was most welcome to the cantonment population. A few days before, a very perilous trial for them had happened—that of the long delayed, and from the delay only doubtfully expected, revolt of the regular Native troops in the garrison, who had marched off in a body to join the mutineer army. Though more than double the number of the European troops at Dinapore, the revolted men had not ventured to attack the latter, and as precautions had been taken in view of a likelihood of revolt, no massacre had been perpetrated, but extreme uneasiness was felt as to the further development of events in connection with the strength of the Mussulman population in Patna. The arrival of European troops, therefore, at the very crisis was an intense relief—a breathing-time from the agony of expectation.

All was astir, and, notwithstanding their own comparative numerical weakness, the garrison had sent a force to relieve and bring off the residents at Arrah, a town twenty-five miles off, to which the mutiny had extended. The success of this measure was hope-inspiring, but there still was the fact that the spread of the revolt could *not* then be measured.

Here for the first time the regiment met the never-to-be-forgotten General under whose command it was destined to march to victory through hardships, trials, and dangers, one respecting whom, I confidently say, a word of disparagement was never heard, the type of all that an Indian official should be—the universally trusted and looked-up-to Sir James Outram.

The aspect of affairs at Dinapore appearing to warrant the permission, the steamers left that place and recommenced the toiling, up-river work, but a recall was soon made on account of a threatened attack by the enemy. The danger having passed by, a second start was made, and, as before, we slowly ascended the river, and at length reached Allahabad, where the regiment disembarked and went into camp preparatory to the march for Cawnpore.

The Chief of the Staff of General Outram came on with the regiment from Dinapore, Colonel Napier of the Bengal Engineers,* a very quiet, unassuming officer, with a large reserve of power in him.

* Afterwards Lord Napier of Magdala.

The camp at Allahabad contained details of troops meant to reinforce those under Brigadier Havelock, whose numbers were altogether inadequate successfully to undertake the duty, supreme at that time, of succouring the garrison shut up and besieged in the Residency at Lucknow, the dwelling of the Commissioner of the Government of India to the Nawab of Oudh. On the breaking out of the mutiny of the Native troops at Lucknow, and of a very general rising of the population there, both Mussulman and Hindu, in support of them, the official and other classes of Europeans retreated to the Residency and to the buildings closely adjoining, and fortified the position in the utmost haste.

The garrison consisted of a regiment of European infantry and of every man amongst the refugees capable of bearing arms. From time to time fugitives from various parts of Oudh, who had escaped death, reached the Residency. At first the Government of the Nawab was not openly hostile, "Willing to wound, but yet afraid to strike." The unfortunate issue of an attack, made on the revolted sepoys occupying a position near Lucknow, changed matters; the Residency was closely invested, and from time to time strenuously attacked.

The imminent danger of everyone in the Residency was known. Again and again the force under Brigadier Havelock left Cawnpore for its relief, only to return to the Ganges, wasted from losses in action and from disease, for in addition to the always-to-be-counted-on illnesses incident to the hardships in the field, cholera had clung to the force from first to last—sporadic, but still with dire effect in the wasting away of its strength. In the situation there was only one thing to do—the subordination of every other consideration to that of averting at Lucknow a repetition of the horrors of Cawnpore; whatever it cost in lives, the women and children must be saved. If need were, every man must lay down his life for this object.

At the time of our arrival, Allahabad was a place connected with recent and sad experience of the effects of the mutiny. The most prominent of these, and from its involving systematic arrangements for assassination on a large scale, one of the most tragical, was that in which the European officers

of a Native regiment cantoned there were the victims. The officers had dined at the regimental mess as usual, and so soon as it was over all the Mussulman table servants hurriedly left the room ; the mutineers then entered, and killed every one of the officers. The Commanding Officer was one of those who had strongly protested in a public way, and only a day or two before, against the slander that this particular regiment was other than staunchly loyal.

The preparations for the march to Cawnpore were rapidly pushed on ; the distance, about 117 miles, was divided into forced marches of varying length for six days. The monsoon rains were nearing their close, and, as usual, intervals of very still, close, steamy weather succeeded. With exception of the short time passed at Chinsurah, the men of the 90th Regiment had been cooped up either at sea or on board the river boats for a space of more than four and a half months. The marching told very heavily on them, although it was done nearly altogether in the night. Some dropped out on the march, and were brought along in the unrivalled India sick transport " doolies," following the troops on the road, but other poor fellows held on only to succumb in the last mile or two of the march, when the sun was well up, struck down with heat apoplexy.

The route was along a well-kept highway, with distance posts in regular succession, and the resting-camps were always chosen where shady trees gave grateful coolness ; the men had good rations and were in good spirits. At the same time, the duties were not harassing, though, the country traversed being hostile, the men required for pickets added to the fatigue on the route. Still, with every care taken by a General, than whom no one more thoughtful, more considerate in respect to the men's duties ever commanded in the field, the marches told on them, and immediately this was made clear General Outram sent off a " cossid " to General Havelock at Cawnpore, to announce that the force from Allahabad could not join the Oudh Field Force until three days beyond the time that had been settled at first. A yet further delay of a day was caused by the necessity for detaching a force from the column to disperse a body of the enemy who had crossed the Ganges from Oudh and

threatened to hang on our rear. Men on elephants and other transport from our camp drove the enemy back into Oudh without trouble. The march was then resumed, and the column arrived at Cawnpore and joined the force there. Forty-one years after this it was told me by the son of the renowned General Havelock—only a few weeks before his own lamented death in an Indian frontier war—that on the morning in question his father, accompanied by his aide-de-camp (himself), had ridden out to see the troops from Allahabad come into Cawnpore after their hard marching. After attentively watching the 90th Light Infantry, as it passed in front of him, the General said to his son, "They are very young, Harry, but there is a lot of fighting in these young fellows," and so it turned out. I mention this to show that the General, whose name is synonymous with latter-day Puritan earnestness and deepest religious feeling, had also the Cromwellian penetration for discovering traits in men denoting the military instinct.

The town, so recently the scene of ineffable horrors, the memory of which will probably last as long as England is a nation, was now perfectly tranquil; its bazaars thronged, and much bustle was apparent in connection with the troops about to cross into Oudh. The first thought of most of the newly arrived, when, duty over, a little leisure permitted, was to take a glance at the building where our helpless countrywomen and their children had been pitilessly massacred. No one stayed long; the blood-stained walls and floors, with scraps of children's clothing scattered all about, told the tale, and implanted it for life on the mental vision of the beholder. I venture to think that on the ensuing march the effect left was equal to a very potential reinforcement of fighting men. "Wheeler's Entrenchment" was also looked at with a bitter dismay. Everyone was excited, and the excitement nearly produced a tragical episode in one instance. A company of the 90th had been quartered in an empty building, and about midnight a soldier, half awake from a disturbed sleep, shouted out, "The Pandies are down on us!" firing through the open doorway at the same time. Everyone in the room roused up, and promiscuous firing ensued. The panic soon

ceased, with a few casualties, no one mortally wounded. But with so few to confront such hosts of enemies awaiting us in their chosen positions, the loss of a single man out of the ranks was a sort of calamity.

The Oudh Field Force crossed the Ganges over a long bridge of boats, and encamped near the bank of the river, the enemy occupying relatively high ground running parallel to the river about a mile from it, apparently an old deserted bank. Sir James Outram, with the chivalrous generosity of his nature—he was called " the Bayard of India "—temporarily transferred his command to General Havelock, giving as his reason that the indomitable tenacity shown in the repeated endeavours made with a very small and sickly force to reach Lucknow made it right that he should lead the more competent force, now about to attempt the same object.

Taking all things into consideration, perhaps this was the first time in recorded history of such an act of self-effacement. Sir James served under his junior officer as the Commander of a body of mounted volunteers—about eighty in number—mostly composed of officials from the Civil Service and of Europeans who had escaped massacre in the country districts, and never was " scouting " as it would now be called, and cavalry work generally, better done than by these volunteers.

A day was allowed to bring the hitherto independent sections into relation as the organized body of the Oudh Field Force, and to ascertain the completeness of the field equipment, etc. In order to move quickly and to spare the men the harassment of large baggage guards, the severest restrictions were put on the amount of baggage taken. To begin with, a small tent only was allowed for the Commanding Officer of each regiment, for the other officers no tents were permitted ; no tents for the men, and not even a solitary one for the sick on march. Officers and men were to bivouac on the ground with only the stars over them. And the same rigid rules applied to all other kinds of personal baggage. The officers were allowed to take their native servants with them, an inestimable boon as it turned out, as these men—even the Mussulmans—were faithful, and unto

death in some instances; and as a coolie carrying a "pitarah" was allowed, a little underclothing, a plate or two, perhaps a book, might be available. But, generally speaking, it may be said the officer had only the clothes he stood up in with him. There is little to say about medical field equipment. The army in India, even in cantonments, was supposed to be ready to take the field at any moment, and with the other forms medical and surgical equipment was always ready, but on a reduced scale. It has been claimed above that the "sick transport" of the Indian army is, for that country, supremely good. The system is theoretically weak, in the fact that its distribution in the field is not controlled from a centre, and that its proportionate distribution to individual corps may lead to absence, or partial absence, where, from severe and disproportionate loss, it is most urgently needed; whilst, on the other hand, where loss has been light, corps may be encumbered with it. The answer to this is that, in practice, with very long experience, the existing system is found most favourable for the wounded, by its swift action clearing the field, placing the sufferers in what are in effect cots, screened from the sun's heat and the night winds if there are such, capable also of being carried, for short or for long distances, with a minimum of discomfort. Unlike the waggon form of transport, which is apt to be useless unless made roads can be found for them to run on, the Indian doolie, slung on a bamboo pole and carried by men, with reliefs at intervals, can be taken anywhere, across rain-sodden fields where waggons would stick like stranded ships, up the side of a hill, or over rock-strewn ground quite impracticable for wheels. The doolie system never breaks down; no "bearer parties" are wanted with it—the doolie is carried up to them, not the wounded man to it; and what praise is too great for the hard-working, intrepid men who carry it, never grumbling at hardships, always ready for their work!

CHAPTER VI

HAVELOCK'S MARCH TO LUCKNOW (1857)

BEFORE daybreak on the 21st September the Oudh Field Force under General Havelock's command left its camp at the head of a bridge of boats, and in silence—without beat of drum—began its march for Lucknow. Everyone with it understood the gravity of the undertaking, knew that it was a " do or die " business, and that the call to his manhood was one requiring to be met by the abandonment of all thought of himself individually.

Before the rearguard had got well clear of the camp, the advanced guard was in contact with the enemy occupying the higher ground, which at one time had formed the left bank of the river. Their resistance was short ; probably it was not their intention to maintain the position, which was soon in our hands, at no considerable loss—that is to say, in actual number of casualties—but the loss of even a single man in ranks already depleted by sickness was sensibly felt at this juncture.

It was possible to send back to Cawnpore some of the wounded early in the action, but, as the retiring enemy was followed up, the danger of being intercepted by a body detached from them, intervening between our rear and Cawnpore, made it imperative to take on the subsequently wounded with us. For efficient service of this nature nothing could excel the doolie carriage—the injured men were quickly placed in them, the needful primary surgical treatment of their injuries was swiftly carried out, and it was never necessary to halt the troops to allow them to join, although the ground at this stage was intersected with nullahs, impeding movement greatly.

Sir James Outram had given over the command of the force to the officer who had had all the toil and danger of the early efforts to reach Lucknow, but he was still accompanying it and doing most important work with the mounted volunteers—leading the advance, and, as it would now be called, "scouting" all around. It was a most fortunate thing that the services of the volunteers had been offered, and in view of the nature of the country, abounding in dense mango-topes, in and about which parties of the enemy could be screened, never were the "eyes of an army" more valuable. Some of our own revolted irregular cavalry were now opposed to us, and on one occasion during the march brought dire, but happily short-lived, confusion into the rearguard.

Very little fighting took place in the first day after that at the outset of the march, but another enemy beset us sorely almost as soon as the fighting ceased. The season at which the monsoon rains nearly always cease had arrived for this part of India, and, most inopportunely for the force on the march, the sudden outburst of violent heavy and continuous rain, with which the stopping of the seasonal rains is always preceded, came on when the march was recommenced. The downpour of rain continued all day, all night, and all the next day, with hardly an interval or intermission of any length. A few minutes of the rain for the most part sufficed to soak through the light dress worn at the end of summer; few officers, and I suppose no men, were able to protect themselves with overcoats, nor, indeed, would an ordinary garment of this kind have sufficed to keep out the downfall of rain, so heavy and so seldom slacking off. My own recollection possibly may be somewhat exaggerated—namely, that the rain came in at my neck and, coursing down like a small torrent, found exit at my heels for more than thirty hours, but the reality, I am sure, was something like that. Nor was wretched discomfort the only thing connected with the breaking up of the regular monsoon rains. For a considerable time the troops marched, not along the well-kept highway, but through fields or pasture lands intersected by nullahs — that is, watercourses — ordinarily dry, but after rains having the character of

diminutive ravines with steep banks difficult to enter by, and most difficult to emerge from when the rapidly rising, turbid current tore along on its downward course. Of this I soon had an unpleasant experience, having to cross a nullah that there was no avoiding and which those immediately in front of me had passed over with apparent ease; the taking-off place for which was good, my horse readily got into the stream, not 10 feet wide, but could gain no footing on the higher bank on the other side. Happily, before the turbulent torrent became too deep and impetuous, several of "Brasyer's Sikhs" came to my aid. Two of them dashed in, and quickly found a place at which we could clamber out. Everyone knows what splendid soldiers the real Sikhs, the "Khalsa Log," make, and how invaluable their services in the mutiny were; but not so many know how readily and how courteously their services were given in acts of kindness, like that stated above—"it was their nature to."

The latter part of the day's march was made over the highroad, a great relief from the slippery ground over which the first part had been made, and all-important in view of the facility thereby afforded of bringing on the indispensable "impedimenta" to be moved with the force. The necessity for rapid movement had entailed the rigid cutting down of whatever could be dispensed with. In effect, however, this curtailment amounted to little more than the dispensing with tentage for the march; the suppression of the baggage of officers added a trifle to the gain. Food and ammunition were the primary needs, without which there could be no march at all. In a hostile country, and with no sufficiency of troops to permit of foraging, provisions must necessarily have been carried and the augmented number of transport animals added to the embarrassment. Further, as it was assumed the bridge on the Sye River would certainly be blown up to delay our progress, pontoons were carried with the force to provide against the proceeding. The difficulty of guarding the long convoy must have been one of the greatest anxieties of the expedition.

The halting-place for the night was Busherutgunge. The

troops had come eighteen miles since morning, which, considering the conditions under which the march took place—the rain, the heat, the heavy ground, the weight carried by the men in the shape of ammunition, food, etc.—was a great exertion. The rain was still on, with some infrequent intermissions, and the rest was most welcome. But what a poor comfort it was! What is "to bivouac"? It means lying down to rest in the open air, and, if the arrangement is strictly carried out from a military point of view and in contact with an enemy, especially an active, enterprising one, the different corps must be placed as nearly as practicable in the positions they would hold when awaiting attack; that again demands that each individual in the corps when roused shall be standing—as nearly as practicable—in the place allotted him in the ranks of his particular regiment. A moment's reflection will show that less than this means an unfitness, more or less, to make the best dispositions to baffle a night attack. Were the men scattered about, each one looking for some kind of shelter, and were the alarm to sound in the dead of night, no one could find where his regiment ought to draw up, and a mingling mass of men, under no common guidance, would be at the mercy of a body of assailants, a tenth of their number, who knew just what they had come to do. The question, "Which is my bivouac?" is usually answered in the pleasantry, "Stack your arms, move two paces to right or left, and there you are, in your bedroom." But not a well-furnished one: it gives a bed, which may be soft and sticky, or hard and knobby, and perfect ventilation; a stone pillow would be a boon, but it is not in the bargain.

My special duty at this juncture was to see what could be made out of the local conditions in which we found ourselves for the comfort of the wounded and sick unavoidably carried along with the force. Given a deserted village, with darkness rapidly approaching, and an almost uninterrupted rain, with hospital servants straggling in weary and drenched, and hardly any suitable food available until the convoy arrived, it will be apparent that little could be done at once.

The hospital arrangements for the troops in the field in

India, in the long bygone days of which mention is now being made, were essentially those handed down from the times of Clive and his conquering peers, improved, of course, from time to time as experience dictated, but always keeping close to the fundamental requirements of each separate corps having a hospital system as a part of its organization in cantonments and in the field, admitting of being rapidly augmented and of being rapidly reduced, the pattern being alike, both in material and personnel, for all corps. If it were necessary, by the subtraction of portions of equipment, etc., field hospitals could be at once formed to receive the men ineffective from sickness leaving the various corps disencumbered, and to that extent more mobile. The system worked well; in peace time I never knew or heard of a breakdown of the arrangements for the sick, in a country where sodden and alarming outbreaks of cholera, heat apoplexy, or malarial fever, had to be reckoned with. Its efficiency was mainly due to the provision, as a part of it, of a "Subordinate Medical Service," the members of which, beginning with an intimate knowledge of the language and of the customs, which had the force of laws, of the Native servants, had been trained to the acquirements of something more than a mere elementary knowledge of medical subjects, and were thus enabled to co-ordinate all the duties in hospital in a perfect way, quite unattainable by a European medical officer. Few of the latter, I imagine, do not gratefully recall their indebtedness to the subordinate medical staff, and how seldom it was that their resourcefulness did not adequately meet unforeseen emergencies.

On the occasion now under notice it was dark before the wounded men of the regiment reached the main body; the weight of a doolie having in it a soldier with his arms, ammunition, and necessaries, to be carried eighteen miles over very trying ground, was an exhausting piece of labour for the bearers, patient as they were and tolerant of hardships. The wounded were few, but their injuries happened to be severe, and, as no fires could be lit on account of the rain, "the lantern dimly burning" enabled us to give them the requisite surgical care. I had expected to find them in a state approaching collapse after the long march, but

this was not the case; the roof and side curtains of the doolies had kept out a good deal of the rain, and the wounded men, having got round from the severe shock following a bad wound, were in good spirits after the march.

My professional duties were over; I had to consider where my own resting-place was to be. There were a few deserted huts not available for the wounded owing to their narrow doorways, but, as fate would have it, these were tried without rest being found anywhere. The huts were already filled to overflowing by worn-out followers of all kinds. First, I tried for a lodging on the cold, water-soaked ground, but having nothing, not even a stone, to serve as a pillow, I had to abandon my first choice. Then I tried to rest by sitting up on the ground, leaning forwards, and clasping my knees with my arms, but gentle sleep would not come when I wooed her thus; then I tried sitting up against the wall of a hut, resting my back against it, but the drip, drip on my back soon dislodged me, and I tried walking about; then reverted to my former methods over again unsuccessfully. Somehow or other the long night did pass away. Gladly I saw the first signs of coming dawn, with which came the welcome sounds of all kinds, intimating preparation for the fresh march.

One great and quite unexpected satisfaction came to me soon after daybreak—the sight of my khitmagar bringing food, of which indispensable I had tasted none for a whole day, nor had I had a sight of him for that time. Indeed, I thought that the whole of my domestic circle—bearer, khitmagar, and coolie—had reconsidered their positions with respect to me, and as a result had turned back to the Ganges; the syce (horsekeeper) I knew had stuck to me, but the others I counted for lost. The eagerly-devoured breakfast consisted of tea, and of fresh-baked chupatties (wheat-cakes). How this plenty was found in a wilderness I did not know, but perhaps the Mussulman of the party, the khitmagar, had found means of communicating with people of his own faith in an apparently deserted country, with the result that this particular sahib feasted like a king for once in his life.

The rain was still falling heavily when the march began,

but it cleared off as the day advanced. No stand was made by the enemy; notwithstanding their great numbers, they retreated hastily under the pressure of the volunteers and a few of the Native Irregular Cavalry, "faithful amongst the faithless found," artillery being in support of them again.

In the afternoon the Sye River was reached, and crossed by the bridge on the highroad, the retreating enemy not having seriously injured it, and the force halted at Bunnee, about three miles farther on. The day's march had been fifteen miles.

The monsoon rain had now ceased, and with its disappearance there sprung up at once a general cheerfulness, a feeling which became intensified into joyfulness when the news was circulated that a message had been received stating that Delhi had been taken by storm, and that the mutineers by whom it had been held were being pursued. On receiving the intelligence, the General ordered a salute of twenty-one guns to be fired, with the twofold object of intimating to the besieged Residency the proximity of the force and of signifying by the number of guns that some unusual cause for rejoicing was conveyed.

It was afterwards known that the garrison heard the guns faintly and not at measured intervals, so they only recognized that the force was once more attempting their relief. This was joyful news, but when the firing ceased, and nothing was seen of an advance, a reaction of depression followed.

On the next day—September 23rd—the march was resumed. Everyone was in spirits, for dry weather correlated so many good things: it meant the possibility of cooking, with its pleasant prospects of a satisfied appetite and an added strength to meet fatigue; it meant good walking ground; it meant dry clothes, and a diffusion of good humour, so potent a neutralizer of weariness.

From the nature of the expedition every individual of it or with it had an instinctive wish to know the worst and to have it over, and, with the momentary expectation of descrying Lucknow on the horizon, keenness of interest in regard to it was heightened. I noticed, for the first time

since the march began, that some partial attempts were made to enliven it with music; the regiments had no band, but a cornet had somehow survived the temporary suppression of its tuneful fellows, and was used to add to the prevailing spirit of gaiety.

But, after all, conversation which interests is the great means for the averting or the abating of the tedium of a journey, and I was fortunate in having had this antidote at hand ever since the march from Allahabad began. An officer, the Adjutant of a revolted Native regular regiment, had been attached to the 90th as interpreter and instructor in Native matters generally. Being new to India, I had everything to learn, and was glad to listen to one whose knowledge was both accurate and minute. His own recent experience of the transformation of a body of contented Native soldiers into one of turbulent mutineers was very interesting, and, as it happened, his knowledge of this became more fully developed, some weeks after our causeries on the way to Lucknow, from his finding individuals of his own mutinied corps working at pushing on mines directed at the Residency defences.

When the conspiracy against British rule in India was brought to a head by the issue to the Native soldiers of the Hindu faith of "greased cartridges," whereby anyone handling them was, according to their belief, drastically defiled in a spiritual sense, it seemed certain to the officers of the—I think 40th Bengal Native Infantry—at Azimghur that the corps would throw in its lot with their co-religionists, who had openly revolted, but the Native officers strongly averred that there was no chance of its doing so. Again and again, day after day, they protested that the men were thoroughly loyal, and, speaking after their mutiny took place, the Adjutant, my informant, had no doubt whatever that the Native officers entirely believed in what they said. The routine regimental work went on as usual, perfectly smoothly; the Commanding Officer and the Adjutant went to the Native lines daily; no trace of disaffection was perceived amongst the men. The European officers, however, thoroughly alarmed by the reports of occurrences at other places, sent away all ladies and children to Ghazipore, a

place of comparative safety, and, making arrangements for any sudden necessities, awaited events.

Some field-guns had been stored in the Native lines long before the greased-cartridge question had come up, and it was considered to be prudent to remove these to the European officers' part of the station. The order was given, and the Adjutant went down to the lines to see it executed. He ordered the door of the shed to be thrown open and the guns, etc., to be run out by the men of the regiment sent for the duty. This was promptly done. The next order was that the guns should be taken up to the European part of the station. On this, a Native officer laid his hand on the Adjutant's arm, and forbade the order being carried out. It was clear that a crisis had been reached. The Adjutant returned to his quarters in haste, and every officer was warned that instant flight was intended. Meanwhile a message was received from the Native officer urging the European officers to get away at once, since the men were out of hand. As everything had been kept in readiness for the purpose, the officers in a body set out in all haste. As they left they saw pursuers from the Native lines coming after them, but, the start gained, and with better horses, the European officers increased their distance, and reached Ghazipore in safety. In outline this was, no doubt, essentially the story of some other escapes in the outbreak of the Great Mutiny. As we rode along my companion pointed out four men of his regiment marching together with the column; they had followed him when he left. I know that later on these men rendered excellent service.

In the afternoon the force was nearing Alum Bagh, a country-house of the Nawab's, with gardens surrounded by a brick wall. Here a large force of the enemy was in position, and their guns opened fire. Our cavalry threatening them, Captain Olpherts* of the Artillery dashed up with his battery, and by the effect of its fire bewildered and shook the intention of the enemy to defend Alum Bagh.

This officer, widely known then, and universally known later on, as a soldier whose name was one to conjure with when instant and unfaltering bravery was required, had

* Afterwards Sir William Olpherts, V.C., K.C.B.

vast influence with the men, who had conferred on him a title which at once in their estimation transcended all others as descriptive of headlong daring. Their pet title spread through the camp, and in time through the country.*

The little stand made by the enemy at Alum Bagh, short as it was, cost some loss to the force. When it was seen that they were likely to dispute the ground with us, the order was given to change the column marching formation into one in line. Unfortunately, in the middle of the process, before the line was evolved, and when the men were thickly planted together on very little space, the enemy's artillery opened. One single cannon-ball, skipping on after its first touch on the ground, mortally wounded three officers and two men of the 90th. When I went up to the nearest of the wounded, a glance told me that his eyes would soon be shut in death; it was most pitiable—a very young lieutenant, tall and handsome, whose reputation in the regiment was very high, for bravery shown at the siege of Sebastopol, when, at the assault on the Redan, he was the second officer of the assaulting force to jump into the outwork. Poor young fellow! he gazed intently at me, and said: "It's a bad wound, I suppose?" I hesitated to reply, and he said again with an excited voice and look: "You don't say it is very bad?" I thought it right to tell him it was mortal. He immediately became tranquil and resigned. His words were: "Well, I am dying a soldier's death." Then he earnestly begged me to take his sword and belt, and get them transmitted to his old father, a retired major in Scotland, with a message. He then told me that he had left all the Company's money, given into his charge, at Cawnpore for safety, and was distressingly anxious that I should take pains to remember this dying injunction. I was wanted to see the other wounded. When I had attended to them and returned, poor Graham was dead. I am sure that of all who have borne the name of that gallant race no one was braver than he.

The force halted at Allahabad, after a march of ten miles, but the enemy gave a good deal of anoyance. They had plenty of guns, and they used them on us to such an extent

* The sobriquet in question was "Hell-fire Jack."

that the ground had to be vacated, after everyone had settled down, for a site farther off. We took the step backwards, but in our case it was not ominous of evil.

Next morning the 90th again sustained loss. The regiment had found the rearguard on the day before, but the convoy could not be brought up to join the main body, and remained on the ground it held when daylight left.

In the morning, when the rearguard was just ready to move off, some irregular cavalry were seen leaving a mangotope at no great distance, and making for the highroad at a walk. The light was imperfect. Some said they were the enemies' cavalry; others said, "Nay, our own men who remained faithful in the mutiny and have been marching with us from Cawnpore, and are now coming in from outlying picket." The last explanation was taken. In fact, the same regiment furnished troops for the enemy and for us at the same time. The sowars from the tope came along leisurely, reached the highroad on which the convoy was, rode up the road, mingling with our men, until suddenly they drew their tulwars, sharp as razors, and slashed on all sides. The surprise was complete, and the rearguard lost a number of men, but, recovering from the bewilderment, the men turned the waggons into fortified posts by the simple measures of getting underneath them and firing at very close distance on the enemy between the spokes of the wheels, when every shot told. This at once drove the sowars off. From the ground at Alum Bagh the affair could be seen and as easily misunderstood. I saw the whole of it, but thought it was only some strange breakdown of the convoy. My first knowledge of the nature of the commotion was the arrival of wounded, and with them the body of a lieutenant of the regiment, but literally slashed out of knowledge.

A bright young Irishman, full of fun and joking on the voyage out from England, Nunn's individuality was always in evidence. He had seen service in the Crimea, and when the regiment was under orders for China an important part of his provision for the anticipated campaign was the provision of a fine sword by the top maker in London. On the voyage out he practised the art of fencing, and believed that

he could account for an enemy in single combat. Poor fellow! he had not counted on half a dozen enemies at once. We buried him within the shade of a mango-tree; "not in sheet or in shroud we wound him," but there, a fine soldier, he was laid in a soldier's grave. On revisiting the Alum Bagh ground twenty-six years afterwards I sought out and recognized the grave of my old comrade—*sit terra levis.*

The 24th of September was a day of much and of hurried work in connection with the morrow. The Alum Bagh enclosure had been cleared of the enemy, and became a depot for the reception of wounded, sick, or enfeebled men from the force, and their transfer was made, along with most of the camp-followers and servants; stores of every kind were also left. Though driven from the Alum Bagh position, the enemy did not retreat far, and kept up an annoying fire.

On the morning of the 25th the troops were formed up early for the final stage of the march. I mention merely what I saw myself, or very nearly so. The first thing that struck me was the quietness, the soberness rather, of the start. At the distance of about a mile, and on our left, I noticed a very extended line of the enemy, the men dressed in white. I have no doubt they were part of the mutineer regiments. Our numbers were in comparison so few that it seemed as if we must be surrounded by them. Heavy firing had begun on our right, which soon calmed down as far as the noisy field-guns were concerned.

When we reached the opening into the main road to our right, half of the regiment was ordered to advance along it at the double, to capture the guns on the side road whose shot went through the successive sections of the force advancing along the main road. This was rapidly done, Captain Olpherts impetuously accompanying the attack. The regiment lost few men owing to the short time taken, and to the men spreading out to both sides of the road. On return of the companies the march was resumed, and by this time the bridge over the canal with very deep banks, called the Char Bagh Bridge, had been stormed, and the entry into Lucknow was in our hands.

One of the main streets of the city, leading right through

it and affording the shortest way to the Residency, opened on to the roadway over the bridge; but the General had never contemplated advancing by this street, which was known to be cut through in many places, making it impassable for guns, and to be defended by vast numbers occupying the roofs of the houses along the route. The bridge, which, it was evident from the amount of gunpowder found close to it, the enemy had meant to blow up, was intact. The gunpowder, being carelessly handled, exploded, causing some loss, especially in the 90th. By this time our wounded were numerous. From behind the garden walls along our advance the firing was severe. At this time, during a short check, I saw Olpherts haranguing the men, praising them for their quick capture of the enemy's guns on the side road. The men, on their part, wished him to dismount, as the enemy was firing very effectively from the walls of the garden just there. Olpherts had hardly done assuring the men that the bullet was not yet cast which would kill him than he fell back in his saddle, wounded in the left shoulder. I went up to him, but, as the wound was superficial, he refused all aid at the time. I recalled this to him in the last year of his life, when illness had laid a heavy hand on him, but had not extinguished—had hardly abated—the interest he felt in the recollections of his Lucknow days.

When the force moved on after the capture of the bridge, its route lay through a suburb, and a long détour in an easterly direction was made. As the enemy had expected the attack by way of the central street, their scheme of defence was frustrated, and it was some time before they brought away their troops from the central defences to oppose our unexpected movement. At this critical time the advance was sorely impeded by the heavy guns which had been brought on. The streets now traversed were very narrow and sometimes crooked, and as the enemy arrived and occupied houses along our advance, the fire from them killed large numbers of the oxen dragging the heavy guns and the ammunition waggons, so that the advance was greatly retarded. Our wounded, also, who were very numerous, we brought on with difficulty; doolie-bearers fell in large numbers, and at one particular juncture it

was necessary to place the wounded on the limbers of the guns.

At first, when the enemy were disheartened by our rapid and successful advance in the forenoon and capture of the bridge, large numbers of them fled from the city across the Goomti River; but the delay in the afternoon, together with the staunch resistance of the men of the great noble, Maun Singh, raised their spirits and their hopes, and brought them back again into the city. Some guns from the farther side of the Goomti kept up a fire on our advanced body. But whilst the advance was slowly nearing the Residency the rearguard, consisting chiefly of the 78th Highlanders, left at the Char Bagh Bridge to check attack from the central part of the city, was in a perilous position. The block on the route taken in the advance continued; the enemy, especially Maun Singh's feudal retainers, with their tulwars and shields and long guns, were pressing in their attacks and their numbers kept increasing, whilst our heavy guns were hard to move. The 90th was ordered for their support, and retraced its morning path. The 78th having extricated themselves, the 90th in turn became the rearguard. Meanwhile the wounded had accumulated much, and there was a heavy loss amongst the bearers, so that to protect the slowly moving sick transport the rearguard was much delayed.

But the great end of the march—the relief of the Residency—had been attained. Late in the afternoon of the 25th September, Generals Outram and Havelock reached the Bailey Guard, with substantially the whole force excepting the 90th regiment, which remained behind with the wounded and two of the heavy guns and their equipment of waggons, etc. It was fortunate that the rearguard had been able to reach the Moti Manzil, a palace or building having connected with it a large oblong square where, very much crammed together, the wounded were sheltered. The position, isolated from the Residency, was closely invested by the enemy, who from other buildings kept up an almost incessant fire, some of which reached the square.

As long as daylight lasted the care of the wounded was the great duty of the medical officers with the rearguard,

but, as much of the medical equipment and stores had been captured or had been abandoned during the day, the work was carried on under the greatest difficulties. Lights were scarce or wanting altogether, so that necessary operations could not be undertaken. From time to time men wounded by shot or grape from the Kaiser Bagh or other buildings had to wait for daybreak before the needful attention could be given them—lights served to guide the enemy's aim. It was a sad night. Daylight came at length, and with it power to serve. One young officer was brought in mortally wounded. In examining the wound in his chest, I noticed that he wore a small gold locket suspended by a thin chain from his neck. He was quite collected and very calm, speaking very little, but the little was about the locket. He opened his half-closed eyes, and in a very weak but clear voice asked me to "give the locket to Dennison (his Captain); he will know what to do with it." I carried the locket in my pocket for a week before I saw his friend and, I fancy, his former schoolfellow at Rugby, whose only words on sadly receiving the locket were, "Ah, yes."

About six weeks after, in the Residency, Dennison's arm was shattered by a bullet. The wound was a bad one, though not necessarily fatal, but at that time blood-poisoning was the rule, escape the exception, for the wounded, and he died. I had noticed he carried the locket which his young lieutenant's deathbed thoughts were connected with round his own neck for safety. I took it away a second time, and transferred it to the Adjutant, who, when occasion came, sent it home. The story of the locket I never knew, but I had a notion of it. It might be said, taken together with a similar occurrence only three days before, that my experience was large in such matters. Were it said, I could answer that in forty years the two occurring almost together were the only ones of which I had personal acquaintance.

CHAPTER VII

FIGHTING IN LUCKNOW (1857)

ALTHOUGH the Moti Manzil on the preceding evening seemed to be completely invested by the enemy, communication was had next morning with the Residency through an apparently deserted bazaar quarter and a pathway near to the River Goomti. As the first step to rescue the rearguard was to free it from its most onerous and at the same time highest duty—that of protecting the accumulation of wounded men which at every turn clogged its efforts—intimation was made to Colonel Campbell of the 90th Light Infantry, who was in command at the Moti Manzil, that an escort would be sent from the Residency to bring in the wounded, which effected he could then force his way in.

In a very short time an officer of the Civil Service, Mr. Bensley Thornhill, from the Residency, arrived as guide through the intricate road. The escort consisted of 150 men. The great point was surprise—to hurry on the proceeding so that it might in great measure be accomplished before the enemy was aware. The long column of doolies emerged from the square of the Moti Manzil, and met its first check in crossing a broad nullah full from the late rains, and at the same time it received some of the fire from across the river intended for the troops posted at "Martin's House," chiefly, I think, the Ferozepore regiment of Sikhs. The route then lay through a square, which a few of the doolies in front were able to traverse and after that had a comparatively open course for the short remaining distance to the safety of the Residency. But the bazaar, which twenty minutes before seemed deserted, was now occupied by the enemy, who from the roofs poured

down a fire on the doolies, killing both wounded and bearers.

Egress at the farther end of the square was now blocked by the heavy fire from the houses facing the gateway directly in front of the narrow opening. It only remained to turn back as many of the doolies as possible which happened to be near the entrance through which they had gone in, and under the able conduct of Assistant-Surgeon Bradshaw* and of Mr. Hurst of the Subordinate Medical Staff, some doolies were saved, and by taking the river road, finally reached the Residency. For most of the doolies in the square, however, the case was hopeless; the bearers were either killed or had saved themselves by flight. A little later on the enemy entered the square, and the wounded perished.†

On the morning of the 27th September, under the happy guidance of Captain Moorsom of the Staff, who had an intimate knowledge of the locality, the rearguard fought its way into the Residency, and with it came a remnant of the doolie column, which had maintained itself in one of the houses of the square since the previous forenoon. The abandoned doolies remained in the square all the time the Residency was held, and could be seen from it, a ghastly token of part of the cost of life ungrudgingly given for the supreme duty of succouring the women and children crowded there in their perilous need.‡

It was not my fortune to be an eyewitness of the entry of our troops into the Residency, in the afternoon of the 25th, when the advance reached the Bailey Guard. What an ever-memorable epoch in one's life it would have been to have seen the reception given by the "Old Garrison" to those who had come to its relief, especially by that part of it, the sobbing and weeping women, whose joy at the deliverance took this form of expression. Who would not wish to have seen what an eyewitness—himself in the foremost file of the defenders—describes, when the stream of

* Assistant-Surgeon Bradshaw received the Victoria Cross for his conduct on this occasion.

† Surgeon Home received the Victoria Cross for his conduct on this occasion (see Appendix).

‡ This square was afterwards named "Doolie Square," in consequence of this incident.

soldiers, worn and dirty, but full of enthusiasm, passed by "Fayrer's House," where the ladies of the Garrison with their children had assembled in trembling expectation as to the result of the day—and saw before them what they had come to save? How the rough and bearded soldiers of the 78th Highlanders rushed amongst them, wringing their hands, with loud and repeated gratulations! How the rough-looking men took the children up in their arms, caressed them, and passed them on to the others to be fondled; and how, when the first outburst of joy was over, their hearts turned to the thought of the comrades who that morning had fallen by the way, and of their sadly thinned ranks! But they had the consciousness of duty well done, and in the performance of which every individual had contributed somewhat to the averting of an unspeakable calamity.

The Oudh Field Force had completed only one, though the most important, part of its work when it entered the besieged Residency; its completed mission would have been to carry away the noble garrison that had so successfully defended the hastily thrown-up entrenchments round the dwelling of the Commissioner to the native ruler, the Nawab of the Province.

My first sensation on getting within the entrenchments was one of unbounded wonder how anyone had managed to survive the rain of rifle bullets and of artillery missiles of all kinds that poured in on the besieged nearly incessantly during eighty-seven days since the siege began. Every building was bespattered with the marks of bullets or of cannon shot, and to an incredible extent. What will be known in history as the "Residency of Lucknow" will not be what the term implies, but the fortified position surrounding the house of the Commissioner, comprised in a square of about 450 yards each way; not systematically square, but pretty nearly so, the chief exception being at the north-west corner, where there was a relatively considerable bulging-out, well known to everyone as "Innes' Battery," that gave and took many a blow during the investment. The ground on which the entrenchment stood was higher than any in the immediate neighbourhood, was plateau-

like, irregular on the surface, the Residency being on its highest point. It sunk steeply towards the River Goomti, about 150 yards from the north-east face, the intervening ground being part of it cultivated, part built on. The river was about 200 feet wide and a little over 4 feet deep at this point, but of course varying much with the seasons.

Other houses than that of the Commissioner were enclosed in the area forming the square ; one, not very far from being its equal in spaciousness and appearance, and at a distance of about 70 feet, was the banqueting house. To mention only another, there was that of Mr. Martin Gubbins, of the I.C.S., so well remembered, both on account of its highly important position on the west side and of the most hospitable subsidiary uses to which its owner put it, as a shelter for many refugees and a most desirable hospital quarter for officers wounded from time to time. Mr. Gubbins also acted as one of the garrison of his own post, and as his double-barrelled rifles permitted of accurate fire, when in skilled hands, his services as a sharpshooter were of the greatest value.

The entrenchment of the position had not been taken in hand earnestly before the middle of June, and when it was begun labour at all adequate to the need for rapid work could not be had ; the Natives in the employment of the dwellers in the Residency were deserting. The offer of enormous pay, however, caused some to engage in the work, though as the outlook became more and more ominous most of them also left ; some remained faithful to the end. The Europeans and East Indians within the entrenchment —of whom there were relatively many—refugees from country districts and clerks and shopkeepers from the city, worked constantly and with all their strength. Even European ladies were anxious to do what they could in the all-important work.

There was no continuous, systematic, and complete construction of the line of defence ; the scheme had to be modified so as to take in by deviation any apparent advantage there might be of ground or of houses fitted by their position and strength of construction to be adopted into the plan. The resulting effect was that the line of defence came practically

to consist of a large number of small and nearly independent outworks, each with a permanent garrison of the same individuals, and often called after the name of its first commander. This was the urgent matter at first; gaps were afterwards filled in as opportunity offered. A short general statement of the defensive means used might be this: earthworks surmounted with sand-bags arranged to protect sharpshooters and having a ditch in front; houses from which effective firing could be made had sand-bags suitably arranged on the roof. At some places barricades were constructed of large pointed stakes embedded in the ground and protected by earthworks, or a mud wall might be built to protect the verandah from which the garrison fired.

The choice of defensive works was restricted by the scarcity of necessary materials, notably of wood. One of the first things observed on entering the open space in front of the Residency was the material used for the construction of the breastwork on the north side—the wreck and spoil of offices, camel trunks (kajawas) had been built up along with endless reams of writing paper and stationery of all sorts. Necessity had no law, and even red tape, I suppose, if in packages suitably bulky and heavy, had to serve another turn than that with which its official use is ordinarily connected in non-official minds.

The straitened resources of the garrison in the way of materials for defensive works is shown in the fact that it was necessary occasionally to form screens of canvas as a better-than-nothing protection for the men who, in the course of duty, had to traverse particularly dangerous intervals, such as those which might lead from one house-top to another. A sufficiently thick bulk of wood to stop a bullet was not available; the canvas at least in a measure hid the man passing along.

The chief weakness of the defensive works, however, was one against which no available remedy could be had—namely, the constant fire kept up from roofs of houses outside but quite close to the entrenchments. As the garrison was far too weak to engage in sorties to destroy those houses, the fire from them had to be endured.

The firing on the position has been called almost un-

ceasing. The qualification is needed because, just before dark, the firing usually fell off or was quite discontinued. Perhaps the evening meal of the enemy was connected with the occurrence. There was also much less firing at night than during the day.

The matter of the housing of the garrison was a good deal simplified by the fact of a considerable proportion of the male population—soldiers, volunteers, native soldiers—being permanently quartered at the outposts, where as a body the guard remained night and day; it was never relieved. The families of the European soldiers were lodged safely in the underground rooms of the Residency, the "tykhanas," as they are called, meant for temporary habitation in the days of the hot season. The ground-floor was occupied by soldiers of the 32nd Regiment, and the rest of the building by officers, ladies, and children of the corps. But when the siege began the ladies had to abandon the upper stories, and after a time the officers had to follow suit, the heavy fire kept up on the building necessitating this. At the house of Dr. Fayrer — which was one of the outposts—a number of ladies were received; when the firing was heavy the ladies were sheltered in the tykhana of the house. Other ladies found suitable lodging at the Begum-koti ("the Queen's House") and at the house of Mr. Ommanney.

But all the preparations made for the defence would have been nugatory if the first of all the necessities of the case—the collection and storing of food for the population in the entrenchment—had not received most careful attention. This duty of primary importance was energetically undertaken, and brought to a successful issue, by Mr. Simon N. Martin, of the Bengal Civil Service, and the officers under him. By their labours all the devotion and sacrifices of the garrison were made possible.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER VII

The following extract from the *London Gazette* of 18th June, 1858, details the circumstances under which Surgeon Home earned the Victoria Cross, as mentioned on p. 123. A full account is given in Forrest's "Indian Mutiny."

Her Majesty has also been graciously pleased to signify Her intention to confer the Decoration of the Victorian Cross on the undermentioned Officers of Her Majesty's and of the East India Company's Armies who have been recommended to Her Majesty for that Decoration, in accordance with the Rules and Regulations laid down in Her Majesty's Warrant before referred to, on account of Acts of Bravery performed by them in India, viz:—

Regiment or Corps.	Rank and Name.	Act of Bravery for which recommended.
90th Regiment.	Surgeon Anthony Dickson Home. Date of Act of Bravery, 26th September, 1857.	For persevering bravery and admirable conduct in charge of the wounded men left behind the column, when the troops under the late Major-General Havelock forced their way into the Residency of Lucknow, on the 26th September, 1857. The escort left with the wounded had, by casualties, been reduced to a few stragglers, and being entirely separated from the column, this small party with the wounded were forced into a house, in which they defended themselves till it was set on fire. They then retreated to a shed a few yards from it, and in this place continued to defend themselves for more than twenty-two hours, till relieved. At last, only six men and Mr. Home remained to fire. Of four officers who were with the party, all were badly wounded, and three are since dead. The conduct of the defence during the latter part of the time devolved therefore on Mr. Home, and to his active exertions previously to being forced into the house, and his good conduct throughout, the safety of any of the wounded, and the successful defence, is mainly to be attributed.

CHAPTER VIII

BLOCKADE AND RELIEF OF THE OUDH FIELD FORCE IN THE RESIDENCY (1857)

THE arrival of the 90th, with the guns left at the Moti Manzil the day before, completed the operations of the Oudh Field Force commenced on the 25th September, but the regiment did not enter the entrenchment; it was ordered to hold that part of the Chutter Manzil which had been captured.

The enemy had pressed the rearguard very steadily during the whole of the 26th, and the 90th had suffered heavy losses in the continued fighting, amongst them that of the Commanding Officer, Colonel Campbell, who received a wound which in the end proved to be fatal. He was an officer of reputation, acquired during his service in the Crimea. The day before he had been saved from death by the failure of a bullet to force its way through a small Prayer-Book which he carried in the breast-pocket, just over his heart. Poor man! he showed me this after he was struck on the 25th, and with much satisfaction told me he had been saved by obeying his wife's entreaties always to carry her little present with him.

It was not in the nature of things but that much and long-continued confusion should occur on the arrival of the force in an already sufficiently crowded area. I had much to do in finding the scattered components of the regimental hospital organization. The fighting of the 26th had already provided tenants for the as yet unfound habitation to contain them; they were scattered about much as chance dictated, wherever they could be lodged.

Before the arrival of the force, the "Banqueting House," about 60 yards from the Residency building, with an interval

of pleasure grounds between them, had served as a hospital for the garrison; but only the ground-floor and the first-floor of this spacious building could be utilized, owing to its very numerous windows exposing those within to the enemy's fire. Notwithstanding all that could be done in the way of blocking up openings, casualties from this exposure continued to be distressingly frequent in the reduced space retained. But the building was already crowded for its purpose, and temporary provision was made by placing the wounded of the 90th in tents in the Residency fore garden. As incessant firing went on in and around the Chutter Manzil, a second hospital for the wounded of the corps was selected in the palace.

All the medical and surgical stores it was possible to carry from Alum Bagh had been captured or abandoned in the fighting on the 25th, and the wounded suffered very much as a consequence, aggravated by the fact that the fighting had generally been at close quarters, entailing severe wounds. The resources of the old garrison, as regards medical stores, were exhausted, whilst the other corps of the force were in much the same plight as my own in this matter. We found space in one of the halls of the Serai, had it cleared out of the superfluous effects of its former inhabitants, and placed the wounded brought from time to time in it.

All day, the Assistant-Surgeon aiding, the surgical duties in connection with wounded men were going on. Towards evening the fire slackened, and soon ceased, except for a rare occasional cannon shot, which never, I think, did any harm. To the charity of a brother officer I owed the only food I had that day—and I fear he could ill spare it, frugal as it was—consisting only of parched gram—a kind of pea used for feeding horses—and washed down with some water. This would have been quite correct if served up to a hermit in his mossy cell, but it was painfully incongruous when partaken of in a palace, besides which there was not half enough of it. I passed the night on the floor of a hall in the palace, an honour shared by all the officers and men in the regiment not on duty. We lay pretty closely packed, everyone there worn out with fatigue and hunger. An

embarrassing incident occurred during the night: a soldier was attacked—fatally—with cholera. This disease had been epidemic in the North-West Provinces during the season of the monsoon rains, and its outbreak in the force with which General. Havelock twice unsuccessfully attempted to reach Lucknow was one of the greatest difficulties he had to contend with.

Cholera had also caused loss to the old garrison in the Residency at the same time. Next morning brought a supremely acceptable improvement in the personal position of every one of us—namely, the issue of the daily ration, interrupted by the operations necessary to secure the positions seized from the enemy. The soldier's ration is a regulated allowance of food issued for him daily, differing, of course, in quarters, and when issued in the field, where the hard work of marching, etc., requires to be provided against by the issue of a larger quantity of food and of additional things not issued in quarters. The issue of fresh meat, flour, rice, and salt for each individual was now systematically made. My khitmagar, who I thought had been killed, now turned up. I now knew that under his able direction my daily food would appear with all the regularity of seedtime and harvest in the natural world. Dr. Bradshaw and I joined in messing, and now it was not the hermit's fare. The wheat issued was ground into a coarse flour, and brought to our board in the form of "chupatties" (thin cakes toasted on the embers of the wood fire). With these were associated a spoonful or two of boiled rice and what purported to be a pound of fresh beef; a little salt also graced the board. This was not luxury, but to us, after an experience of semi-starvation, it appeared to be. Stimulated with unstinted praise, the khitmagar managed to buy some musty tea and enough of guava jelly to last us for three days under a very restrained indulgence. Thus, we were let down gently from the rude plenty of outside campaigning life to the painfully thought out calculations necessary in connection with besieged life as to how little life could flicker along on.

I have stated that some of those under my professional care were lodged in a tent in front of the Residency building.

Many bullets had perforated the blue canvas-lined roofs. On looking up inside one of them, the appearance suggested that of a starlit sky. On the morning of my first visit, a present arrived from the sky, and had been left outside, close to the door. It proved to be the section of the trunk of a tree about 7 inches in diameter and 12 inches in length, a missile which the enemy occasionally fired from a mortar. Striking the roof of a house, or an already weakened wall, it might do harm. It so happened that the one delivered at the tent door was of the unusual kind, called a "useful present." It served capitally for me to sit on when examining the wounded lying on the ground. I thus escaped the pain of long-continued stooping, and the injured man had the advantage of a professional adviser not on the rack from trouble of his own.

One night spent in trying to rest in a closely-packed hall was quite enough for a life-time, so, like a good many others, I moved to a covered terrace in the garden outside, and rested very well. Next day the enemy directed their fire to the palace, and several times they made persevering attacks on the picket in the garden, with resulting increase of our wounded, making the want of medical stores an acutely felt one.

Through the never-failing kindness of my friend Dr. John Brown, of the Sikh Regiment, I was supplied with a sufficiency of chloroform for narcotizing sufferers in the most urgent cases requiring its use. With a forethought distinctive of him, on leaving the Alum Bagh on the 25th, he had taken with him a small bottle of chloroform—carried it in his pocket. From time to time after our arrival in the Residency he allowed me to have 30 drops of it "for the last time" as he always protested, and, dear fellow, he always broke his vow. On one occasion at this time it startled me to find that a man about to undergo a most painful operation resolutely refused to be narcotized, and without the induced insensibility he endured the pain with extraordinary fortitude. Throughout the day the firing went on, though in a desultory way, except in the instances above noted. Towards sundown it fell away to next to nothing, and we afterwards found that it was usual for the

enemy to rest from their labours at this time, probably to cook and to eat their evening meal.

What we at first called the "Palace" was soon found to be only a fraction of it. The Chutter Manzil was of vast extent; it consisted of a series of buildings, with courts within courts in all directions—in fact, a small town. Knowing the intricacies of the place, small parties of the enemy hid themselves about after we seemed to be in possession of it, and it was dangerous to stray from the principal squares. One of our men on this day was caught very close to the large square, and his decapitated body showed how far off from security the military possession was. In the afternoon we captured five of our friends the enemy in a tower which they had made their den. The enormous quantity of plunder the palace afforded made our men rash; they persisted in opening into new rooms to secure it until everything in the palace was declared prize of war for all the troops. After making the garden my head-quarters for a couple of nights, I had to leave it; there seemed to be a great deal too much method in the frequency with which shells burst just about the part a number of us occupied. It was said, and possibly it was the case, that the spies of the enemy had noticed the fact that many persons used the garden as a sleeping quarter, and the firing was not aimlessly directed. The next change was back to the palace, where, with Dr. Bradshaw, I took a room.

A good deal was wanting in the interior of the palace to make it quite fit in with my youthful memories of the "Thousand and One Nights." It required more of "living furniture" than the palace rooms contained. Of men in the dress of Eastern nations there were plenty, but variety was wanting; those present were too visibly of one class, the coolie one, engaged in carrying off the treasures of the East for their patrons at a small reward. On two occasions I had to go through a part of the palace. The number of rooms was as bewildering as the scene before my eyes. Many rooms were used as stores for what looked to me exquisitely beautiful china, such as one sees in the shops of dealers in bric-à-brac at home, Dresden, and other kinds of which I did not know the names. Side by side with the

sumptuous art of the potter's were quantities of the cheapest kinds for culinary and ablution purposes, much, if not most of it, hailing from Canton or some other exporting centre in the Flowery Land. The floors were littered with broken china, wantonly smashed, I suppose, because the super-abundance could not be carried away.

In the Serai were quantities of women's dresses, mostly of muslin. In other rooms were quantities of books, in English, Hindustani, Persian, French, and, I think, Arabic. Of uncensored prints, made in some other country of Continental Europe than Germany, there was a profusion. Splendid vases, or the ruins of them, were found in some rooms; unworked lapis lazuli in great quantity, a whole service for the table in silver. Medicine-chests, lamps in uncountable numbers, nearly a ton of unworked ivory, carved ivory boxes, and children's toys, were some of the contents of the palace that attracted my attention. There were also brass cooking-pots in enormous quantity. The state robes of the Nawab had been found and removed; they were said to be incredibly richly embroidered, and at the same time covered with "jewels." And yet I was not satisfied. I had come to inspect, hoping to find an abundance of carpets, articles one connects with the East, as a matter of course. I did not see one in the course of half a mile's walk through the rooms—a great disappointment. Our wounded were lying on the hard cemented floor, and I thought to get easier beds for them. We got cooking-pots and crockery for eating off, and, most important of all just at that time, the muslin "chudders," from their lightness and elasticity, cut up into the very best bandages for the wounded that could be desired.

The rooms in the palace generally, neither in their proportions nor in their decorations, were such as corresponded with European notions of this lofty title. Most of them were plain and unadorned, and in keeping with the use to which they had been relegated—that of stores for valuables, not apartments for their exhibition. Some of the halls, however, were stately, and the marble columns supporting the ceilings were painted in silver, green, and fawn coloured tracery, as it seemed to me very harmoniously, and somehow

it conveyed the impression of grateful coolness, a desideratum for much of the year in Oudh.

The gilded domes and other parts of the outside of the palace looked very well, giving to the exterior the gorgeous appearance associated with the dwelling of an Eastern monarch. In another part we found immense numbers of grotesquely carved palanquins, lavishly gilded. Probably this discovery pointed to the existence of an extremely large household, the members of which took airings, or possibly went shopping, in rigorously curtained palanquins.

There were numerous small courts reached from the interior of the palace, usually having gardens in them. These may have been pretty when they were well kept, but when seen by us they had run wild. From the roof of the palace we had a momentary glimpse of the city of Lucknow. I have since then seen most of the large and the historically famous cities in India, but in spite of the presence in them of some unmatched feature such as a Jumma Musjid, or a prominent fortress, in my estimation the view over Lucknow is the most beautiful of all. The picture presented by the mingling of domes, minarets, and spacious white buildings, among green gardens largely sprinkled with palms and other trees of luxuriant growth, gave a vividness of colouring to the scene which never struck me particularly in the view of any other Eastern city. No one ventured to do more than snatch a glimpse of the beautiful town, as the danger of being what would nowadays be called "sniped" from one of the houses close at hand held by the enemy was extreme; but on other more auspicious occasions I had leisurely glances at the outspread city from above it, each of which confirmed the opinion first formed on the roof of the Chutter Manzil. It occurs to me as I write that perhaps the reason our party was not treated to a shower of bullets when on the roof may have been due to the fact that, when there, we were close to a beautiful tiny mosque erected on it, and that from religious motives the enemy "hesitated to shoot," whilst we, all unconscious of our protection, gave them no time to alter their first creditable views.

Continuing exploration on the ground-floor, we entered a magnificent set of apartments, evidently those of the

Nawab himself, with some fine pictures by a European artist on the walls. The bath-room was very striking, the bath itself being of beautiful red porphyry, massive and grand-looking. Near to this suite of apartments we found a smouldering fire which had been going on for some days—ever since our arrival, it was said. Entering one of the side courts, we came on the body of a "mistri" (an artisan), whose occupation it was to forge cannon shot for use against us; there he lay with his anvil, charcoal, and other means. Apparently he had just turned out one of his shots when his industry was stopped for ever by a party of Sikhs who were looking about for unconsidered trifles, and treated him, as the saying is, "according to the custom of war in like cases."

It was now known that the Oudh Field Force, which had reached the Residency with the intention of bringing away all its population, must itself remain blockaded in the entrenchment along with the old garrison, encumbered with helpless families, surrounded by the enemy on every side. With a continuous fire from every building on the route, the attempt to reach Alum Bagh, if successful, would have been miraculous, and failure would have meant absolute extinction. Most energetic action was therefore taken to strengthen the old position; the houses, etc., which experience had shown to be in a disastrous proximity were either promptly stormed, or mined to and blown up. As a result the area occupied was extended to three times the original size. Most of the new ground was on the east and north sides, where there were several very large buildings. Besides the Chutter Manzil there were the adjoining Ferhut Bux palace and gardens, the General Sahib's house, and Captain Bazaar, etc. All the area down to the river-bank was included, the gaol, and some other houses between it and the entrenchment.

The operations connected with these measures entailed a daily loss of men; the fighting was against an enemy, vastly outnumbering our troops, who fired through loopholes on our men exposed in attacking. Their guns were also used, but musket or rifle bullets inflicted nearly all the loss we suffered from. About this time, too, some of the corps

driven out of Delhi began to arrive, and it was reported by spies that, when a body of the mutineers arrived, it was ordered to make an attack on some part of our position. Perhaps this was true, for, soon after the time adverted to, the attacks of the enemy were much more strenuously maintained than previous ones. By means of a mine on one occasion they destroyed an outpost, with some loss to us. Before the arrival of the force the enemy had used mining against the garrison to a considerable—indeed, an unexpected—extent; but, as was discovered, much of their mining, owing to errors in the direction of the galleries, could not have destroyed the defences against which they were aimed.

After ten days in the Chutter Manzil, an order was received to remove the hospital of the 90th to the entrenchment; the palace was considered to be in imminent danger of a sustained attack, and, with its small garrison, the question of its abandonment might come up for consideration. As doolies were not suitable to move the wounded through narrow passages in the palace, stretchers were got ready for special use on the occasion of the looked-for attack. Our spies had brought news of a projected attack to embrace the whole of the position, and this came off in the shape of a cannonade and incessant fire on the Residency portion of it, with an unusually serious attempt to storm the Chutter Manzil. The 90th Regiment, though fairly sheltered, lost several men killed and thirteen wounded, who were taken to the old entrenchment, 800 yards off, where more tents had been pitched in the square for the regimental hospital.

I had satisfied myself that something better adapted to the needs of the men in hospital was wanted, and what was wanted I found—although with serious imperfections—in one of the three squares, called "Sikh Horse Square," on the south-west side of the entrenchment. They had been occupied before the investment by the corps named, but most of the men had deserted it, and the end square on the south was empty, except that in the east corner an outpost had been established only 80 yards from the enemies' nearest position. It had a fairly spacious area, cleanly swept; a continuous shed ran round two sides of it, with a good thick

roofing; the floor was of good hard clay, and there was the advantage of unlimited fresh air—an advantage which, in a hospital where wounded men are treated in large numbers, very nearly counterbalances all disadvantages.

On the other hand, no part of the entrenchment was closer to the enemy, whose clamour could easily be heard from it. The most conspicuous sight in the square was a patch of some 30 feet broad at the east end of the outer wall (and extending into a contiguous house), filled in with planks, doors, boxes, and in fact any material available on an emergency to fill up a gap. In the second month of the siege the enemy had sprung a mine at this point, and unhappily the greater part of those holding the outpost perished by it. The two officers and one of the men were blown into the square and were saved, whilst the sergeant, blown outside the square, was killed by the enemy. Seven of the men were buried in the earth thrown up, and perished. The enemy were all ready to storm the breach, and two of their leaders rushed on; they fell by the fire of our other outposts, and on consideration their followers preferred the "sweet security" of their own defences to the positively dangerous task of rushing ours, so the situation was saved.

In spite of its seeming exposure, the "Sikh Horse Square" was preferable for hospital purposes—in my judgment—to any available building in the entrenchment. Having to act quickly, lest its advantages might be recognized by others and the locality be appropriated, I applied for it; and, assuming that the application would be granted, I had the men moved there at once from the tents. As there were no hospital stores to be had, the problem of the provision of beds in the new hospital had to be thought out. Primary principles being studied in connection with existing means, this led to the substitution of the ragged sides, or "flies" of tents to serve the purpose of mattresses. There were no charpoys (the native bedstead) in the hospital; everyone in it lay on the floor—that is, the ground. For bedclothes the men's great-coats and rugs were used, when they had any. Similarly to the men at their duty, those in hospital lived in their clothes by day and slept in them at night. There were no chairs or tables of any kind, no knives, forks,

or spoons save those the men may have brought with them to hospital; the resources of the palace had furnished much crockery, but, in comparison with the wastage of it that went on, none too much.

After-experience, I think, justified the selection of the Sikh Square sheds for hospital use. There were a few doorways, but no doors hung in them; thus no "hospital" air was ever noticed, and as a consequence of this the wounded suffered less, I think, than others who came under my observation, living in good houses and in apparent comfort. The inmates did not escape all the complications arising in their wounded state, especially that which is apt to appear during the change from warm to cold weather. They suffered from tetanus in common with the wounded elsewhere, but this dreadful affection was not absent amongst officers having every ordinary comfort in the houses of friends in the entrenchment.

As to security, notwithstanding all appearances, I believe this hospital held the record for safety of any in the Residency. Only one man was wounded in it during the fifty-three days it was occupied. Flights of bullets sometimes flew over the sheds, but, being low, rarely did one find an entry. One of the roofs was struck by cannon shot four times, all within a foot or two of each other—all harmless.

From first to last the conduct of the men in the Sikh Square hospital was very good. They put up with great and long-continued hardships, and amongst the hardships was that arising from the paucity of hospital servants at a time of extreme need for them. The men were very kind and helpful to each other.

Dr. Bradshaw and I, on leaving the Chutter Manzil, took up our abode in the Residency building, the whole of the upper part of which was deserted. No one disputed possession with us. Seeing a comfortable room on the first-floor looking west, I rested there for the first night. There was a large opening through the outer wall made by a shell. I only learnt a day or two after that Sir Henry Lawrence received his death-wound in this room.

Next day I moved into the verandah of the house as more accessible. We found a sepoy's "Pal" pitched in the

grounds just outside, a veteran one riddled with bullets, and this we made our dining-hall ; I don't know why. The verandah had illimitable space in it, and we were the only occupants. Perhaps the reason was for appearance' sake. We might have dined on the door-step as far as that went, there was no one to notice us ; but the conventional prejudices die hard.

After the alarms and worries of the Chutter Manzil, the Residency was a perfect haven of rest ; a monastic calm brooded over it. This was a reaction from the time when it had been battered continuously. The calm came after the storm, and lasted all the time we were in it. We never heard the whiz and the spatter of a single bullet, but only two days after we left it the enemy again gave attention to it. Perhaps spies had reported our presence there, though this view arrogates an importance for ourselves we never would have claimed.

Finding that we could be lodged, though in a dismally mean way, in the Sikh Square, we exchanged the dignity of the principal building for the squalor of the square with eagerness. Moving was a very easy matter, as we had no baggage of any kind, and, as our duties entailed constant visits to the hospital, it was a great relief to be near it. The quarter found for us was at the north-east corner of the principal shed, separated from it by a good thick partition wall. Apparently it had been the quarter of some Native non-commissioned officer of the Sikhs. It was about 8 feet square, with a doorway similar to those of the sheds, admitting air and light ; there was no window. At first its grim desolation was depressing, but we soon wore off that feeling, and found the dwelling very restful after the wearisome gipsy life in tents, palaces, and mansions of great men.

Everything making for contentment in our domestic life rested on the efforts of the unsurpassable khitmagar, the pivot on which, in relation to it, everything turned. Under his supreme control, difficulties were either solved at once or more frequently failed to arrive at all. I at once gave him the honorary rank of " khansama " (steward), though that after all came to him as a matter of course, his own

office being the natural stepping-stone to the higher rank. The bearer had been left at Alum Bagh for safety, but there, poor man! he was killed; the syce and the horse had been lost on the 25th; I had no dhobie, no cook, no bheestie, no coolie, no sweeper, but the khansama agreed for a stipulated sum a day to find all the services we required, and, with our rations, provide us with sufficient food. I fancy he must have arranged with the head of a domestic establishment in the old garrison, as servants had become very scarce, so many of them had decamped.

One inconvenience in the new quarter was the want of lighting after sunset, but we got accustomed to this; the darkness did not prevent us talking. When we were tired of this amusement we lay down to rest.

When the force arrived, the ration issued daily for men at their duty consisted of 12 ounces of fresh beef, 16 ounces of flour, 4 ounces of rice, and ¼ ounce of salt. No tea or sugar was issued, and the usual field ration of arrack could not be given.

For the men in hospital, the ration issued was one of 8 ounces of fresh beef, 8 ounces of flour of a fine kind, 4 ounces of rice, and ¼ ounce of salt.

An allowance of tea and sugar was also issued daily for the men in hospital. All the arrack in store was kept for the hospitals; the amount of it received daily in the 90th hospital was between eight and ten rations. It was kept for emergencies, mostly those in which freshly wounded men, suffering from the ordinary "shock" following a bullet wound, required support. It was a great deprivation for men in hospital when the rice issue was cut down more than half—that is, from 4 to 1½ ounces daily. Later on, and following an inspection of the hospital by General Outram—the ever accessible, ever thoughtful, and kindly—an increase of fresh meat and of the rice diet for the inmates was ordered. General Havelock accompanied the General of the Division on the visit of inspection.

On the day we occupied the Sikh Square hospital, eighty-four men were placed in it; of them, sixty-eight were wounded, the rest suffered from illnesses, mostly climatic in nature.

The stores of food, laid in so anxiously before the Residency was invested, were ample so far as related to the principal constituents—fresh meat, and wheat convertible into coarse flour, enough to serve for all the troops, even after the arrival of the field force, and to serve also for all the other residents in it. But no fresh vegetables of any kind were to be had, nor under the circumstances had it been possible to procure lime-juice, the sufficing substitute for vegetables, so the diet was a defective one in sustaining property. The wheat part of it, too, being necessarily ground into a very coarse flour, affected the health of everyone in the entrenchment more or less. But, so far as my own observation went, I did not see the scorbutic state amongst the men of the regiment in the intensity or in the suddenness of its appearance, which is normal amongst troops in the field when their dietary has not been arranged with a very special view to the averting of scurvy.

Of food specially suitable for men in the early stage of recovery, for whom a spoonful or two of light nourishment, taken from time to time, might possibly have meant the chance of tiding over the apparent interval between life and death, there was none.

The want of sugar with the ration of the men at their duty was severely felt. This may appear strange, but in the Crimea I had constantly noticed how eagerly, when opportunity offered, men and officers alike purchased marmalade or jam, how they craved for it, and how distinctly the use of such useful luxuries helped to sustain them. Men soon hark back to the joys of youth in such matters when abiding hardships front them.

The flour of the ration was made into chupatties—that is, into cakes made of flour and water, well-kneaded and toasted over hot embers; but though I ate the delicacies three times a day I endured them only—they wanted salt and indeed everything to make them palatable. Yet I was told that on their arrival at the Residency the men gladly gave a rupee each for chupatties, four of which might make a breakfast, but not a surfeiting one.

Probably the greatest privation felt by the men was that of the accustomed pipe. Tobacco was not to be had

at any price approaching their means for purchasing; it was said that seven shillings bought only one cigar. The dried tea-leaf substitute, and also the leaves of certain shrubs, were tried, both, I believe, with poor results, though the last-named had a temporary favour. I judge so from the fact that a good many of the bushes affording the substitute had been plucked bare.

The hospital—chiefly through exertions other than mine—was made bit by bit a trifle more habitable than it was when the sheds were first occupied. This improvement was effected chiefly through the contributions of its great brethren of the palace order; but, on the other hand, disadvantages, not recognized at first, became prominent after occupation, and of these the greatest, and the most irremediable perhaps, was that of the plague of mosquitoes and of other members of the insect tribes. Water from wells was fairly plentiful, but labour to fetch it was not. Of soap there was not a single square; substitutes for towels came along from the palace bounty, but sparingly.

I had now got into the groove of regular work, having that condition attached to it which is authoritatively stated to be the tap-root of all happiness—plenty to do—and with a great deal of variety in the matters presenting themselves to be done. Much of the night was spent in a losing battle with the mosquitoes; "tired Nature's sweet restorer" came at last, but often too closely followed by the dawn of day, so that at the very beginning a considerable discount had to come off the day's happiness.

It was a great relief to have even the shadow of a hospital in working order, as methodical arrangements met emergencies which otherwise might have raised endless worries; and to be near my work under the existing circumstances, which entailed frequent summonses to see newly brought in men or men in a critical stage of illness, was a great matter. And I could now see about bettering my own personal position through the experience picked up in recent tramps from pillar to post. I had no clothes but those I wore on leaving Cawnpore: my feet were encased in a pair of dilapidated canvas shoes; I had no rug to pull over me at night. As much as anything, I deplored the loss of the metal plate,

with low bowl-like rim, so perfectly adapted to camp life, and which had done yeoman's service for me during some months of Crimean experiences. This, with a metal teacup, a knife, fork, and spoon in one arrangement, formed my equipage for the table, but, with the horse, it disappeared on the 25th September. It was the duty of the khansama to provide some substitute, and, equal to every duty, he accomplished this pressing one.

Amongst the population of the "old garrison" were European shopkeepers from the city of Lucknow. Some of them became much relied on for good work at the outposts. A few had been able to carry in with them articles in their trades, which at first were eagerly competed for in the Residency. But, as things soon rose to famine prices —such as £3 15s. for a flannel vest—competition was killed off, and coveted garments were the prizes of the wealthier class. This was before the arrival of the Field Force. By that time the market was empty of clothing of any kind, and my necessities in this way were extreme. I think I would have given the wealth of the Indies (in a promise-to-pay document) for a modest outfit of clothing, and probably fully half of the force were as badly off as I was in this respect. But the wares brought from the city, and available on our arrival, were mostly fancy articles, valueless at the time. I except writing paper and ink, of which I bought a supply, and was grateful to the enterprising trader for the chance. When my things wanted the attention of the dhobie, they were returned to me on the "whilst-you-wait" principle. As a substitute for toilet soap, we used a little of the coarse flour, and it answered very well; but it meant wasting bread at a time we could not spare a crumb.

Though there were frequent and sometimes prolonged intervals of cessation of firing at the outpost in our square, few days passed without some demonstration against it. The first serious one took place on the third night after the establishment of the hospital. All night long the guards at and adjoining the posts kept up a sort of musketry duel with the enemy outside, the reverberations of which among the neighbouring houses made an intolerable noise. Thanks

to the warnings brought in by the spies, our outposts were never at a disadvantage.

On the occasion of one night attack on the 19th October, the fire from the enemy's position fronting our outpost was so severe and sustained that I fancied a rush on the defences of our square was imminent. I therefore called on all the men in hospital who were able to use their arms to put on their belts. Twenty of them at once volunteered. The hospital sergeant took them across to the post, but the enemy did not attack. At this time the men brought to hospital all had their rifles and ammunition.

The enemy had recommenced using their guns against the outpost two days before the night attack. Nine shots lodged in the square, and two shells burst in it, but nothing hit the sheds. There was a 6-inch mortar in the outpost, fired occasionally, but not often, owing to scarcity of shells. It was used against the enemy, whose defences were so close to the square that only 5 ounces of powder were needed to charge it; this sent the shell slowly along, and it usually burst just outside their works. But the effect always was that they ceased to fire on us.

Somehow or other the days slipped away. In spite of the feeling of emptiness after every meal and of wretchedness due to want of clothing, we did very well. Hope—that of the arrival of the Commander-in-Chief's army—was at the bottom of the box of our ills and made us fairly cheerful. I had other duties than those in the Sikh Square. Amongst them, one I could not neglect, was that of looking in on the other medical officers at their hospitals to see if they could be talked over into lending something much wanted in my own, and to abuse their confidence in this way as often as I could. And there was the extreme satisfaction of having talks with John Brown of the Ferozepore Sikhs, who always taught me something.

Amongst the old garrison were many officers of Native regiments who had escaped death: I was told about fifty. Having no one to command, most of them took the duties of the rank and file for the time, and were eminently useful at the outposts.

In the course of duty, I had the pleasure of meeting Surgeon

Bryden, who was a person of special interest in the garrison —an historical personage, in fact—from having been the only one of the remnant of the British army, retreating through the Khyber Pass in the first Afghan War, who escaped massacre. Though wounded, he managed to reach Jalalabad. Sixteen years after this he escaped death at the hands of the revolted sepoys, and reached the Residency, where he was again wounded.

The wearisome sameness of the musketry firing on the Sikh Square was varied one forenoon by a change, which roused the dwellers in it into a mild and short-lived excitement.

I was summoned to the west side square, where the men in hospital had for some little time been hearing a noise—tap-tap—a muffled sound, coming from the ground and quite distinct, just that which a pick driven into the ground under them might make. I quite fell in with the unanimous opinion that we had to deal with a mining gallery of the enemy in process of being driven under the square. Word was sent up to the Brigade Office immediately, and had instant attention. An officer—a specialist in such matters—arrived in all haste, heard the noise plainly, and was perturbed for a moment. But a more extended view given by scanning outside the wall explained the case. A "grasscut" was trying to get a little green food for his horse by digging up the few roots with a piece of sharpened iron driven by a mallet.

After a time, the attacks of the enemy became more infrequent, but they continued their mining work steadily at the Palace Garden picket, where the 90th found the guards. These were only relieved once a fortnight. By this arrangement, the loss of men going on and returning from duty was minimized.

The enemy's mines were said to be beautifully executed and the galleries to run for long distances. Once an officer of the engineers managed to enter one of them, and shot a man at work. The others in the gallery ran until they got to the top of the shaft, where they halted. From the bottom of the shaft the officer began talking with them. They gave as a reason why they had revolted the belief that the Sahibs wanted to make Christians of them.

About this time, my occasional companion on the night marches from Allahabad, Captain Scott of the revolted 40th Native Infantry at Azimghur, who was now attached to the Engineers for duty, told me that when in one of the countermining galleries he distinctly recognized the voice of a Native officer of his old regiment in the enemy's gallery, that he called out, "Is that So-and-so of the 40th Pultan?" A reply came back at once in the affirmative. Asked why the Pultan, without a single grievance, was faithless, he answered: "Sahib, we were led like a flock of sheep; a few led, the rest followed." The sepoys who protected Captain Scott when the regiment revolted (some of whom were actually working with him in the mining) all said that most of the men who mutinied at Azimghur were unwilling; were coerced into revolt.

An attack, preceded by the explosion of a mine at this garden post, held by the 90th and by a detachment of the Ferozepore Sikh Regiment, was easily repulsed, but, unhappily, several of the Sikhs were killed by the explosion.

The enemy's fire continued, though its power to hurt was more restricted since the destruction or capture of the buildings very close to the entrenchment, effected after the arrival of the field force. Their guns also fired occasionally on the Residency building, but irregularly, without system. Still, casualties from bullets not aimed at the persons struck were pretty frequent—almost of daily occurrence—and a steady loss of men on the various pickets continued. I have said that severely wounded men did badly in hospital, but some men recovered. I see in my notes that on the 19th October fourteen men were discharged to their duty from the hospital in the Sikh Square.

On the other hand, the wounded officers were doing badly. Colonel Campbell, the Commanding Officer of the regiment, wounded in the Chutter Manzil, and Captain Dennison, mentioned before, were hopelessly ill. Captain Phipps, slightly wounded only, was in great danger.

About this time, the principal hospital, the former "banqueting house," received much of the fire from the enemy. One of the Sub-Medical Department was killed in it, and a man of the 78th Highlanders had both his legs carried off

by a cannon shot. An officer of the Madras Fusiliers received a bullet wound on the 21st October. But the casualties on this day were due to a special cause. The Mussulman portion of the enemy thought that any true believer killed on it by the Feringhis (ourselves) would mount to Paradise straight. They did not, however, act as if they knew it. There were not wanting amongst them resolute men who tried to allure their comrades onwards to attack, but when they fell their example counted for nothing.

On the 23rd October we heard distant firing, from the Alum Bagh apparently. Spies brought word that it had been attacked in the usual aimless way, and that this had been harmless. A great deal of gossip—or, as the local term was, "gup"—was always in circulation, usually with some basis of truth, and it did a great deal of good in the way of keeping up the spirits of the besieged. Thus, the news of Colonel Greathed's action near Agra* with the sepoys making their way south was worth a reinforcement of men to the Residency just at the time, and, following soon on that, came the news of the action with the revolted Gwalior contingent, in which it was badly beaten, losing guns, ammunition, and treasure. News was also brought in by spies that the besiegers were badly off for shells. Luckily for the besieged, the necessary knowledge amongst the enemy of how to cast iron in moulds was very imperfect, and the sand to form the moulds was wanting, so they fired hammered shot chiefly, much of which was sent back to them from our guns, a doubtfully useful interchange. Blocks of wood were still occasionally fired into the Residency. Amongst other news, a letter was brought in by a spy from some prisoners made by the mutineers at the beginning of the revolt, natives of Oudh who had sold provisions to us. They were held as hostages, and were kept in chains in a house near the entrenchment. Amongst the news reaching the Residency from Alum Bagh was that of the death of the officers of the 90th, Perrin and Preston, wounded by the same shot on the 23rd September.

On the 3rd November the khansama brought in, along

* 10th October, 1857.

with our morning chupatties, news that a large force of the "Gora Logue" (European troops) was at the village of Bunneegunge, only two days' march from Lucknow, but had been delayed by the bridge over the Sye River having been broken down. The news was discredited. But on this day he set before us for dinner a highly appreciated curry instead of the ordinary melancholy stew. Where it came from we did not know, but its production showed his belief in the truth of the Bunneegunge story. All along it was known that the Native soldiers and others in the entrenchment had special sources of intelligence from outside.

About this time a system of signalling between the Residency and the Alum Bagh had been established, and was of extreme value. The raising of the spirits of the besieged was shown by the fact that betting went on as to the very day on which Sir Colin Campbell's force would arrive.

I had an opportunity at this time of seeing one of the letters prepared for carriage by a spy to Cawnpore; the writing was in Greek and on very thin paper.

Amongst the population of the Residency, living in a surrounding of absorbing excitement of the most personal kind, it need hardly be said that the amenities of social life had been nearly crushed out, or at least suppressed into a state of latency. There were many ladies and many children in the Residency, but I do not recall a single instance in which I met one of either class outside of their own dwelling-place, although I had very frequent regular visits to make in different parts of the entrenchment. The domestic cares in nearly every family were of the heaviest kind, all engrossing. Sickness was painfully rife amongst the children, and was also increased amongst the adults of the families. Native servants were very few, or there might be none at all. Then, especially amongst the refugees who had reached the Residency from outlying districts, the only clothing possessed might be that which they were wearing when, at no notice at all, they had to fly for their lives. This meant constant stitch, stitch to keep the dilapidated garments together. It may be well supposed what a terrible ordeal it was for a mother to undergo in the

ever present solicitude as to what would become of her children in the event of her death by one of the hissing bullets.

In connection with the mention of children, it may not be quite irrelevant to remark here what I heard a year or two after the period under notice, concerning an occasionally occurring incident consequent on an outbreak, in which the European parents having been killed, their children were saved by the devotion of the "ayah" (nurse), and at the risk of her own life. It was not in one or two cases only, but in many that the ayah fled with the children, and reached her native village, or some other place of safety, and maintained them for months; it was even said for years.

The Mutiny trouble suppressed, Government having information that European children were still living where their ayahs had brought them, ordered a close search to be made through the specified districts, and reclaimed the surviving children. If the ayah was still living, and could be traced, the name of the parents could be ascertained. Failing this, it was usually a hopeless quest. The child had no language but Hindustani. I was told it was pitiful to hear a child so circumstanced, when asked his name, reply with "Johnny Baba" or such-like; his identity was lost, nothing more could be discovered than that he was "the Baby John."

One of the painful incidents of the siege was that of the burial of the dead, which was carried out at night, in trenches dug in a small piece of available ground between the north-west angle of the Residency house and the little church of the Residency. Had lights been used, or had even the smallest assemblage of friends been seen or suspected, the fire of the enemy would at once have been concentrated on the burial-ground. Thus, no matter how high the position held by the dead, or how much personal regret the death had evoked, in darkness and in haste the body was laid in the earth with the other dead of the day.

Amongst other rills that "well up" from the springs of memory is the grateful recollection I retain of the hospitality of a brother medical officer, one of the "old garrison," on whom I had the pleasure of calling. I was proffered a cup

of coffee with sugar in it. Never before had I known the full power of gustatory charm. The odour of the steaming coffee, to begin with, was "as a gale from Araby the blest," and the succeeding twin brother cup reproduced in perfection the joy of the first. Possibly the fact that the lady of the house found in her guest one who could listen with eager interest to anything about the Tweed and the Borderland repaid her for the hospitality. I never had the pleasure of meeting my hosts since. I wish I could hope that it might yet be my lot to see them.

The expectation of the arrival of the Commander-in-Chief with a force strong enough to break through the encircling thousands of the enemy and to raise the siege of the Residency entrenchment, at first an earnest wish, then a hope, had at length grown into a conviction. The strength of the force to accompany him was given, vagueness of statement on all matters in relation to the advance was now succeeded by precision. One report laid it down confidently that the force was to reach Alum Bagh from Cawnpore at 2 p.m. on the 10th November, and rumour was right this time, for at the hour stated heavy firing was heard in the direction of that place. The spies brought in news that the sepoys amongst our enemies were greatly discouraged, that some of them had left Lucknow, though the greater number remained, and had resolved to die for the "Deen"—that is, the Faith. On the evening before, Mr. Kavanagh, of the Uncovenanted Civil Service, had started from the Residency to reach Alum Bagh, there to give the Commander-in-Chief all the information possible conducive to his success in reaching the goal of his undertaking and to act as a guide. Mr. Kavanagh's projected attempt to reach Alum Bagh was so audacious in its risk that it took away one's breath to hear it mentioned. It was triumphantly successful. The exposed parts of the body dyed to the colour of an up-country Native, and dressed like one of their own matchlock men, with shield and tulwar, and accompanied by a very trusted spy, he left the entrenchment after dark, and, fording the Goomti River and recrossing it by the Iron Bridge, he got clear away into the city, and strode on through the most crowded street, and then onwards to Alum Bagh. There

was great joy in the entrenchment when his safe arrival was signalled.

Next day firing was again heard, but it soon ceased. Orders were issued in the entrenchment for great watchfulness, as it was believed the remainder of the Delhi mutineers, having reached Lucknow, would signalize the event by a heavy attack on our defences. They did not do so, however, but the ordinary desultory firing was kept up, and brought the usual losses.

On the 14th November the troops of the Commander-in-Chief could be clearly seen clearing out the enemy's defences and gaining ground steadily. A very pleasant proof of the hopefulness of the situation was that for the last three days the old ration of food had been issued, a substantial increase. As the day advanced our troops could be seen occupying the Martinière, a large building about a mile from the entrenchment. On the 16th the operation to join the Commander-in-Chief's force from the entrenchment side were carried out, the houses outside the Chutter Manzil being stormed by the 90th, and the garden wall, so long our protection, was breached to admit of a battery cannonading the Kaiser Bagh, held persistently by the enemy.

As a result of the capture of the houses, the bazaar where our wounded were so unhappily entrapped on the 26th September was taken; the empty doolies still remained in it. Next day communication was opened with the Commander-in-Chief's force; but it was hazardous. Several persons were wounded in attempting to pass the distance separating the relieving force from the Residency.

On the 18th the communication was complete, though no troops from without entered the entrenchment at 10 p.m. The whole of the sick and wounded in a very long column commenced one of the last acts of the Siege of Lucknow—that of leaving the entrenchment. The road lay through the palace garden, beyond which the doolies were very close to the enemy, as, after passing through the recently made breach in the garden wall, they went along by the river-bank, and then branched off to the Secundra Bagh. The long train could not have been observed by the enemy

I know that at least one of their sentries close to us ran off. Why the enemy did not open fire on the train even at a distance I never heard explained. From this the road leading to the second bridge was taken, and here a large escort of the 9th Lancers joined. Progress had been very slow from frequent halts, and there was now good moonlight. For those of the 90th Regiment there was a very pleasant surprise.

It has been noted before that when the regiment left England for China, being a very strong regiment, the *Himalaya* only took the Headquarters and between seven and eight hundred men. The rest of the corps, between three and four hundred men, embarked at Portsmouth some days afterwards, under the senior major, in the *Transit*. The ships met at the Cape of Good Hope for coaling, the *Transit* being left there completing its object when the *Himalaya* started on the next stage of the China voyage, and met with the disaster already related. The *Transit* in due time also reached the Straits of Sunda, and was there headed off by the frigate in waiting, as her sister ship had been, from a course up the China Sea to one across the Bay of Bengal. She followed the same course to Singapore which the *Himalaya* had taken before her—both took the Strait of Banca, between the island of Sumatra and that of Banca. But whilst the *Himalaya* went close to the shore of Sumatra, the *Transit* kept close—too close—to that of Banca.

It has been told how the *Himalaya* went on a sandbank and appeared to be irrevocably lost. The *Transit*, on the opposite side of the Strait, struck on a deep-water rock and went to the bottom, there to remain. Very little time was given, but it sufficed to land everyone in the ship ; not a life was lost.

In due time the companies of the 90th were landed at Calcutta, made the route up-country, and, after some service at Cawnpore, were incorporated with Sir Colin Campbell's force, and, as Fortune would have it, on the night of the evacuation formed the outlying picket on the road along which the sick and wounded of its Headquarters were being carried. Naturally, there was much question-and-answer

business on hand. The Captain of the picket had been a distinguished officer in former Indian and in Crimean service, and was afterwards to become the great soldier of his day in England, his name destined to enduring eminence in the page of history.*

Leaving the road, after a most wearying march over a sandy plain, the sick and wounded of the lately beleaguered Residency arrived at the "Dilkusha"—that is, the "Heart's Delight"—a country-house of the Nawab's.

* Captain and Brevet-Major Wolseley, afterwards Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley, K.P.

CHAPTER IX

THE OUDH FIELD FORCE AT ALUM BAGH (1857)

AFTER reaching the Dilkusha, we found ourselves in a babel of confusion so far as regards medical arrangements, and it was only after several hours that the ordinary routine course of medical duties, as regards the sick, could be initiated. Lodging, food, and medical attention were all urgently called for, in the same breath so to say, and by slow degrees were provided, very painfully so. In explanation and in extenuation it ought to be said that a sudden addition of between 400 and 500 to the estimated normally accruing ineffectives of our army in the field of only 4,550, taxed to the uttermost the capacity of the regular medical provision for a force of that strength to meet the emergency. Nor was this all, as the sick amongst the civil population of the Residency had also to be provided for. Those having the responsibility of meeting the requirements might well have been overpowered by the magnitude of the task. The wonderful elasticity, however, of the Indian Medical Service was shown in the fact that before nightfall all the sick and wounded from the Residency had been provided with tentage, or with hospital quarters in the Dilkusha; all had been provided with suitable food, and had had careful attention given to their special medical or surgical treatment.

In addition to the eighty-eight men brought from the Residency to the Dilkusha, three wounded officers and twenty-three men of the 90th Regiment were found there on arrival. They were those of the detachment wrecked in the *Transit* who, having reached India, had formed part of the Commander-in-Chief's force, and they had been

wounded in the operations of the three preceding days, mostly in the taking of the Shah Najaf, where the Commanding Officer, Major Barnston, was, as it turned out, fatally wounded. The senior assistant-surgeon of the regiment, Dr. Robert Jackson,* had come up with the detached companies, now united with the Headquarters—a great aid to me.

Although the strength of the Commander-in-Chief's force was so small, the camp appeared to be of immense extent. During the day it was noisy in an astonishing degree, and after dark it became noisier than ever, from the incessant shouting out of the followers asking the whereabouts of comrades and the replying which followed. Conversations in this way were kept up at great distances, the air in the locality seemingly being an excellent conductor of sound, but, happily, the "early to bed and early to rise" maxim being enforced, the worry caused by the confusion of tongues was stamped out early.

In the General Order issued by the Commander-in-Chief after the complete and successful withdrawal of all the troops from the Residency entrenchment on the 23rd November, the reason is discovered why the camp seemed to the relieved troops to be of such extraordinary extent. The Commander-in-Chief stated in the Order that the whole of his troops, from the morning of the 16th to the 23rd November, had formed one outlying picket, covering the retreat from the Residency. In the same Order he stated that the manner in which the rescue of the garrison was effected "was a model of discipline and exactness," the retreat being made in the face of 50,000 enemies. The enormous employment of transport animals—bullocks, camels, and elephants—necessitated the enclosure of a large space within the strictly camp area. The horses also were in multitudes, requiring one, or not seldom two, attendants for each.

The camp, indeed, was a suddenly sprung up town, and an excellent bazaar had come along as a necessary part of

* Assistant-Surgeon 90th Foot, 26th April, 1854, to 3rd June, 1858. Retired 16th December, 1882, as a Brigade Surgeon with honorary rank of Deputy-Surgeon-General, C.B., 1874; Kt., cr. 1882. Still living. War service: Crimea, Mutiny, Ashanti (1874), Zulu War, Egypt (1882).

it, to supply, first of all, the wants of the vast number of Native followers, and, in the second place, the more exacting requirements of the officers and men of the force. And well the bazaar sufficed for the needs of all within the camp. Supplies of groceries, milk, vegetables, and butter were profuse, nearly everything brought in by the country people in the neighbourhood. The magic of the rupee turned them all into (temporary) brethren anxious to help the stranger.

Artisans were also to be found in the camp. But, above all, the flow of gratitude ought never to dry up in the memories of the besieged respecting the services of the bakers, who furnished such excellent bread in what might be called a wilderness.

After the Residency morning meals, the sugarless, musty tea, and the tough chupatty of coarsely ground wheat, in unvarying round, served up in a tableless, chairless shed, the contrast of the breakfast in the Dilkusha Camp, served in nice tents with plenty of attendants, and with all the amenities of the table—the snowy covering, the napkins, the clean plates, etc.—was great enough to have turned the heads even of those whose experience of life had not been wanting in lively vicissitudes ranging some length along the grooves of change. It was also very pleasant to mount the prancing steed once more—for the bazaar dealt in horses—and to utilize its services appropriately. Though the sound of the passing bullet had become a rare instead of a frequent incident since the Residency had been left behind, an occasional reminder of besieged life came along to those taking their walks—or rides—abroad at the Dilkusha when one of our enemies—greatly daring, and doubtless well screened—fired off his matchlock at a distance. The present was intended by the donor for his foes in general, and arrived in camp too wearied with its long journey to injure much, unless when it fell nearly vertically.

One little drawback—almost a microscopic one when weighed against the comforts and luxuries of the camp—was the smoke given off after sunset by the countless little fires necessary to cook the evening meals of the Native followers of the Hindu faith, each individual being required

to cook for himself. A pall of smoke hung over the camp all the time, making the eyes smart.

A little fighting still went on near the city, not provoked by us. The object of the Commander-in-Chief was to withdraw and to reach Cawnpore with all haste, the position there being still very critical. But a certain amount of necessary preparation had to be made; an army can only move swiftly by fits and starts.

On the night of the 22nd November, at midnight, the Residency was abandoned. The last man to leave it was Sir James Outram, who, when everyone else had left, rode through the Bailey Guard Gate, and the march to the Dilkusha commenced. No resistance was made by the enemy, who appear to have been in ignorance of the movement.

Before leaving the Residency, all the guns which could not be carried off were burst. A large amount of treasure which had been buried at the beginning of the investment was dug up and taken on. I recall a feature in the square near the general hospital, a draw-well, down which, it was said, a very large amount of copper coin had been thrown. Perhaps it was left there as being too heavy to carry. The jewels of the Nawab were taken on by our retiring troops—such of them, at least, as had not fallen into private hands.

It has been mentioned that Sir James Outram was the last man to leave the Residency. So it was thought at the time, but next day revealed the fact that an officer of a Native regiment had—as others did—taken a little rest, before midnight, confident of being awakened when the retirement began. His confidence was not justified; the troops had left before he awoke. He followed with all speed, and overtook the rearguard long after it had got clear away from the farthest posts of the Residency.

On the 24th November part of the Commander-in-Chief's force, taking with it all the sick and wounded, marched to the Alum Bagh. The column was a very long one. Of wounded the relieving force alone had 35 officers and 379 men, and it may be estimated that the men of it ineffective from sickness were not less than a quarter more than this number. Of Sir James Outram's force, the sick and

wounded may be estimated at 400; the 90th Regiment alone had brought 88 out of the Residency. To the numbers given a large addition would require to be made in respect of the sick and wounded of the civil population. The column seemed to me about three miles long, and though it left the Dilkusha ground on the forenoon, it did not reach the Alŭm Bagh until dark. The direct distance was only about five miles, but a very wide circuit was made in order to move through open ground. The force encamped on the very ground where the action of the 23rd September was fought. There were no tents, so we had to bivouac.

In the morning of this day, General Havelock died of dysentery. I did not hear it so stated, but I fancy that this illness may only have been one intercurrent in the course of scurvy, from which, usually in a mild way, the garrison in the Residency had numbers affected. The news of Sir Henry's death came as a shock to everyone; it seemed so tragic a death, occurring at the very time of the accomplishment of the object for which he had striven with an unsurpassed devotion. How noble in its simplicity his advice reads, given to the Brigadier Commanding in the Residency, in the letter of the 24th August, sent in by a secret messenger: "I can only say do not negotiate, but rather perish sword in hand." Sir Henry Havelock's body was brought on with the column, and buried within the garden of the Alum Bagh, directly in front of the main gateway and about thirty yards from it.

Next day the very disappointing decision was given out that Sir James Outram's Division would remain at the Alum Bagh, whilst the original force of the Commander-in-Chief, taking with it all the wounded and sick not likely to be soon effective, and all the late population of the Residency, would proceed to Cawnpore. We had hoped that the First Division would have joined the main force, and that our tattered wardrobes would have been superseded by new outfits at the Headquarters of the army; but it was otherwise seen by the eyes of authority.

The work of selecting, of arranging for, and of making out detailed statements of the men transferred from the regimental hospital for transport to Cawnpore was a very

laborious one; the time allowed was short, and the severity of the injuries or of the sickness selected necessitated very exact and detailed reports to accompany them; but when taken in hand the work was got through. Worries always look worst at first.

Our recently joined Assistant-Surgeon, Dr. Jackson, was told off to accompany the wounded to Cawnpore, and to him flowed in countless commissions to be executed there, with adjurations as to carefulness that he brought back with him the anxiously expected results of his dealings on our behalf. He was our High Commissioner.

But good fortune had smiled on me since reaching the Alum Bagh. On the morning of the 25th September all the baggage allowed on crossing the Ganges was left there in charge of the coolie who carried it, in two small pitarrahs suspended on a pole across his shoulder. My bearer was a sort of overlord of the property, but he, poor fellow! had been killed, and I never doubted as to the complete loss of every shred of my effects. What happiness it was to find the coolie and the pitarrahs waiting for me! There were no locks on the slight tin boxes, and everything left in them was there undisturbed. The towel used in the early morning was on the top of the things in one pitarrah, and beneath it a bag of rupees, which, on second thoughts, instead of carrying with me, I had hastily put just under the towel, and there I found them, the tale exact. Now, this was really wonderful. The coolie was of the lowest paid followers, but he had touched nothing. How the baggage had escaped looting when he left it untended to cook his food every day is a mystery; my surmise is that the coolie was one of a craft, all the members of which were equally bound, by immemorial obligation, to see to the safety of all effects entrusted to a brother of the craft.

Following the pleasure, in accordance with inexorable law, came the pain; in this case it took the form of a request by the coolie to allow him to return to his home, somewhere in Bundelkund. I was very sorry to lose such a man, I think not selfishly; but I speeded him on his way, giving him an unsolicited "chitty" to the local functionary

of the place where he resided, asking his attention to my story of the loyal coolie.

But the law which ordains an hour of sadness for every period of unlooked-for gladness has to be expiated: it had not done with me. Ramijoo, my unequalled khansama, came to me desiring leave of absence on family affairs. I needn't have given it to him, only I must, was the feeling. All he wanted was to go down to Cawnpore and to return by the first convoy. To make the cup less bitter drinking, he mentioned that, by his presence there, household supplies could be selected, such as would add much to the comfort of camp life. I was not deceived, but I fell in with his wishes; he had earned whatever in reason I could give him many times over. I never saw Ramijoo again after he left the Alumbagh. Before leaving, he found me a completely manned establishment—every member of it reliable and good in his way—and did everything to make things easy for me during his absence. He did not return by the first convoy, nor by any other, but I had a most respectful message from him, to the effect that he had found it absolutely necessary to go down to Calcutta, but that all the household commissions had been executed, and the articles comprised in them sent on with the convoy. A word or two, expressive of best wishes, had been added—perhaps by the messenger.

Everything entrusted to him to purchase reached me duly, and the little romance of his life, after leaving the Alum Bagh, also reached me, through excited common rumour, which was to the effect that Ramijoo, on leaving, became the leader—whether by election or by inborn supremacy of character was immaterial—of a band of khitmagars, all going to Cawnpore much for the same reason as himself; but associated with him in the leadership was another, well fitted for empire. All the khitmagars were men of substance; the Residency had been a treasure-house to them in money and jewels, but before they reached Cawnpore their earnings and their loot had been annexed by the leaders, who did not tarry at Cawnpore for a moment, but set off by themselves for Calcutta. On the road down the co-appropriator of the treasure woke

up one morning to find it had vanished: and so had Ramijoo.

Now, this story is a one-sided one, told without the hearing of what the other side had to say: it was current in the camp at the Alum Bagh, and, unfeelingly, was thought to be a capital joke. But, supposing the story were true, it would not alter my obligations to one of the brightest and most capable men in his vocation, whose never-failing, cheerful alacrity, in very depressing circumstances, made his services invaluable. When Ramijoo took work quite outside of that in his own profession, he seems to have been faulty; he showed, in fact, that he was human. All the same, to the end of my life I remain his grateful debtor.

The day before the Commander-in-Chief left for Cawnpore he visited the hospital of the 90th, accompanied by Sir James Outram. His manner with the sick soldiers was very nice, natural, and unofficial. I had seen him frequently in the Crimea, and for a time rode close to him on the night in December, 1854, when he commanded in a projected attack on the village of Tchergoun. A sudden heavy snowfall in a pitchy darkness stopped the march. My knowledge of him, however, was not personal, but, as were the men he visited in hospital, I was impressed by his manner. Though it is difficult to say what Sir Colin's manner was, resolution and unpretentiousness, I suppose, would be apt to suggest themselves to those with whom he talked. I recall an incident in connection with him which occurred on the occasion of his second march for the final capture of Lucknow. One afternoon, visiting the outposts, he had dismounted, to get a better view, at one held by a picket of the 90th, and was speaking to the Lieutenant of the regiment who commanded there, when all at once the young officer called excitedly to all, "Look out!" and flung himself flat on the ground. Sir Colin automatically followed suit, but immediately got up, and, addressing the officer, said: "You young scamp! you have made me do now what I have not done since I was your age." Young Edgell is *reported* to have replied: "And I will not do so again, sir, until I am your age"; but this

seems to have a touch of the midnight oil about it. The shot struck very close to the party, but hurt no one.

On the 27th November the Commander-in-Chief's force left the Alum Bagh for Cawnpore. As the force left, the drums and fifes of the various regiments burst out into gay music, probably to cheer up sorrowing hearts in the Division, left to face the music of the matchlock men, but unavailingly. The brightness and bustle of the big camp had gone, and, above all, the bazaar, which for a few days had made Dilkusha so enjoyable, was terribly missed.

Next day some stir was made in moving the camp to new ground a short distance off. In our reduced circumstances we, in fact, had to take a smaller house to live in, but as the ground retained was ten miles and twelve hundred yards in circumference, the First Division could not be said to be cramped for room. The days were still hot, whilst the nights were cold. The officers had not as yet got tents; had the bazaar remained, this inconvenience would have been met by the action of the law of demand and supply; as it was, the bivouac alternative continued, much softened, however, by the facility with which the light "charpoy" was procured. To sleep under the sky was no hardship, when stretched out on this elastic matting. The retiring force had left behind a sufficiency of provisions to permit of the thence uninterrupted issue of the army field ration, complete in every item, and the good effect of this was soon seen in the subsidence, or at least weakened power, of the illness so common in the Residency.

The garden of Alum (Alum Bagh), with its high-walled enclosure, containing a square of about 500 yards of ground, was on the right road, 1,500 yards from the camp, and, since our occupation of it in September, it had been strengthened into a fairly efficient fortification. All the trees in it were cut down, and it served as a general store for the use of the First Division. The effect of this was to make the camp look singularly open on every side, allowing a very desirable freedom of movement in every part of it. Near the garden, on the west side, was a patch of park-like ground, with topes of trees—mostly mangos—scattered about. In September a few scattered deer had been noticed about the

ground. Beyond this, well-cultivated land began, carrying good green crops, and some also of sugar-cane. A few deserted villages were in view. I never saw a Native cultivator, but no doubt, from the appearance of the ground, cultivation was carried on at night.

In face of all the movements of our troops, the enemy had not been idle, but busy in his own way—that of firing at pickets at a distance, and worrying generally. A few casualties were due to his efforts at long-range firing, but his chief successes were those in which our camp-followers, straggling outside, perhaps looting the sugar-cane fields, were killed, though most of the losses occurred amongst the "grasscuts" of the camp: men who went out to secure green forage for the horses and cattle. Poor creatures! they were following their special business, without reference to any motive—political or religious—but that of earning their daily bread; nor did the fact that a party of grasscuts had been destroyed one morning prevent the others in camp from going out to seek grass next day; only, I suppose it made them more watchful.

But more offensive proceedings against the Division were used in a short time. Guns were brought to bear on the Alum Bagh, and a nearly daily desultory cannonade on it was practised; but the result might be summed up in the words of the big and tolerant "navvy" in the analogous case, justifying inaction on his part in respect of the daily pommellings he received about the head from his irritable and diminutive wife: "It pleases she, and it don't hurt I." If the firing continued too long, a shot or two from our side convinced the other side that enough had been done for honour for one day, and the firing dropped.

The enemy had now a very large force between the camp and Lucknow, and kept possession of the fortress of Jalalabad, about two miles off; but, strangely enough, with their vastly predominating numbers, they did not shut off the Division from the Cawnpore road; by far the most important of all, as along it came the supplies for the camp and all communication with Cawnpore. Nor were our troops ever seriously attacked when escorting convoys from Bunneegunj, where, ten miles from the Alum Bagh, a force

of between 400 and 500 men was placed, to secure the bridge over the River Sye.

The afternoon ride was the distraction of the day, but no one rode—or, indeed, would have been suffered to ride—beyond the pickets, as the "sowars" of the enemy, screened by the frequent clumps of heavily leafed trees, watched, and would have pounced down on any straggler riding out from our lines. But there was no necessity to give them this trouble, as there was plenty of room inside the picket-posts for a good ride.

On those occasions I used to admire the long line of "abattis" protecting an exposed part of the position at one point. I have dismounted at the end of the abattis to try if I could not coax my way from the outside, through the branches of the trees, which had furnished the material for this defence. I never once succeeded. The sharp-pointed ends of the heavy branches, pinned down judiciously in line, could not be got through by a man, either singly or in a rush of men. Long years after, and in another country, I used to extol the merit of the abattis as a protection for a few against a host.

Mention has been made of the ready way in which, availing myself of the camp bazaar following in the train of the Commander-in-Chief's army, I was able to replace my lost horse and all its necessary equipment. I had at the same time bought a baggage-pony, and this large addition to my stable necessitated the entertainment of a grasscut, to aid the syce in his labours. I learned with surprise shortly after that a further development had taken place in the stable department. Although in the field, when at any moment the order might be given, "Strike your tents and march away," and when the camp might any hour be searched through and through with bullets, yet under these unsettled conditions the syce had thought fit to direct his family to rejoin him. The only intimation I had of the arrival of his household treasures was conveyed by the sight of the young children dancing about near where the stud was located. The Division was taking on itself more and more the features of a moving town, though in that way it was still only the shadow of the metropolitan growth

of moving town connected with the force of the Commander-in-Chief.

Within the circuit protected by our pickets were some tiny pagodas, or religious shrines, in connection with the villages of the neighbourhood. It was said by some of those we looked up to as authorities on all subjects of Native manners and customs that there were as many different sections of the Hindu faith in India as there were Hindu villages or other separate communities in it. I fancy that this vastly overstated the case. In the few instances we saw the interior of the shrines was dissimilar; but uninstructed observation on such a recondite subject is mere trifling. Sometimes on the confines—just outside—of the camp the ashes of fires showed how the dead followers of the predominating faith in the camp had been disposed of. There were, indeed, plenty of subjects of interest—quite a choice—to suit different tastes to be found in the course of an afternoon's ride round the camp. It was, moreover, a real charity to ride up to a picket and give the officer of it a few minutes' converse, in which, in a late edition, the "gup" of the day might be served up to him. This might be called one of the small charities of life, as the poet writes, "that soothe and heal and bless."

The great event at the Alum Bagh Camp, the one that dwarfed all other matters of interest, was that of the periodical arrival of the convoy from Cawnpore, especially if the particular one that might bring a mail from England.

In the beginning of December the news from Cawnpore was far from encouraging. We learnt that the enemy had possession of the place, our troops having retired into the entrenchments there, and it was feared that Sir James Outram's Division would have to fall back from the Alum Bagh to aid the troops at Cawnpore. The news from Lucknow was that the enemy were extensively fortifying the city. It was suspected that this accounted for the abated interest as to the Division they had shown for some days past. But there was not an atom of apprehension as to our own safety.

The Division was now being confronted by revolted Native regiments from Delhi and elsewhere, and it was

curious to see the attention paid to the formalities of their profession. Their pickets were opposed to ours, and their field officer of the day went the rounds to visit and inspect the various posts with great regularity and correctness. The routine words of command were all given in English. On one day they had a grand and well-conducted review of the troops before us. It may be supposed that the object was to inspire their foes with fear. This they did not do, but it was universally allowed that they marched very well; their drilling was praised. After a period of suspense, not mitigated by a general knowledge of the fact that a special, and never-alluded-to, message had been received at Headquarters on the 4th December, news arrived of the complete rout of the revolted Gwalior contingent by the Commander-in-Chief. During their ten days of possession of Cawnpore all the baggage stored there had been burnt—a loss most keenly felt by everyone at the Alum Bagh. We had heard the day before of a report in Lucknow that the defeated leader of the Gwalior mutineers had arrived there with an enormous baggage train, and the same report brought news from the city that the people there were all at sixes and sevens, which was likely enough with Hindu followers, under Mussulman leaders.

The weather, with the violent north winds carrying clouds of dust, which it swept into the tents, covering everything exposed, was much against the health of the men, dressed, as they were for the most part, in thin, worn-out clothing. Upwards of eighty, chiefly wounded, men had been sent on from the 90th Regiment to Cawnpore, yet in a fortnight afterwards, out of 600 men left, 12 per cent. were ill in hospital. The exposure on picket duty was very trying to men dressed for the hot season in India, nor was the distant fire of the enemy quite innocuous, and accidental injuries —as in all wars—accounted for some casualties from time to time. Thus, when a party of men were marching off to relieve some post, a rifle, accidentally slipping from the hand, killed one of the relieving party, and cost two other men each an arm.

At this time it was my duty to write the annual report of the medical history of the regiment for the past year,

and a painful matter it was to go into detail on the subject of the unrelenting march of death in a body of young men leaving England in high health and spirits during only a little more than eight months.

There was at first quite a famine in the camp of material for mental assimilation—a heavy loss under the circumstances, much of which might have been saved had it occurred to most of us to use our opportunities, such as they were, aright, simply by reading the same book again, and again, and again; and no doubt this practice would have been employed had it not been for the eagerness of others waiting for their turn of the book in hand. An odd volume containing three of Shakespeare's plays had been brought out from the Residency—the only book it was my good fortune to get a reading of at Alum Bagh. The "midnight oil" was not burnt in excess at all; neither candles nor any substitute for them could be had, and bedtime usually came about seven o'clock. Occasionally the enemy put on a little activity, when darkness gave encouragement to their native daring: this did not always take the same form. One redoubtable exploit of the "Pandies," as the commonly received term for our foes was, had a real success. Suddenly one night, when the whole camp was wrapped in repose, two of their horse-artillery guns were run up to within an easy range of the camp, were fired once, and were then galloped back out of range. The whole Division was roused, and formed up to await attack. It was an irritating annoyance. The shot hurt no one, but the laugh was altogether on the side of the smart Pandies. One sally of this kind seemed to have satisfied them—it was never repeated.

The only proceeding respecting which our enemies showed pertinacity was in their attempt to reduce the Alum Bagh entrenchment into their possession by a fairly steady bombardment, but, considering the effort made, the little impression resulting was astonishing. On one day they fired seventy-eight shots into the enclosure or the surrounding walls, but only one man of the garrison was injured.

An extensive work, with a circular bastion and stockade, had been erected by the Pandies on the side of the camp fronting the city: on this they had placed four guns, but

the firing from this battery was nearly harmless. Through a glass we could see the men belonging to the battery sitting on the parapet surveying our camp, apparently very much at their ease. About this time the Division occasionally assumed the offensive against the enemy. On the day above mentioned, on which their continuous bombardment of the Alum Bagh was going on, a sally from our lines resulted in the capture of a large number of camp-followers, who were much wanted for our service, and four days later a strong force sent out before daybreak surprised and captured a camp of the enemy near Jalalabad, with great resulting loss to them and a little to ourselves; four fine guns were captured, and a large quantity of miscellaneous booty. Soon after this a foraging party from the camp captured a large number of cattle. The tangible results obtained by worrying the foe in comparatively small operations were not to be despised, but the greatest good effected through these outings, as they might be called, was that of raising the spirits of everyone, and of giving the camp something to talk about; actuality in conversation replaced incessant surmise, with great advantage.

But a more convincing proof that the tide of success on the side of the revolted in Oudh was ebbing was given by the change of the behaviour of the country people around the camp. Hitherto they had shunned all intercourse; now ample stores of vegetables and of grain sufficient for all its population—human, equine, and bovine—appeared in the camp. No Oudh peasant was ever seen; the welcome product of his labour was translated from his fields to the camp by some mysterious agency, set in motion in the first place by the all-powerful rupee. Had my lamented khansama, Ramijoo, been in the camp, I would at once instinctively have known that the pleasant change from want to plenty had been brought about in some way through his agency; in his absence I could only rejoice in a result, whoever brought it about. The end of December was now near, and the country looked beautiful from the soft green hue of the sprouting corn. I was told that four or five crops were commonly taken every year off the not particularly fruitful-looking soil; this was with the aid of irrigation, effected

through the water collected in "jheels"—the term for natural or artificial ponds. A very hopeful feature in the outlook for the peaceful settling down of the country was now seen in the establishment of bazaars in the camp by the "banyans" (small traders) from Lucknow itself, where, owing to exactions, life for that class had become unbearable.

It was also reported in camp that the country people in the neighbourhood refused to pay taxes to their Lucknow rulers, and, further, that the men of the revolted Sepoy regiments there were beginning to drop away. Before the mutiny, Oudh had furnished exceptionally many soldiers for the Native army; it was said that at least one soldier came from each peasant family. The mutineers were now returning to their families, wiser, if not sadder, men.

Naturally, all this was very gratifying gossip for the camp. The bazaars were greatly prized. There was now plenty of tobacco for the men; the bazaar provided for all their wants, and the field ration was both ample and good. To enhance the comfort of camp life, the convoys from Cawnpore now came in very regularly, bringing clothing and all reasonable luxuries, such as charpoys and tent-tables, books, and—prized above all—letters and newspapers from the outer world.

Owing to the dwindled-down strength of the various corps in the Division, the duties of the men and also of the officers were still very heavy, and of a particularly exacting kind, great watchfulness being required on picket duty; but time was found for a little—a very little—drill, just enough to keep up the memory of it; and the bands, also—of some regiments at least—were again heard in the land. As is the rule on field service, the men of the band had been sent to their duty in the ranks, where they had suffered with the rest. The casualties in the band of the 90th had reduced its former power of evoking sweet sounds in harmonious measure; but it was still an enjoyment to hear the old music, and it was thoughtful of the officer presiding over the band to direct that a good proportion of the airs played should be such as from old association appealed to the feelings of the men of the corps.

It has been stated before that the General Commanding the Division usually knew, from the reports of the agents acting in our interests in the city of Lucknow, when attacks on the position at the Alum Bagh would be made, so that when at daybreak the foe began an attack the assailants found that preparations had been made for their suitable reception, well in advance of daybreak, and might surmise, from the prompt action taken on their advance, that everyone on our side was anxious to have the formality over before breakfast. This certitude as to the proceedings of the enemy was no doubt due to the care taken by the Intelligence Department officers to check information received from the regular agents in Lucknow by that coming through some second source. This was procured in various ways, one of which was that of sending deserters into the city. In the camp there were Native soldiers who had stood by their officers when the regiment to which they belonged had revolted, and, when need was, one of the soldiers referred to could be sent out to stay away until he had acquired some knowledge of the actual state of things in the city at the time, and then to return to the camp. The reports of the regular agents were very frequent—daily, almost—and generally were truthful. Our ever-genial and hospitable General in Command of the Division occasionally, amongst others, honoured me with an invitation to dinner. I say "honoured" in the literal, not in the conventional, sense of the word; everyone invited to his table was proud of the honour. After dinner in the large tent it was usual that a paper was brought to Sir James which possibly he would welcome with, "Ah! here comes the *Lucknow Court News*"; and he would read out to his guests such items as could safely be made public. He knew that he was, in fact, addressing the large public outside his tent. On one such occasion I recall the intelligence from the city thus communicated for the enjoyment of the camp; it was: "The 40th Regiment and the regiment of the Monkey, having bound themselves to carry death into the British camp, have, in consequence, each received a small increase of pay." In this matter the Ranee had acted too impulsively; the money, credited before it was earned, was never earned. On another occasion Sir

James read to his guests the report of an incident in connection with a recent, more than usually futile, attack on the outposts. It ran: "As a gift to the Commander-in-Chief of Her army, after his late attack on the British camp, the Ranee has sent him a woman's dress." The guests at table received the news with hilarious mirth. The Ranee referred to was the widow of the late King—the Nawab—of Oudh, and mother of the son called to the throne on his death. She ruled for him during his minority, and seems to have been one of the class of notable energetic women who in many parts of the world have occasionally held the reins of empire for a time, and have made a mark in history, by the capacity shown in the government of the peoples they ruled. The fight for her favour, however, did not add to the efficiency of the military measures of the leaders. Time ran on, and Christmas Day dawned on a camp, the dominating residents in which were prepared to reproduce in Oudh what they could of the joyous observances of the day in their native country. And the means available accorded well with the intentions. The convoys had brought exotic delicacies in a sufficiency for the occasion, and the surrounding country sent in its choicest products, to be readily disposed of in a booming market. Officers and men alike, after their own fashions, made their Christmas holiday in cheerfulness and in visiting their neighbours.

In the evening the banquet followed, and some faint shadow of revelry. "Our friends the enemy" knew perfectly well what the "Kismis" of the Feringhi meant; they allowed its observances to be carried out in peace, though certainly not from sympathy, and the precautions at the outposts were rather added to than lessened on that day.

In the forenoon I was startled by the presence at my tent-door of a deputation of the hospital servants, who brought me a little offering, in honour of the day, for acceptance, consisting of flowers and fruit, beautifully arranged on a brass tray. It was a pretty sight in a small way to see the men in spotless clothing of Eastern fashion, with their bright-coloured head-dresses and cummerbunds, gravely salaaming and proffering the usual expressions of respect.

Instructed by Mr. Hurst (who might indifferently be looked on as both my subordinate and as my superior colleague), I brought out my most gracious smile, and touched the edge of the tray with my finger as evidence of acceptance, Mr. Hurst giving a word or two, expressing my thankfulness. Subsequently a very modest reciprocity in acknowledgment took place. I was embarrassed with my present, placed in my tent; it had much the look of propitiatory offering at a shrine in a temple, but the chance view of the children of the syce racing about where the horse was tethered, head and heels, opened a way for the proper disposal of the offering. I had them summoned to the presence of the Sahib, and instead of beheading them, as in a vague way they may have thought was the correct thing to order on the day of his festival, I made over to them a banquet of fruit such as they had never seen before, even in their dreams. The brass tray was quietly reconveyed to the donors, and so closed the incident of my Christmas-box in camp.

I took my share in going about amongst acquaintances, wishing "Merry Christmas," carefully adding also my good wishes in respect of a future interest in the New Year; but the notable event of the day in my tent life was the dinner in the evening. Just as low-water mark for me in culinary matters had been reached in September when on one day I had no food of any kind, and on the next day had only a little gram, parched over the fire, to eat, so now on the Christmas Day following, the flood-tides of culinary prosperity was reached, the menu for dinner showing the following items: (1) Soup; (2) tinned salmon, brought from a far-away northern land, to grace a board in rural Oudh; (3) a roast leg of mutton, served with all attention to necessary accompaniments, including young potatoes and succulent peas; (4) a dish of chickens; (5) an orthodox plum-pudding, wanting in nothing essential to a high-class production. There was fruit of all sorts for after-dinner trifling; and coffee followed, as at all well-regulated tables. The cooking was excellent. The function wanted nothing of completeness in respect to its main feature—that of being appetizing throughout. The "chef" had shown genius

in the conception of the repast, and his visions were carried out with all the acquired aptitude of a long-practised art. The question of how to roast a leg of mutton without a kitchen range, and so on, would have appalled an ordinary man; but necessity in the case roused up the inventive faculty of my "officer of the mouth," as the French say. He directed a hole to be dug in the ground, big and deep enough to receive into it a large copper pot (which had seen better days in a palace). In this the mutton was placed; the heavy metal cover was then put on, the sides and top of the pot covered over with wood for firing, until from successive firings hot ashes enough were obtained to fill up the pit, and by degrees thoroughly to roast the material inside. As the *pièce de résistance*, nothing could have been better in the opinion of those who partook of it. I had two guests at table—my friend Dr. John Brown and Dr. Bradshaw—who enjoyed and lavishly praised the banquet. I think that in a quiet way and with ordinary talk in conversation we had a very satisfactory evening that Christmas Day.

CHAPTER X

RELIEF OF LUCKNOW AND RETURN HOME (1858)

WITH the New Year came what is called "unseasonable weather." The little rains were delayed, and the heat in the daytime was much in excess of what is normal for the period of the year; but the face of the country—to our inexperienced eyes, at least—did not show any falling-off in its verdure, and the bazaars in camp were kept well supplied with excellent vegetables for the table, and even grapes of an excellent quality, brought all the way from Cabul, were on sale.

Whether a consequence, however, or only a coincidence, during the time of unusual heat, an exceptional amount of sickness occurred—not of a fatal kind; but fuller hospitals meant emptier ranks, just when the enemy began to take matters more seriously than he had done of late. It is likely that the change in this respect showed fear in the councils of Lucknow of another visit from the Commander-in-Chief. Success had followed success since the return of the army from Lucknow to Cawnpore and the extinction of the revolt, and with this the pacification of the country was going on rapidly. It seemed that in a short time nothing would be left to subdue but Oudh. Whatever the reason, the attacks on the First Division at the Alum Bagh were now made a little more resolutely.

Sir James Outram, in one of his despatches to the Commander-in-Chief, estimated the number of fighting men opposed to us in Oudh at 120,000, mostly concentrated in or near Lucknow. They consisted in part of men of the revolted Native regiments, but the greater part were the followers of Native chiefs, the feudal landlords called

"Talukdars." One of the most influential and powerful of them, Maun Singh, was said to have 10,000 retainers arrayed against us. This great Talukdar's men had been the most active of the assailants of the Residency. Their numbers and their comparative daring more than compensated for their antiquated arms of matchlocks, and swords, and their cumbrous shields. The "matchlock men" had quite a reputation in the Residency, though this was also strictly comparative, the comparison lying with the low rabble of the city—the "Budmash." The country called Oudh, though ruled by one of the Mussulman faith, the "Nawab," whose chief officers were naturally Mussulman in religion also, was chiefly peopled by men of the Hindu faith. Maun Singh, probably the most important of the subjects of the Nawab, was one of the ancient faith of the country, and, unfortunately for us at the particular juncture, he was also that unpleasant character—a man with a grievance; some thought a just grievance. The question of religion had not openly affected the relations of the partisans of Mussulman and those of the Hindu faith coalesced against us, but it showed its vitality at this time in attacks made separately by bodies of men of the respective faiths. A success obtained under the auspices of a cherished faith would have fired the spirits of the successful party to white heat. On the 16th January an attack was made under the leadership of a Hindu fanatic, who gave himself out to be the representative of the god Hanumân, one of the divinities of a section of the Hindu faith; his appeals brought many adherents. Warning reached the General that on a certain day the new leader would vindicate his title by the destruction of the British force. The usual arrangements for similar visits were accordingly made, and, true enough, not as a surprise, but in the face of day, the "Monkey God," as the fanatic was called in camp, made his onslaught, not, however, on the camp proper, but on the outpost of it at Jalalabad. Possibly a gleam of worldly prudence may have suggested that an easy success obtained at first would arouse the enthusiasm of his followers so effectually as to bring about the storming of the camp itself. Be that as it may, the leader of the Hindu attack, looking on horse-

back like a large monkey, dashed on against the picket and fell in front of it, riddled with wounds. A few of his followers came on with him, and were also shot down ; but the main body of the men who had followed the Hanuman halted far short of their desperate leader, and made their way back to the city. They had quickly recognized that, monkey or no monkey, theirs was a lost cause that morning.

It fell out that my acquaintance with the representatives of the Hanumân was to be an intimate one. As I was passing along, a voice from a group hailed me ; it was that of John Brown, of the Ferozepore Sikhs, who was bending over a wounded Native, and, in response to my friend's appeal, I readily undertook the office of Assistant-Surgeon to him, in connection with the fallen foe—so lately revered——so soon to find himself a byword and a jest. Most of the monkey " fake up " (if I may use a forcible expression not yet acclimatized in the English speech of what used to be called " polite circles ") had been torn off in order to examine the wounds of the enthusiast. What remained was not particularly artistic, nor did some paint embellishments here and there contribute even a suggestion of realism. The only natural feature was the tail, but this also evoked derision. It was trailing, lifeless, and in the way ; it ought to have imposed on no one. The wounded man (as I must call him), in spite of his many and severe injuries, was not suffering from the usual " shock " which commonly follows on their infliction ; on the contrary, he was quite collected, and answered questions boldly, even defiantly. He was still enthusiastic, and it was easy to see that if he had imposed on nobody else, he certainly had on himself.

Interest in the Hanumân devotee, however, was soon eclipsed by my professional admiration of the marvellous aptitude shown by John Brown for the duties of his office, though this was no new discovery of mine. It took some time, but in the end, through his labour, what at the first glance seemed to be a mutilated human form, was restored into a readily recognizable one, though on a reduced scale. When all the necessary aid was given, the man, who had shown an astonishing firmness in bearing suffering of the acutest kind, was sent to the hospital of the Sikh Regiment.

I was incredulous on the subject of the report next day that he was alive ; but day after day, under Dr. Brown's care, he lived on.

In 1884—nearly twenty-seven years after the devotee's disastrous exploit—I was in Lucknow, and in the course of conversation with a resident there the Hanumân incident in 1857 came up. "Oh," I was told, "the man is still living, and is an object of curiosity on account of his wonderful survival. Government has given him a small pension for years now." Could it be that the miraculous recovery had been taken by the uninstructed portion of his own faith as evidence of the truth of his representation, and in spite of the untoward exhibition at the Alum Bagh ?

Aware of the successes of the army of the Commander-in-Chief, and having evidence in the now occasional arrival of reinforcements from Cawnpore for the First Division at the Alum Bagh that operations against Lucknow were in train, the leaders there showed their anxiety by the frequent and seemingly aimless assemblages of their troops, threatening all sorts of unpleasant things, but withdrawing at the first intimation from the camp that their presence was objected to. In the words of the great poet they let "I dare not, wait upon I would." But in one way their demonstrations were not without effect. In his despatch of 17th February Sir James Outram writes : "Although these threatened attacks have cost us but very few casualties, they are excessively harassing to the troops, who I am obliged to turn out constantly and keep under arms."

On the 15th February our troops attacked a large body of the enemy—chiefly horsemen—who, apparently, were watching with the intention of intercepting the usual convoy, then due to arrive at the camp from Cawnpore.

With the enemy was someone of great importance, as he was carried in a palanquin. Our agents in Lucknow reported subsequently that this was the "Moulvie," the official head in the country of the Mussulman faith and its expounder. It was also stated that he, for the occasion, commanded the force sent out. No difficulty was found in routing the enemy and driving them back to their own lines, the Moulvie being severely wounded. It was current

in camp that the enemy's force was exclusively composed of men of his own faith, and it was satisfactory to know that as the result of the attack under a leader, with all the sanction of his religion, was unfortunate, the hearts of his followers must have sunk considerably. Another attack, however, and one of persistent effort, was made the next day, and by a very large force of the enemy, which had been assembled in their trenches. Supporting it were vast numbers of men, occupying the "topes" of trees in rear of the trenches, whilst on the left of our camp a body, composed both of cavalry and of infantry, was detached, and threatened attack. During the morning there were repeated demonstrations of attack, but nothing more than these. When the demonstrations failed to convince, the enemy returned to their former positions. A second time they suddenly issued from their trenches, and advancing, with clouds of skirmishers preceding, seemed to be making straight for our batteries. They opened fire on the outposts in front of one of the deserted villages, but retired with considerable loss, and nothing to show for their pains. The futile attacks of the enemy were again and again repeated. A few days after that noticed above one of the most serious of them was made, directed against the defences on the right of the position. On this occasion our friends the enemy were received with courteous attention by their foes, who did not wait for them to knock at the door, but, led by the General himself, left the camp and greeted them with a counter-attack, promptly routing the rash would-be assailants, and capturing two guns, left behind in their hurry to be off.

Perhaps in consequence of advice given by the Ranee to her generals of a more telling kind than the airy raillery she had employed on an earlier occasion, when one of them had returned early from his work and had brought no sheaves with him, another attack was made on the same day to get possession of the Alum Bagh position. It did not meet with even a modicum of success, but it showed her on part of the assailants an apprehension of the fact they had hitherto ignored—namely, that conveyed in the proverb which lays down the primary condition as to eggs when used

for the making of an omelette. This conjecture may be right or wrong, but it is certain that when the enemy, in the afternoon, again moved out of their lines and attacked the position on its left, they showed more earnestness than on any similar occasion before; they advanced repeatedly within the range of grape-shot, sustaining severe losses, and continued to threaten fresh attacks long after dark. It was supposed that the pertinacity shown was due to the wish of the enemy to carry off from the field the bodies of the many men slain during the afternoon.

This was the final considerable and well-sustained effort made against the First Division at the Alum Bagh. It only caused a loss to it of forty killed and wounded.

The imminence of the approaching attack on the city of Lucknow was now very clear. Sappers and miners to the number of 1,200 had arrived from Cawnpore, and in the forthcoming operations their special usefulness was to be prominently seen. Following these precursors of siege operations, an infantry regiment and two squadrons of Dragoons, some Artillery, and the renowned Irregular cavalry called "Hodson's Horse" reached the Alum Bagh position.

On the 28th February the Commander-in-Chief encamped at Bhantira, five miles from Alum Bagh, his force being about 26,000 men in all. Four days later the Headquarters were at Dilkusha. The First Division, which must always be associated in memory with the Alum Bagh, was now fundamentally altered in its composition. In the first place, the noble soldier who had commanded it through all the period of anxiety subsequent to the relief of the Residency was now transferred to the higher command of a force operating on the left bank of the Goomti River, in connection with the larger part of the army to be employed in retaking former strong positions in Lucknow, and in capturing all the others necessary for its complete subjugation.

On giving over the command of the First Division, Sir James Outram addressed the Commander-in-Chief in a most appreciative despatch respecting the services of the First Division in the whole of the trying time it had faced an enemy overpowering in numbers and animated with the

frenzy of religious enthusiasm, recording his unbounded thankfulness to officers and men alike for their bearing on every occasion of conflict with the enemy when the Division was under his command.

The 90th was one of the regiments withdrawn at this time from the First Division, and marching to the Dilkusha, formed, along with the 42nd and 93rd Highlanders and the 4th Punjab Rifles, the brigade under Brigadier Adrian Hope.

It was not until the 5th April that the whole of the troops were reunited, and the various sections of them were in their allotted positions in the plan for the reduction of the city.

On the 9th March the 90th took part in the storming of the Martinière, and occupied it for the night. Next day the regiment was again similarly engaged at the capture of another building. Day by day the defences of the city were first bombarded and breached, and then stormed. On the 14th March the great mosque, the Imambara, was stormed, six companies of the 90th assaulting through one breach.

The Kaisar Bagh had previously been taken, and the capture of the city was now assured. By the junction of Sir James Outram's force, coming from the left bank of the river with the other part of the army, at the Imambara, the city was effectively secured.

By this time the enemy were flying from the city by the stone bridge, which, as the proverb enjoined, had been left for a flying enemy. Many of the inhabitants also left.

The clearing out of openly defiant "irreconcilables" from the city took only a short time; on the 19th March its subjugation was complete, and that of the whole country of which it is the capital was soon to follow.

During all this stirring time there was plenty of continuous work for those of my vocation with the army, and some of it inevitably was saddening. The camp life, however, was very enjoyable. After months of cooping-up and exclusion from the external world, we now had all the pleasure people feel when they exchange life on board ship for that normal one on land for which they are suited. It was very pleasant to stroll over to some neighbouring tents to find there acquaintances of perhaps long past days and in other lands, though even this had the touch of a passing

shade of melancholy when we found in conversation the prefix of "Poor So-and-so" applied to men who, as it seemed, only the other day had entered on the serious work of life along with ourselves. It was startling to realize that of our youthful group of friends so many had fallen by the way before the noon of their days was reached.

I recall a striking spectacle, witnessed by me one forenoon in this camp, and consequent on the storming of one of the defences of the enemy, in which the 93rd Highlanders had suffered severely. A lengthened train of coolies, carrying the men killed, preceded by the pipers of the regiment playing long-drawn-out wailing airs, wound slowly through the camp to reach the ground for their final rest. This was followed by all the officers and men of the corps not on duty that day, and, I am sure, it was also followed by genuine sympathy from the hearts of the many who had been attracted from their tents by the mournful farewell paid to the lost comrades, so lately in life and full vigour.

Subsequent to this, and after the fighting was over, no one then present, I think, could fail to remember all his life the shock of dismay caused by the news of the death of the Commander of "Hodson's Horse"; it was like a vivid sense of personal loss, even although to the vast majority Hodson was but a name. It was a name, however, with which was associated a record of such brilliantly daring exploits—always crowned with success—that he had come to be looked on as a paladin of the army. Reflection, too, always ended in a bitter regret that he had not fallen at the head of "Hodson's Horse."

The completeness of the submission of the city was well shown in the security with which the crowd of sightseers from the camp made their rounds in it; visits to all the great buildings—which hitherto had been the distant objects of daily wonder and curiosity—were indulged in without restraint. Considering that the population, both Hindu and Mussulman, was still fanatically loyal to the faith it espoused, it might have been expected that the presence of the infidel, displaying his domination in the most unconcerned way, would have provoked an uprising in every street; but there was no visible sign of truculent animosity;

it seemed as if Lucknow, high and low, acquiesced in the condition Fate had landed it in.

The city, seen from its interior, did not of course sustain the character for stately beauty which a view of it from the roof of the Chatter Manzil impressed on everyone; but, in spite of the utterly squalid parts and the plenty of the commonest of the commonplace in its buildings, enough remained to stamp it on the memory as being the most beautiful city in India. The Imambara satisfied even those who had a fairly intimate knowledge of the great religious shrines of the cities in which the Moslem is still to-day the absolute and unquestioned master.

The camp was a city in itself, and in its way an interesting one. It lacked "the morning paper," and no sound of "latest edition" or of evening "piper" ever fell on the ear in its streets—or rather "lines," as the broad intervals intersecting its area would be called; but this want of typographic medium was well compensated for by the exertions of the "gup"-distributing class in the camp. Released from the high-strung tension of living every minute in expectation of being "warned" for some duty from which they might never return, it was only natural that the younger officers should luxuriate in thought of another kind, one at the very antipodes of that which had been their portion for weeks past, and animated talk was now very largely mixed with speculation. It did not matter that the talk was about matters respecting which their information was, as the French say, "sadly to seek"; they were speaking to groups eager to listen. With the collapse of the enemy at Lucknow, a part of the Commander-in-Chief's army might now be sent into cantonments, and the great question in camp was where each of the selected corps, when released from war's alarms, was to be located, and the "gup" of the day had this central subject to make use of. Everyone had his scheme, usually declared by the hearers—in all frankness—to be perfect nonsense, and very protracted argumentations followed as to the moral right this or that regiment had to the very best station going; they found no end "in wandering mazes lost."

Some dwellers in the camp had a very personal interest

in an incident—not usual, though not quite unknown in field service—in former days a very common one. The inhabitants of a robber village, a little way off the road from Cawnpore, had found "good business" in connection with the passage of convoys and of mails to and from the army. At one time communities in which robbery was hereditary, and the only employment of the men, were common enough, especially in districts through which traffic channels ran; the profession was as uniformly followed by the inhabitants of such a village as one, say, of weaving would be transmitted from father to son in another. When attention could be given to the matter, a surprise visit was made to the particular village which was suspected, and rightly so, of this industry. Much recent loot was discovered in it, and in one hut a find was made of the captured letters of three separate mails. An officer told me that the floor of the hut was nearly knee-deep in unopened letters. Amongst those captured was one for me, and it was only a month delayed in delivery.

A very well-known officer, then on the Quartermaster-General's staff, told me in connection with my story of the recovered letter that when he had on a late occasion been out with a column he went to rest one night on his charpoy with a valued watch placed for safety under the pillow. He awoke during the night confused, but his confusion did not prevent him from darting his hand under the pillow to touch his watch. It was gone, and he could just see the legs of a Native being rapidly withdrawn at the spot where the robber had crawled under the fly of the tent. He knew he had no remedy, it was useless to rouse the whole column for nothing; he accepted the position, turned on the other side, and went to sleep—*cantat vacuus*.

In my early youth I had often heard stories of the village robbers from a relative who went to Bengal in 1792, and they were just the ones I now heard in camp on the same subject—that is, the framework of the stories, the details were varied.

The procedure of the existing village-proficient in the art of conveyancing, in its essential main principles, had been shaped and handed down to posterity by immemorial

ancestors. Special natural gifts possessed by the descendant operator might enhance the value in his hand, but all the principles of the art were known and fixed; whether a horse was to be carried off from a camp, or the movables of a tent were to be abstracted, the hereditary robber stood on the old ways, very high training having also a value for success.

The means relied on in the practice of the art were simple enough, the application of them everything. Thus, if the case in hand were that of a sleeping man in a tent, patience inexhaustible would be used awaiting the time when lights were out and all the dwellers in the tents had apparently gone to rest. The operator would approach the camp if possible at a place where sentries were few, and determine his selection of the exact spot by noticing one, the sentry near which kept moving on his beat. When his back was turned, the operator would advance, crawling on the ground like a snake, and remaining stationary when the sentry wheeled round again. If by any chance the watchful sentry saw anything suspicious, and gave a second glance, perhaps a little whine heard showed him it was only a prowling dog which gave no trouble; it had gone when he looked round again. Having selected a tent to work on, the place of least resistance to entry was decided. It was not necessarily the door, because this might be tightly braced to prevent entry noiselessly; the sagacity born of experience would direct to some weak spot where a loose peg could be quickly removed, the fly of the tent there lifted up, and entry made. To crawl noiselessly to the side of the charpoy would be the work of a moment or two. Seating himself comfortably near to his victim, or say rather his patient, the operator would treat him to the life-like hum of a mosquito, and, after a little, to a gentle quick prick with a needle on the face, which would cause the patient to move his head uneasily away. And the little game would be played until the head of the sleeper no longer prevented the hand of the one at the bedside from gently extricating the valuables guarded by the head of the sleeper, who, if by chance he did awake, would profit nothing by a too late alertness. Probably, however, the loss would only be discovered in the morning.

In the beginning of April most of the army had left Lucknow, and the 90th moved from camp and was quartered in the Toor Buksh Palace near to the Kaisar Bagh. Official intimation was soon made that its ultimate destination would be the cantonment of Sitapur, in the North-West of Oudh, so that for their part at the Presidency, as far as conjecture went, "Grim-visaged war had smoothed his wrinkled front."

The hot weather was now becoming harmful, and an unusual amount of sickness set in; but the harassing toils of the campaigning days at the Alum Bagh were over, their memory was quickly fading away.

My own health had suffered, impairing my strength to such a degree that sick-leave to England was given me. With this ended—so far at least as the "Great Mutiny" experience went—my knowledge of what Wordsworth in a general way describes as

> "... old unhappy far-off things,
> And battles long ago."

CHAPTER XI

THE CHINA WAR OF 1860

[Surgeon Home, who had been gazetted Staff-Surgeon, Second Class, on the 31st March, 1858, remained at home from the 4th June, 1858, till 3rd December, 1859, when he embarked for China for duty with the Expeditionary Force, commanded by Lieut.-General Sir James Hope Grant, K.C.B.]

In December, 1859, I was ordered to Hong Kong for service with the Expeditionary Force being collected there, to enforce on the Government of China the views of our Government in relation to some disputed point about opium importation.

A crowded ship and the rough handling of a Bay of Biscay gale made the commencement of the voyage sufficiently irksome, but this was compensated for by a good time in the land of the Pharaohs, where, owing to the corresponding ship at Suez not being ready to receive the onward passengers, we had a week of holiday, spent at Cairo. As a matter of course, the Pyramids had to be visited and revisited, and all the usual sights of Cario, its Citadel, bazaars, mosques, and other attractions, be made acquaintance with, not to mention the donkey rides on steeds not standing very much higher than the dogs of Pyrenean shepherds; these were attended by Arab boys, who, though with a slender vocabulary, spoke English of the kind used in the purlieus of London, with much force of expression.

On reaching Ceylon the passengers for China were transferred to a smaller vessel, which, before reaching Singapore, broke the monotony of the voyage for us by a pleasantly spent day at Penang.

A large part of the cargo consisted of opium, the nauseous smell of which, as it was shaken about by the tossing of the ship, was very distressing, causing intense headache.

After coaling at Singapore, the vessel left with as much coal as room could be found for, even on deck, and every bit of it was needed to face successfully the fierce north-east monsoon wind which had now set in, sweeping down the China Sea. At that time few steamers had power enough to force their way straight up against the wind of this season, at its onset, and our craft was not amongst the number that could; so the very roundabout course by the "Palawan Passage" was taken; in this there was less intensity of the wind and less of heavy sea. As it was, the steamer had to be "hove to" more than once on account of trouble with one of the boilers. I asked an officer of the ship what it was all about; he answered calmly: "Oh, nothing—only a hole in the boiler. We can easily settle that matter by blocking it up with a wooden pin driven through some tow; that will serve till we reach Hong Kong." This I took to be as intended—a pleasant rebuke to my idle curiosity; one of the wonderful stories the sailors kept in stock, to mystify the Marines (and others) with, as occasion required.

We reached our destination without further incident on the 30th January, finding the weather misty, not unlike a November fog in the Channel.

I was not the only newly arrived stranger to the colony who was surprised to find how greatly the town of Victoria, around it and in the distance, differed from preconceived notions. The name Hong Kong, when referred to in England at that time, conjured up the picture of a far-off exile, desolate and pestiferous. Indeed, a favourite song, of the comic variety much in vogue then, alluded to the island on the coast of China, in a way to fix firmly in the mind the impression of its extreme undesirableness as a residence. When the chief actor in the lyrical tale—a rejected lover, smarting under the resentment caused by his dismissal—declared with a deliberateness, shown in the triple repetition that "She may go, she may go, she may go, to Hong Kong for me," he evidently thought that worse fate than this could not be meted out to the lady who had discarded him.

The town at Hong Kong, however, was quite the reverse of a gloomy place of banishment, shut off from the world, and only visited by malarial breezes. Built on the narrow margin of low ground, running parallel with the extensive bay, and on the ascent of an abruptly rising hill of over 1,800 feet in height, crowned by a signal station, the site was a very favourable one for picturesque effect, and the bay was alive with small craft—fishing boats, passenger boats, and other larger ones used for carrying cargo to and from ships ; also with plenty of coasting junks, which kept up an intercourse between the island and the neighbouring Chinese ports, as well as with the near at hand Portuguese settlement of Macao. Foreign ships—meaning by this non-Chinese ones—were numerous, but appeared to be less so than they actually were, from the scattered about anchorages they had taken up in the spacious bay. Both on sea and on land, at Victoria, the first impression was that of ceaseless commercial activity.

After a general praise, I am forced to qualify it : there is nothing perfect in the world. There were no hotels in the place then, but even this omission was due to a virtue. It was explained by the fact that the hospitality of the great merchants chiefly, as well as that of other residents, was so unbounded, that hotels could not have existed in ordinary times ; and even in the case of unexpected, unannounced fresh arrivals for service in the approaching expedition, lodging was found for all.

After spending one night on board an old three-decker man-of-war in the harbour, I was one of three to whom the much esteemed Principal Medical Officer* of the station gave the shelter of his roof. I was surprised to find that in the winter, in latitude 22° 16′ 30″, the climate of the so-called pestiferous Hong Kong was much the same as that of Southern Italy at the same sea-level and season, and in every way as enjoyable. It was in truth an illustration of the old saying : " Give a dog a bad name," etc. The island had undoubtedly been most

* Deputy-Inspector-General W. M. Muir, afterwards Director-General, Army Medical Department, from 1st April, 1874, to 2nd May, 1882 ; C.B., 1st March, 1861 ; K.C.B., 24th May, 1873 ; died, 2nd June, 1885.

unhealthy when first occupied, and whilst the soil was being turned up for building, road-making, and other purposes, just as it is found to be universally in other sub-tropical countries under similar conditions. But as also happens, even when settlements have just been made close to West Indian swamps, so in Hong Kong a progressive improvement in the healthiness of the place had set in, perhaps due to systematic or even incidental drainage. I was struck by the generally robust and healthy look of the Europeans met in the streets, and found that open fires were very grateful indoors, night and morning.

The principal street of Victoria ran along the margin of the low-lying land, on the margin of the bay before mentioned. In this many of the merchants resided, their counting-houses forming parts of the establishments. Here also were the various banks and the stores of the principal retail dealers. One feature in this street could not fail to attract attention on the most cursory visit in business hours. It followed on the general practice of the merchants of storing up money—that is, in specie—in their own vaults, to this extent being their own bankers. The Spanish dollar was the current money, and Chinese "tellers" acted as receivers and issuers of the bullion, or of the coined metal; their station was generally at, or near to, the door of the counting-house, and every piece of the precious metal was tested by the practised Chinaman who received or issued it; thus all the time of the working day in this quarter the chink, chink of the metal was the predominating noise in most parts of the streets.

As in other tropical or semi-tropical places, similarly conditioned, with a foreign and a native population, there were two very separate and distinct quarters in Victoria: the European and the Chinese towns. The Chinese was that on the west, and it joined on to the European town without any break; its area was small, whilst the inhabitants were exceedingly numerous, living in closely packed, squalid houses, reeking within, and in connection with them outside, with physical impurities. The inhabitants were nearly all Chinese, most of them foreign to the island, migrants from the mainland, and of these many were un-

desirable visitors, who had found it convenient to leave the ancestral home for a more or less prolonged residence in the territory of what they called the "Foreign Devils." This unflattering designation was not used in an offensive sense so much as in one which appealed to their sense of correctness of description.

The European part of Victoria contained a largely preponderating proportion of English people: mercantile, governmental, military and naval, and of professions ancillary to those principal elements of the population.

The houses corresponded with the importance of the majority of the residents in the quarter; many had good "compounds"; good roads led all about. The place always looked a cheerful one, and in the afternoon, when the ladies in their carriages, or chairs, were taken round the public grounds, it looked pleasantly animated.

Of the non-English part of the inhabitants, Germans, nearly all of them following mercantile pursuits, were the most numerous, and next to them, Americans. I was told by one having knowledge of the circumstances, that there was no social intercourse between those of the last named nationality and the English, and this not on account of any enmity between the two, but because of the want of matters mutually interesting. This is very much what happens when English people migrate to France, or other Continental countries; they may reside there almost a lifetime, and yet never see the inside of a household of the country.

Besides the reasons already given to account for the absence of hotels, in the even then considerable town of Victoria, there was that of the presence of a large and good club, at which a certain number of its temporary members could be suitably lodged. This was naturally the centre of the gossip of the place; its reading-room was a very valued adjunct for those who desired to know something of what was going on outside the world of Hong Kong.

In spite of the existence of a self-contained Chinese town, most of the native shopkeepers whose trading was dependent on Europeans, such as tailors, shoemakers, and others who supplied personal wants, had their very unassuming shops in the European quarter, and it was at one of these—a

tailor's—I first heard the talk called "pidgin English" used, the word "pidgin" being the Chinaman's way of pronouncing "business." This is a kind of *lingua franca*, which, in the course of time, has sprung up, and spread in the Treaty Ports, through means of which foreigners and Chinamen, habitually in contact, can communicate with each other with sufficient exactness for everyday needs, even those of important bargain-making; and yet I doubt if there are more than a hundred or so of English words in the talk, or quite so many as fifty of the Chinese speech, but, to supplement the poverty of phonetic expressions, gestures were accepted to help out the sense in conversation.

The language of the Flowery Land was so difficult of acquirement, that comparatively very few of the foreigners in the country ever attempted it at the time referred to; missionaries struggled through the acquirement of Chinese, more or less successfully, and the young Consular assistants, stimulated by the fact that, on a sufficient knowledge of Chinese to act as interpreters, their promotion materially depended, applied themselves diligently to the study; but, unless in the case of men quite specially gifted, the two classes named had, amongst foreigners, a practical monopoly of knowledge of the speech of China. The imperative necessity for a machinery needed in the inter-exchange of thought between Chinamen and the barbarians from without, who had come intending to stay, was solved by the use of the gibberish-sounding pidgin English: an initial success, following which, perhaps—as in the analogous instance of the European Levant—may come later on, through further accretions of words, or portions of them, a sort of accepted language in bonds of grammar.

The friend who took me to the tailor Chinamen, after indicating me with his finger, opened the conversation with, "Yi pieceeman, wanchy one piecee sleeping suit; you can do?" the tailor nodded his head affirmatively, and answered, "Candaloo." The garments desired were produced, scrutinized, and approved of; then came the fateful question: "How muchy you speaky for this?" A moderate price was asked for very good material well made up, and I left

the shop well satisfied, the owner of it saluting us by pressing his folded fists together on his chest, nodding, and saying "Chin-chin!" I do not know if this was a Chinese word or not: it may only have been a word that the Chinaman understood to be polite, conventional English. I had carried away from the shop, besides the suit, a faculty, as I thought, for speaking pidgin English fluently and well, which served me during my stay in China, in intercourse with shopkeepers and servants.

A somewhat incongruous feature in the English quarter at that time was the presence of a small plain pagoda-like building, a temple for worship of one of the sections of Chinese religious life. On the morning after my arrival at Hong Kong, I had seen a notice referring to it in the local newspaper, in which business seemed to be very obtrusively mixed up with the higher associations of the spiritual life. It was to the effect that Ah Kun Foo (or some name like that), having bought the business of the Temple of the God of the North Star, all debts owing to it were to be paid to him. I mentioned this to a friend, saying how characteristic the advertisement in the English newspaper seemed to be, in the blending by the Chinese of the practical-temporal with the ideal-supernatural; he, however, did not see in it anything more than a short English translation of some probably differently expressed and more guardedly written composition in Chinese, the "business" of the temple referred to being, perhaps, the cost of the ceremonies for the invocation of good fortune on a projected voyage by Chinese mariners.

Attached to a hospital, with the view of noting in the illnesses of the inmates features which had been induced by the special influences of a sub-tropical climate, my professional duty at this time was very light, but as the season advanced, an occasional transport with troops on board arrived, having been able as the sailors used to say, in the days of sailing-vessels, to "thrash" her way up the lower part of the China Sea; sometimes I was sent off to it on some matter connected with medical arrangements. One of the first sights I noticed in the harbour was the presence of a dismantled line-of-battle ship, and it turned out that this

was the ship which had taken the regiment I then belonged to, or, rather, what were then called the "service companies" of it, from Barbadoes to Halifax in Nova Scotia, nine years before. The history of H.M.S. *Hercules* was peculiar: built during the war with France, she was not launched until 1815, when the war was over, and had not been sent to sea until thirty-six years after, and then not in the capacity for which she had been designed, but in that of a transport, on a round voyage from England to the Mediterranean, thence to the West Indies, to Halifax, and finally back to England with the companies of a regiment which had finished its term abroad. This turn, I think, ended the active service of the *Hercules*, and moored in the bay at Hong Kong, she was passing her old age tranquilly, and in such usefulness as she was capable of, as a floating hospital for the navy. She had never fired a shot in earnest in the course of her career, but a day of glory had come to the "hulk," for such I confidently call the day on which she arrived in Halifax, and saluted the flag of the Admiral there, no other than the great Lord Dundonald, whose name will brighten the pages of naval history for many a year to come; potentially a second Nelson, but one whose hard fate it was never to have led an English squadron into action —an "inheritor of unfulfilled renown."

When, two years before, the regiment then on board the *Hercules* at Halifax was quartered at Trinidad, in the West Indies, Lord Dundonald's flagship, the *Wellesley*, had anchored off Port of Spain, the capital, where he and his officers received much attention. Before leaving, the officers of the *Wellesley* gave a grand ball on board the flagship, at which the garrison of the island, and all "society" there, were present; and to this day it is a proud memory for me that, with the other guests, I had the honour of bowing to the great Admiral on his own quarter-deck.

The Chinaman's harbour boat, the "sampan" as it is called, was usually managed by one man, or even by the wife of the man in his absence. I have also been rowed by the wife and the mother-in-law; and the master and owner, the wife and children, might all be living on board together, and, in spite of the overcrowding, food was cooked

on board. The head of the family was supposed to be a fisherman, and the nature of this employment accounted for his absence; but I was told that the highly domesticated looking man might also have an alternative employment—that of a pigtailed pirate. Piracy was very prevalent in the adjacent waters, though the practice was confined almost entirely to that affecting the native merchant junks.

In the early part of the year, the pleasant, bracing climate invited—almost forced—residents, with leisure, to take long walks, and of such there was a variety for choice; but the one which possessed most interest was that which led to the summit of the abrupt mountain peak, nearly overhanging the town, and on which was the signal station.

The view from the station on every side was worth the labour of the ascent, and just because of the task in achieving this, it was the fashion to struggle up the height, if possible, to make a record ascent, in time occupied in doing the work. Other walks led to the north shore of the island, to the margin of the canal-like stretch of sea, the "Limoon Passage," which separated it from the continent, and formed the passage through which ships and junks, going north, passed into the China Sea.

At that season the surface of the country was green with pasture, wherever there was soil, but as the island was of volcanic origin, and granite rocks shot up in every direction, the aspect of the country was even forbidding, and this was not lessened by the lack of trees generally. In return, however, the rocks provided an excellent building material, close at hand, and quarries were numerous. It was interesting to notice the process of splitting up the hard rock into required lengths; the men hammered slowly and regularly on chisels, sunk in holes in the granite, along the line traced out; the rock after a time would suddenly split. What there was of native population outside of Victoria seemed to be confined to the coast, fishing being the occupation.

Although the merchants mostly lived, and also had their mercantile establishments, in the principal street of the town, there was one most notable exception to the custom, in the case of the then head of the leading mercantile house

in China, whose great establishment formed a settlement by itself on the north-east shore of the bay, and about three miles from the town. Without any overstraining of language, the merchant in question might properly have been called a merchant prince. The magnitude of the business, as well as the vast sphere in which the operations were carried on, the number of persons employed in connection with it, and the scale on which the accessory requirements were planned, all contributed to a notion of the fitness of the designation above given to the virtual head of the firm. Thus, the distant and isolated location of the headquarters of the business demanded a suitable protection from the descent on it of the pirates who infested the seas near the mouth of the Canton River, and this I was told had been obtained by the entertainment of 300 well-armed Chinamen, who guarded the costly merchandise, and the bullion stored in the vaults.

Another factor for the prosperity of the business in question was held to be that of a sure and fast communication with Calcutta. To secure this, the firm possessed a line of steamers of the best type, and the fastest by far of any then afloat in Eastern waters : not used for general trading purposes, but only in connection with the operations of their owners, neither passengers nor cargo from outside being sought.

The vessels had no fixed time of departure from Calcutta, and possibly the most important part of their cargo on some occasions might be news of the markets at Calcutta and in Europe. News used frequently to circulate in Victoria, it might be several days before the arrival of the postal service steamer, and then it was understood that one of the independent steamers was off the coast, waiting for orders when to enter the harbour, if, indeed, it was meant that she should enter the harbour at all.

The firm next in importance to the one in question, and which, in the language of the race-course, might have been called a good second to it, was presided over by a man of great energy and capacity, so it was inevitable that a rivalry between the two firms should spring up, and a partisan feeling respecting the merits and the prospects of the two

firms sprang up also in Hong Kong society; but the rivalry took a very unexpected form, one so inconsistent with commercial instincts that, *a priori*, it would have been inconceivable. It showed itself in the attempt to gain the first prize in the Hong Kong race-course, and for this purpose very good horses, and competent, experienced jockeys, were imported from England by both firms. Wonderful interest was taken in the colony as to the likely result in the race, and defeat settled nothing: another horse was brought out by the losing side, and so the struggle was kept alive.

Meanwhile the cold season was fast passing away, but no definite action had yet been taken locally from which a conception of the nature of the intended campaign might be formed. At length the arrival of the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Hope Grant, put an end to surmise; orders were given for the transports already arrived to be in readiness to proceed to the north. It was now known also that a French force was to be associated with our troops in the expedition, an announcement that caused much surprise, as the British force was ample to conduct the operations projected to a successful end.

Sir Hope Grant was already a very distinguished officer; he had served in the first China War in 1840-41, and his name was known far and wide in India in connection with the early Sikh War, in which he had shown not only conspicuous soldierly virtues in the field, but a moral courage of the highest kind. In the then recent Mutiny campaigns, his reputation as a leader of cavalry was at its highest point. In every way he commanded the unbounded respect and confidence of his troops. From this time the interest of all connected with the expedition was centred in the Orders issued from day to day, organizing the regimental and other units of the force into Brigades, Divisions, etc., and in the appointments of individuals to serve as officers of the Staff of the newly-formed army. One evening I found my own name noted in Orders as a medical officer on the personal Staff of the General, and I made my own little preparations in respect of the particular service. About the same time it was rumoured in Hong Kong that most likely there would

be no war at all, as the Emperor of China had accepted the terms in the ultimatum of the Allied Powers sent in to him. The rumour was generally credited, but the preparations for the movement of the troops to the north went on uninterruptedly, and, as it turned out, it was well that these had not been suspended.

Having entered on my new duty on the last day of March, I embarked in the *Grenada*, which had been told off for the use of the General and of his Staff. He now purposed to satisfy himself, by personal inspection in the north, as to the superior suitability of a locality to be held in military possession during the continuance of the war.

The *Grenada* was a small ship, and she had to find accommodation for a considerable number of officers on the Staff, or in connection with it.

Amongst those on board, along with the General, was Count Reboul, the Commissioner from the General Commanding the French army, an officer who spoke English well, and whose courtesy and *savoir faire* made him a very acceptable intermediary. A naval officer was also on board as an adviser to the General in respect of nautical matters, and an officer of the Consular service from Canton came in the indispensable rôle of interpreter.

On the last day of March the General embarked, and the *Grenada* left her anchorage; passing through the "Limoon Passage," she entered the China Sea. While daylight lasted and with fine weather, we had a pleasant run, well in sight of the coast; and we found amusement in watching the movements of the numerous trading junks traversing the sea in great regularity. Fishing-boats in fleet were also met with. At one point a net had been spread nearly a mile in a straight line, and this being right in the course of the vessel, the obstacle had to be changed; in consequence, the labour of the fishermen was lost for that day at least.

Next morning the weather changed, a steady gale from the north-east set in, and with it much mist; much discomfort also came in the train of the change. The ship battled with the gale all day, and, when evening was near, the Captain, who had been navigating the China Sea for twenty years, and knew the coast intimately, anchored the

ship on the leeward side of Nomo Island, opposite a small town. Thus we had the greatly appreciated blessing of a quiet, restful night.

On leaving the anchorage at daylight, the *Grenada* continued her course in the face of the gale, going through the same slow labouring, shaking, tumbling, and pitching performances as on the day before; to add to the misery, the vessel, being now out of the tropics, with the thermometer at 50 degrees, the cold was very much felt. At dark the vessel was anchored in a convenient bay on the coast, where a tranquil night made amends for the dire troubles of the day. At daybreak the northward course was again entered on, laid as close to the shore as was prudent. We were now passing up the broad strait separating the island of Formosa from the mainland, the water in the course taken being very muddy from the rivers opening on the coast. In the forenoon we were off the great seaport Amoy, and much to our regret passed it, thus losing the only available anchorage for the night. On the succeeding day the gale took off somewhat, but the cold took an independent line of action, and became worse than before. We were now near Foochow, another large seaport, but its mercantile importance had little interest for us in comparison with the fact that near it the *Grenada* was under the lee of the "White Dog" group of islands, and we greatly enjoyed the protection they gave us from the heavy sea the gale had brought up. With the falling away of the wind, numbers of the merchant junks were again met with; their appearance suggested the galleys in which one always imagines the Norman invaders to have landed in England; the junks of far-away Cathay seemed to have been turned out in the same dockyards as the vessels which transported the Conqueror's army. The larger junks were heavily armed, and the experienced officers of the *Grenada* told us that, in practice, the two junks meeting on the high seas, the pirate would be found to be the one its crew deemed to have the best chance of success in a fight.

On the evening of the sixth day out, the *Grenada* entered the archipelago of the Chusan Islands, and a bright moon enabled her to be navigated safely through them during

the night. In the morning we were in the mouth of the Yangtse-Kiang River—at least, so the Captain told us—but no land was to be seen in any direction until the forenoon, when we came in sight of the south shore of the river. The chief feature at this point was that of a very long line of junks at anchor along a bank; the line seemed to extend for more than two miles. On reaching the lightship, it was found that there was no available pilot, and so the Captain, instead of temporarily joining the company of anchored junks, followed in the course of a gunboat, which was making its way up the river; under its guidance, on reaching Woosung, our vessel entered the so-called river of the same name, and in the afternoon anchored off the English settlement at the city of Shanghai.

As the term was understood in 1860, Shanghai meant the European settlement, which had grown up outside of the native town of that name, on the conclusion of the war of 1840-41, and was a consequence of the great and sudden commercial expansion which took place in China after that event. A stipulation in the treaty gave the right to foreigners to establish themselves in China at certain defined places, with the privilege of freedom from the control of the laws of the Empire, within the settlement. The British was by far the largest and the most important of the settlements, as nearly all the foreign trade of Shanghai was conducted there, but within the settlement there were also Germans and Americans.

On landing from the steamer, at what was called "the Bund"—a long and well-kept esplanade bordering the river—I was surprised to find what a large extent of flat alluvial land was comprised in the settlements, on the area of which excellent dwelling-houses, usually with good compounds, had been built. One of the houses in particular, the residence of the agent of one of the greatest merchants in Hong Kong, might—with a moderate qualification—have been called palatial, in external appearance; and the extension of it, in which the clerks and other officers of the great firm lived, was, in its imposing proportions, but little less notable than the main building.

Well-laid-out and well-kept streets contributed to the

amenity of the settlement, and, as was the case at the town in Hong Kong, only perhaps more numerously than there, European ladies, carried about in chairs by well-dressed coolies, went on their daily rounds of household cares, or of exercise, or simply amusement.

There seemed to be more of social life—meaning chiefly by the expression, visiting and shopping—than at Hong Kong; and as I saw, subsequently, the men of the settlement took their pleasures differently from their compeers in the south, rather in boating and in shooting, than in the pleasures of the turf. The great difference in latitude between the two places probably controlled this matter.

The General remained twelve days at Shanghai, and during that time, landing every day and remaining on shore the greater part of it, I saw a great deal of the place.

On the third day after the arrival of the *Grenada*, the reply of the Emperor of China, rejecting the terms of the ultimatum of the Generals of the Allied Forces, was received, and war was now formally declared. This did not, however, in the least alter our position as visitors to the native city; we went and came without let or hindrance during the whole of our stay, and we met with no incivility, and had no apprehension of personal danger in intercourse with our enemies. Once I did notice, or fancied I noticed, sinister looks, but that was on an exceptional occasion, when, in company with the officer of the Royal Navy attached to Sir Hope Grant's Staff, we by chance wandered into the lowest quarter of the town—that inhabited by the junk population. Their protest against our presence—if, indeed, it was one—only took the form of scowling at us, instead of the reception usually accorded to the "Foreign Devils"—namely, that of being first intensely stared at, and then uproariously laughed at, and perhaps finally of being asked to buy something or other.

The native city was separated from the English settlement by a small creek, and was surrounded by an old wall, with mouldering gates at intervals, guarded by Chinese soldiers, in dirty, tattered costume; over some of the gates the heads of decapitated men were hung in baskets, and in considerable numbers; the heads were probably those of

captured rebel Taipings, an army of whom were ravaging the country at no great distance from Shanghai.

We paid visits, not of ceremony, but of curiosity, to the "Yamên," or headquarters of the Governor (the "Taotai") of the Province, and in the courtyard saw evidence of one part at least of the methods of legal procedure of his court, in respect both of suspects and of adjudged criminals. Lying about, or, more accurately stated, kneeling, in the courtyard, were a number of men placed in the "cangue." This implement is a boarding about 2 feet square made of heavy wood, and in two sections of equal size, upper and lower, in the centre of which space had been scooped out to receive the neck of the prisoner. Perhaps a shorter and clearer way to describe the instrument of torture would be to liken the "cangue" to the advertising board carried about in the streets of London, with a hole pierced in its centre to receive the head of the prisoner. No guard is required to watch the prisoner in the "cangue"; it is too heavy to walk about with; he cannot lie down with it; to kneel with one end on the ground gives the only and temporary relief, and he may be maddened with flies or mosquitoes, which he cannot reach with his hands. I saw no capital punishment inflicted at the Yamên of the Taotai, but on the one or two occasions on which I saw the local ruler being carried through the streets of the city, attended by his guard and retinue of officials, I noticed the one whose duty it was to decapitate the prisoners for whom the Taotai had decreed this particular fate. The officer of "high justice" was always in attendance when the great man went abroad, and carried the sword of fate with as little apparent concern as he might have carried a walking-stick. The sight of the huge curved, broad-bladed weapon was very gruesome, however, to a beholder. The important official who carried it seemed to be quite aware of the interest with which the "Foreign Devils" regarded his presence; he grinned and laughed to us good-humouredly. The other members of the cortège took no apparent notice of us, and the Taotai himself looked unconscious of our presence.

The city was very crowded at the time of our visit, and this state was not due alone to the strenuous mercantile

life of the place, sufficiently indicated by the vast number of junks in the river, engaged both in the inland and in the external carrying trade; the city was also a manufacturing centre, and the refugees flying before the advance of the Taiping rebels had added temporarily to the numbers of the community. Yet, in spite of its size, and of its apparent opulence, denoted by the number of shops the contents of which were a testimony to the condition of wealth, the city had a mean appearance. There was an entire want of striking public buildings or of spacious private residences. The religious temples, which in "pidgin English" we called Chin-Chin, or "Joss Houses," were numerous but petty; the sacred goats in connection with them abounded. Jugglers and fortune-tellers collected little audiences about them. In some of the streets there were shops where very beautiful, and also very costly, furs could be had by the rich. Shops, too, in which the finest china ware was sold, were plentiful, as were also bookshops, and old curiosity shops, very much in the style of those in Wardour Street. Of theatres also we saw quite a sufficiency for the entertainment of the inhabitants.

A feature new to us was that of the opium shops, where the drug was smoked by the slaves of the practice. Those we entered were crammed with customers; all stages of the narcotic drunkenness might be seen. When the fitful excitement of the first stage of the narcotism was over, the miserable victims of the habit were put on one side apart, and lay insensible, motionless, and ghastly to behold. Despite the foul ditches, and the filth which in some quarters greatly detracted from the agreeableness of the Chinese town, its shops and the street life in it were very interesting to me during the stay of the Commander-in-Chief at Shanghai; I may even say they were of profit to me in one material point at least—namely, in that of enabling me to lay in a store of small things, which experience had taught went far to alleviate some of the discomforts of service in the field.

The cold weather we had on the voyage up from Hong Kong had shown me the need of being provided with some very warm clothing to use in the campaign in the North of

China, should this be prolonged into the winter, and I took the opportunity of having my overcoat lined with fur, out of the abundance of Shanghai. Both the most suitable fur and the services of a pidgin English tailor were available. When the latter was asked if he understood the nature of the requirements in the case which his art was wanted for, he simply nodded his head, and said, " Candaloo."

I had also the pleasure of receiving the kindly hospitality of an old friend of mine whom I had known in the West Indies, one of my own profession, who, having migrated Eastwards, was a prominent man in the English settlement. To give me a change from shop-hunting, my friend made up a little shooting-party one day, consisting of a merchant in the settlement and our two selves. We went seven miles up the creek in one of the " houseboats," as they were called, which were required as a part of a merchant's establishment to facilitate work in connection with shipping—comfortable, large, junk-like boats, partly covered over to protect against the sun and rain.

The country on either side of the creek was low alluvial land with good snipe-shooting, and bordering this was highly cultivated and productive land. We walked over long stretches of it laid down in beans, and in grain I took to be barley. Pheasants were also sufficiently plentiful, particularly amongst the bushes and trees about the very numerous burial-places.

Not only did the burial-places seem to be much out of proportion to the apparent population, but sometimes also we passed one of the huge heavy coffins, placed in the field, as if burial were not meant.

We passed a number of small, clean-looking villages. All the people we met were very civil, and raised no objections to our going across their fields of young corn.

As both wind and tide were against us for going back by the creek, we preferred to walk the five miles between us and Shanghai, which we reached without interruption; all was tranquillity along our pathway.

One worry for a stranger arriving at Shanghai in its earlier days was connected with the currency. The Chinese amongst themselves weighed out silver in unstamped lumps,

and for small change had small iron coins, which the European called "cash" in pidgin talk. These were small indeed in value, eight of them only counting for one English halfpenny. The weight of the "cash" prevented the use of them by foreigners, but the Chinaman managed to carry about rolls of them by threading a very tough kind of rush through the square opening in the centre of the coin, and tying the ends of the rush together. The population of the settlement did not like to make such extreme payments as that of giving 4s. 2d. (one dollar) for labour of which the ordinary price might be only ten cash, and necessity worked out the remedy; this was found in the writing by the Chinaman official of the bank of notes, or "bons," for so many cash, the ordinary number, I think, being one hundred cash. Armed with a bundle of the "bons," the face value of one of which was 6¼d., payment could be made in respect of obligations to sampan men, coolies, and the like, who readily accepted the promise-to-pay of the foreign demon, the Chinaman bank official redeeming them in the current "cash." Thus, our sixpenny notes had their little day of importance in Shanghai.

One strange feature in connection with the river at Shanghai was no doubt due to the action of the tide; though I had seen the "bores" of more than one tidal river, the phenomenon referred to was singular in my experience, which extended to rivers in some part of each of the continents of the world. At Shanghai the ships and junks at anchor might often be seen careering about in tumultuous water, the surface covered with seething whirlpools, the heads of the ships pointing at the same time in different directions, all, so to say, at sixes and sevens. This was called, in the usual pidgin-English vernacular, "chow-chow water." Whatever its name, it could only be called very dangerous-looking water, but, as it was very common, people paid no heed to it.

The morning's stroll through the city usually ended in the same way—namely, in that of partaking of the unassuming hospitality of one of the residents at tiffin. In the afternoon a pleasant walk about the public grounds of the settlement followed, when, after business hours, the

residents were usually abroad and visits were paid. A genial, unaffected society was a feature of the mercantile life at Shanghai in those days. At the table of one of the merchants I tasted for the first time of the bird's-nest soup, which is supposed to be peculiar to Chinese cookery. I was an unappreciative partaker of the semi-gelatinous dish.

On the forenoon of 18th April, 1860, the stay of the Commander-in-Chief at Shanghai ended, and the *Grenada* got under weigh, and ran down the river through the usual fleets of large junks.

In the afternoon the vessel was clear of the Yangtse-Kiang, and, making for the rendezvous of the allied expedition, anchored for the night off the "Ruggeds," near to one of the islands of the Chusan group. At daylight next day the vessel was again on her course, and at noon had reached the combined fleets at Kin Yang. The intention (afterwards abandoned) was that of occupying and holding the island of Chusan, so well known in the war of 1840-41; and some ships of war and transports with troops had already been sent there. From the anchorage at Kin Yang the entrance to the river leading to Ningpo was only twelve miles off. From our berth the island which sheltered the ship looked very beautiful, its surface covered with various young crops. We were anxious to land, but were warned against this by the sight of a boat from the fleet, which had attempted to land, being swept out to sea by a furious tide. During the day, however, there was an abundance of mild excitement on board the *Grenada*, through the successive arrivals of officers paying official visits to the Commander-in-Chief.

On the 21st April, 1860, the *Grenada* left Kin Yang, and crossed over to Chusan, only fifteen miles distant, and anchored in the fine harbour there.

The view of Chusan from the sea, with that of the neighbouring islands, was extremely beautiful. It had been rumoured the day before we left Kin Yang that the Chinese troops at Chusan had been reinforced from Ningpo, and that possibly a defence might be made. Soon after the arrival of Sir Hope Grant, the French Admiral—Paige—came on board, and, after an interview with the British

Commander-in-Chief, a flag of truce was sent to the chief Mandarin on shore demanding the surrender of the town. This brought two Mandarins on board, who were pressing in their efforts to avoid, or at least to modify, the terms of the surrender.

Mr. Parkes, the well-known Consul at Canton, who later on was Ambassador at Pekin, had come from Shanghai with the Commander-in-Chief, and conducted the discussion with the Mandarins. I somehow felt sorry for the Chinese officials with their submissive manners; they could not alter the stern demands of the French as to the completeness of the surrender. As the result of the interview, the French landed men to occupy the town, and the Joss House Hill which dominated it.

Along with our French Commissioner, Count Reboul, I landed next day, and we went up to the hill, where the French troops had established themselves: the town below it was small and mean in appearance. I thought it fortunate that British troops were not landed to co-operate with our Allies; the extensive swampy tract of "paddy" fields looked so very like a breeding-place for malarial fever. We visited the military Mandarin, who proffered the usual cups of tea for our refreshment. We found that, though a pure Chinaman, he was of the Mussulman faith. As far as I saw, the only building left connected with the British occupation of 1840-41 was the hospital, in which, on one of the walls, I found a scrawl or two of a soldier's humour. In the afternoon, in company with one of the Staff, I again landed, only to find the General just pushing off from the shore, so we had to re-embark in all haste. The *Grenada* unmoored on the General's return, and steamed out of the harbour.

Next morning we were off the small island of Pu-Tu, in the Chusan archipelago, notable as being one of the chief centres of the Buddhist religion in China; the inhabitants were almost all monks, and it was told us that there were about a thousand of them on the island, which might not inaptly have been called a Buddhist Iona.

We landed after breakfast. From the beach a broad flagged road led to the centre of the island, where the most

of the Buddhist temples and convents were, the latter being very numerous, whilst the idols in the temples might broadly be said to be innumerable. In one of the temples was an image of the Queen of Heaven, with a child in her arms, being a representation of the Goddess of Mercy. Images of mendicant monks were common, and I saw a venerated tomb in one temple with, I was told, a Sanskrit inscription on it.

In several of the temples visited there were pictures on the walls of representations of future punishments, some being, to our eyes, grotesque, but all were also horrible. One of the pictures showed an old and fierce-looking Mandarin, in huge round spectacles, who presided, not only awarding, but also seeing to the execution of his sentences. One of these particularly struck me—that of a man represented as placed between two broad boards in which situation he was being sawn in two, lengthways.

There were well-kept walks in every direction, bordered with trees, but I did not see a single inhabitant, lay or religious. Probably the monks were in hiding from fear of the foreign demons; and as to others, there were proclamations, conspicuously exhibited at the landing-place and elsewhere, forbidding strangers to land on the island.

On the return of the party, which included Sir Hope Grant, the *Grenada* continued on her course for Hong Kong, which place was reached on the 27th April, 1860; heavy fogs impeded the voyage considerably.

CHAPTER XII

THE AUTUMN CAMPAIGN IN NORTHERN CHINA (1860)

On the 11th June, 1860, the Commander-in-Chief left Hong Kong for the prosecution of the objects of the expedition, as arranged with the General in command of the French forces, during the visit to Shanghai and elsewhere, already mentioned. The harbour of Hong Kong still held many of the transports of the British force, awaiting the advent of the steady wind from the south-west now due with the advance of the season.

Transports from time to time had left on the chance of a break in the north-east monsoon wind, but these hopes were not often realized.

Shanghai was again the first port the *Grenada* made for. The voyage had no special interest further than that of its being retarded by the effect of a blown-out gale in the north which had left a very heavy, and in every way unpleasant, swell on the water it had passed over.

We passed twenty-five of our own sailing transports, anchored about the coast, unable to make their way north.

A great change, consequent on the successes and the nearer approach of the Taiping rebels, had come over the city, which was only preserved from capture by the presence of a body of the allied troops. In the native city, ten out of twelve of the shops were shut up, and such of the inhabitants as had anything to lose had left. At the time of our arrival, hundreds of them were met with on their way down the river, and the exodus went on day after day. We were formally at war with China, but this was waged not strictly according to the custom of war elsewhere; rather even in defiance of custom, as in the case of the

Imperial war junks, about two hundred of which were lying in the river; instead of being sunk, or set fire to off-hand, they were ordered to take themselves off, which they did without delay.

On paying visits to our friends in the settlement, it was usual to find a rifle and a set of belts in the hall, all the men in the house having enrolled themselves for the defence of the place against the rebels.

The weather was now oppressively hot, and our Allies had notified that they were not prepared to begin the campaign for two months more, a great disappointment to our troops.

On the 22nd June the *Grenada* left Shanghai, and, after a short delay at Woosung to enable our General to interview the French Admiral there, went on her way down the Yang-tse-Kiang. Next day we had a bad time of it: the swell made all the landsmen very uncomfortable indeed.

On the morning of the 24th the *Grenada* was abreast of the Shan-Tung promontory, and in the forenoon doubled the "Alceste Head." We had now delightful weather, the thermometer only making 70 degrees against the 94 degrees seen at Shanghai. In the afternoon the ship anchored in the bay of Wei-hai-Wei. Most of us went on shore, all being armed; but the Chinese, tall, strong-looking men, with a distinct shade of red in their cheeks, were very peaceable, crowding round us in a confiding way. After palavering with the Mandarin of the place, and partaking of his hospitality, we re-embarked, and the anchorage was shifted to the Che-foo Bay in the midst of the French fleet, and the rendezvous for the troops.

Like all the coast scenery we had passed, that of the Che-foo was very pleasing, and the anchorage looked a very protected one. The French troops landed had encamped on a hill near the large village, and, after their fashion, were busy as bees at the conversion of their camp into a convenient and comfortable one, on a systematic plan.

Next day Sir Hope Grant left the bay, our vessel taking a gunboat in tow, and, standing across the Gulf of Pechili, a distance of about eighty miles, entered the Gulf of Talienwan, an expanse of water fifteen miles long, bordered

on the east by Corea. On the passage across we passed a gunboat, moored near to a recently and fortunately discovered sunken rock, to warn off ships on the passage from the south. In the forenoon the *Grenada* anchored beside the transports, the greater number of which had arrived. There were nearly two hundred British ships of all kinds at anchor, awaiting the time when the French forces were prepared to open the campaign. Amongst the ships of the navy assembled was a thirty-two gun sailing frigate, which had served in the China War in 1840 with special distinction; the senior Captain of the squadron had also served in the same war.

Next day I went on shore with the Principal Medical Officer, who wished to examine the site proposed for an encampment of the troops about to be disembarked. The country near the margin of the shore had the appearance of a desert of limestone rocks, irregularly covered with sand; but, judging from the gullies which marked the surface, rain must have been plentiful at some season. Owing to the difficulty of procuring water, it was subsequently found necessary to form another camp on the east side of the bay, but this primary necessary of life in both camps was very limited in quantity.

The country was very sparsely inhabited, but there was one village a little way beyond the western camp, and here and there a house could be seen. The ground away from the shore, however, was well tilled, and was kept as clean as a garden. A few peasant men remained to carry on the cultivation of the ground, sadly trampled down after the camp was formed. All the women and children had been sent away before the disembarkation.

The General, with the Headquarters Staff, remained on board the *Grenada*, during the month of waiting for the conclusion of the preparations of our French Allies. On three occasions the vessel crossed over to Che-foo, in order that Sir Hope Grant might consult with General Montauban, the Chief of the French force, returning the same day.

During the enforced stay at Talienwan, an unusual and unhappy incident occurred: a man on board one of the gunboats anchored there shot at, and dangerously wounded, the

officer in command of it. He was at once tried and condemned to death. Next day the sentence was carried out. A boat from each of the warships, with a detachment of men, attended, the whole being arranged in regular lines near the gunboat, the oarsmen "lying on their oars" all the time. Every arrangement was made very quickly: on the firing of a gun, the would-be murderer was in an instant run up to the yardarm by a strong party of the crew.

Lord Elgin, the special Ambassador to China, who had been sent out to conduct negotiations with the enemy as soon as an impression on the Government had been made, now arrived in a ship of war of the Government of India.

On the Ambassador's arrival he dined on board the *Grenada*, along with General Montauban, who had come over from Che-foo to consult with our General. At length the men and horses, disembarked a month before, re-embarked, and, on the 25th July, the transports and the ships of war cleared out of Talienwan, and stood for Peh-tang at the head of the Gulf of Pechili, and near the Taku Forts, which had so severely punished the British ships attempting some months before to force the entrance of the Pei-Ho River.

The *Grenada* left the bay early, and steamed over to Odin Bay. The ships of the French portion of the expedition joined with our own in the advance, and the gigantic fleet thus made was a grand spectacle. It was not until the forenoon of the next day that the first of the ships arrived and anchored at their destination, some eighteen miles from Peh-tang.

We found there two British ships of war. Curiously enough, one of the ships awaiting the arrival of the expedition was the *Actaeon*, the ship I had seen in June, 1857, at anchor in the Straits of Sunda, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the transports on their way to China for the then projected war to turn them back, that they might go with all haste to Calcutta at the time of the great Mutiny peril.

It was not until the fifth day after the arrival of the expedition that, owing to the high sea running, it was considered safe to disembark. On the forenoon of the

1st August both the English and the French Divisions of the Expeditionary Force commenced the disembarkation, the transports preceded by gunboats, and escorted by the larger ships of the fleet. As it happened, the gunboat to which I was transferred for the landing started before any other vessel, and increased her distance from the other ships as she went on, being the look-out for the rest; so the landsmen taking a passage in her had, in a small way, the excitement of bearing down to engage the enemy, should any such bar our way.

The Taku Forts on the south were avoided; the landing was directed to be made some five miles to the north of them, near the town of Peh-tang, the seaward fortification of which, at a distance, looked very menacing.

When yet well out of range, the gunboat was cleared for action; part of the bulwark was unshipped, I suppose, to prevent its being blown away by the blast from the big gun—and sand was scattered all over the deck, a needful but very gruesome precaution, the object of which I need not particularize. Several days before all the ships of war needed to engage any of the forts had, so to say, stripped themselves for fight; the yards had been swung up diagonally, the upper yards were lowered, the booms of the bowsprits being brought in; all these measures were taken to lessen danger, should the fire of the enemy bring down parts of spars or rigging on deck.

To give further protection in this matter, we found, on going on board, that our gunboat—the *Leven*, I think, was her name—had a heavy rope netting overhead, covering the deck from one end to the other, to catch splinters, blocks, etc., shot away from aloft. All this preparation looked very much in earnest for facing the "battle and the breeze."

Then came a drummer pacing the deck from fore to aft, "beating to quarters" to the tune of "Hearts of Oak," on hearing which every man of the crew took the station allotted, when the ship was going into action. The guns were then unlashed, the ammunition placed in position; the powder-boys—monkeys, I think they call them—stood behind the guns ready to bring up more cartridges, etc.,

from the magazine. The guns being pointed on the fort, everything was ready for opening fire on it instantly. The silence on board was impressive: an occasional word of command to the steersman, and the monotonous sound of the man heaving the lead regularly, and telling us that it was "quarter less," something or other, alone being heard.

Meanwhile the speed had been slackened down, and we awaited impatiently to see sheets of flame and smoke bursting through the embrasures on the sea-front; but this spectacle never presented itself; all the preparations of the *Leven* for a fight turned out to be merely rehearsal: Peh-tang was not to be defended. We could see Tartar horsemen issuing forth and galloping off in haste, for some other sphere of usefulness, and that was all.

The anchor was now dropped, and a boat was provided, in which, along with others, I left for the shore in the character of an invader, carried as far as the boat could float. After a long wade, heavily laden with useful and with some useless belongings, I managed to reach the shore, a half-marshy expanse which in spring-tides must have been covered with water.

The transports discharged their military occupants rapidly. The French troops, I noticed, were formed into companies as soon as they left their boats, and waded the distance to the shore ready to act offensively at once, even in the sticky mud they traversed.

We bivouacked on the shore. No tents or baggage of any kind had been landed, nor could any drinking-water be had, until late at night, when some of the precious fluid was landed from the ships.

During the night there were two false alarms, which were worrying; no real attack had been even threatened.

Whilst the troops were partaking of such repose as the conditions permitted, very important work was being done by the untiring energy of Mr. Parkes, who, from the Consulship of Canton had accompanied the expedition to the north. Mr. Parkes was afterwards Sir Henry Parkes, and Ambassador at Pekin, one of the best-known names in the history of Anglo-Chinese affairs. The chief of the English Consular service in China, Mr. Wade—the greatest

European scholar in the language of the country, and the greatest foreign authority as far as concerned experience of China and its governmental methods—had also been attached to the Headquarters, to advise on and to carry out any negotiations that might be possible during the expedition.

When the troops were disembarking, Mr. Parkes had ascertained, through his Chinese *entourage*, that Peh-tang was undefended, and during the evening he was brought into relation with the ruling Mandarin in the town. He had arranged with him to facilitate the peaceful entrance of the invading armies into it next day. In the morning the Allies took possession of the place without trouble. The Headquarters Staff moved into the fort, and occupied the bastion on the sea-front, which had been so much the object of my attention the day before, when, on the deck of the *Leven*, I had fancied myself a sort of distant connection with the "Hearts of Oak."

We had a miserable time of it on the bastion, due to hunger, thirst, a burning sun, and no shade, with filthy ground all about. The baggage had not then been got ashore. We found that Peh-tang depended for the daily water-supply of its population on that brought by boats from up the river, and this ceased with our arrival. The ships kept at work supplying the troops with distilled water, but the distribution of it was, of course, a difficult matter. In the afternoon, along with Mr. Bowlby, the *Times* correspondent with the army, and Mr. M'Ghee, the chaplain, I went into the town. It was a most depressing visit. The poor, cowed Chinese were most peaceable, but they were being ill-treated in every way. Not by Englishmen. Our Provost-Marshal was doing his best, but even with absolute power of life and death—for evildoers instant death—his energy was unequal to the protection of the inhabitants. I heard that only one coolie had been hung. Next day Mr. Bowlby said that he did not dare to publish an account of all he had seen on a second visit, when the inhabitants were flying from the town already half deserted. At a distance I saw a flight of them, mostly women, hurrying on in the direction of the river, into which we were told

numbers of them flung themselves. In the evening we had from Mr. Parkes a very sad tale. I have already mentioned that he had been able, through the aid of the principal Mandarin to arrange for the occupation of Peh-tang by the Allies, through whose good offices also many smaller matters were satisfactorily settled. On going to the house of the Mandarin on the evening of the second day, Mr. Parkes found him lying insensible, from poison taken, but after a time a partial recovery took place. The distracted man explained that he had killed his two young daughters, and it was his intention to kill himself. Next day, on returning, Mr. Parkes found the Mandarin dead. It was said that many women had committed suicide, or had been killed by their own relatives.

On the 3rd August a reconnaissance of the Tartar camp, five miles off, was made by the Allies. In the course of duty I accompanied this force. One of the British Divisions came from India, and part of it consisted of Irregular Cavalry, pre-eminently adapted for this particular service in every way ; their services, too, in the Mutiny operations had been of the most brilliant kind. A body of these men formed part of the force sent out to get into touch with the enemy. The Tartar force left their entrenchments, and showed considerable firmness, not only forming themselves up to resist attack, but also following our force up when, its object accomplished, the return to Peh-tang began. Guns were also brought out to bear on our troops, and we had a few casualties, the French losing twelve or fourteen men.

We suffered from the heat and also from the great scarcity of drinking-water. An amusing story was told in connection with this. Whilst the troops were on the ground at Peh-tang in the morning, waiting to begin the march, an Irish soldier fell in looking radiantly contented ; he had come with a full water-bottle, the only man in his regiment apparently who had. He was assailed by loud cries of "Where did ye get it, Micky ?" He replied by affectionately patting his water-bottle, and by addressing his comrades with the words : "Ah, thin, if ye could only spake the landgwidge." He led the rest to see that their thirst might have been

got rid of if their acquaintance with foreign tongues had been cultivated to an extent equalling his own.

The Headquarters Staff continued to reside in the fort, the disembarkation of the impedimenta of the army, at a distance from the transports, and on the narrow, mud-bordered shore, being a long and laborious process. No tents had yet been served out, and the heat continued to be great. Another of the Staff and I had the good fortune to discover a sort of cave in the bastion, used as a magazine by the former occupants of the fort. Removing the little powder found and emptying it over the wall into the water, we had the place cleaned out, and found it very much more serviceable for occupation than the floor of the bastion; but the same afternoon tents were landed and were served out to the Staff.

At length the disembarkation of the force was complete, together with that of the coolies brought from the south and all the material necessary for a siege. A sufficient provision of food was brought as a precautionary measure, in case the country from the shore to Pekin might be found swept clear of all supplies for subsistence, and on the 12th August the Allies began the march for the objective of the expedition. The road in the first instance was over a causeway, bordered by ditches full of water, leading to a point within a quarter of a mile of the first of two Tartar entrenchments, obstructing advance towards the Taku Forts at the mouth of the Pei-Ho River.

The ramparts of the entrenchment had a large number of white flags floating from them. Whilst the main body of the troops were halting, we saw the Tartars file out of the entrenchment to attack General Napier's Division, which, along with the cavalry, had marched by another route, taken with the view of intercepting the garrison of the entrenchment when cleared out from it.

The fight with the detached Division was a very short one. The Tartars remaining in the entrenchment made a trifling resistance and then fled, and it was entered. Their dead had been left. The Tartars had used cannon against the assaulting troops, and also "gingals," but the more primitive bows and arrows were also used, and became

spoil of war for the curious in such things. The second entrenchment was also taken, and, after it, the village of Sin-ho.

The French troops now advanced alone along the causeway leading to the village of Tang-ku, our Headquarters Staff accompanying them, but returning shortly to Sin-ho. I had a very comfortable resting-place "sub Jove," for the night, having plenty of straw got from the recently cut harvest to lie on.

Sin-ho communicated with the Pei-Ho River by a canal, on which, happily, were a number of junks, by which the inhabitants—I think to the last unit—were able to leave.

After the misery of Peh-tang, the camping-ground around Sin-ho was like a paradise. Everywhere were gardens and orchards in which vegetables and magnificent fruit were found in profusion. Preparations were energetically made for the capture of the entrenchment at Tang-ku, which, owing to the marshy ground, and the ditches made for its defence, was difficult of approach. The heat was great, but was not of the exhausting kind. At daybreak on the morning of the 14th August, the Allied Forces advanced. The British, taking the right, followed down the bank of the Pei-Ho River, and at first were annoyed by the enemy's guns from the other side, which did not persist in their attentions when our guns came up and replied to their salutations.

Leaving the river, the force made for a village on a bare plain. Here for the first and only time I saw rockets used in action; the enemy sent them from the other bank of the river. At first they appeared to be very dangerous, as they hopped, and skimmed, and screamed along, but their bark was far worse than their bite; no one on our side was hit by the projectiles, and the horses, though frightened, were immune also.

The Tartars defending the entrenchment had a bad time of it whilst seventeen guns plunged shells in amongst them, and their resistance was soon over. On entering their stronghold, which was defended on one side by the river, we found a good many of their dead. Next day the Head-

quarters moved into the village of Tang-ku, and with four others I shared a house in it. I rode out in the evening with the Principal Medical Officer and Mr. Bowlby, visiting the captured entrenchment. We noticed quite a number of the bodies of Tartars who, in seeking to escape, had been drowned in the ditch at the farther side ; the tenacious mud had held them fast, and the appearance was that of men anchored by their feet. From the entrenchment the defences at the mouth of the river were in full view, and at low water the two British gunboats sunk the year before in trying to force their way through were plainly seen.*

The Pei-Ho at this part of its course did not seem much broader than the Thames at Chelsea.

Following on the capture of Tang-ku, many flags of truce passed. The Mandarins even went the length of sending in some of our people who had strayed and been captured. The inhabitants of the town of Taku also sent in a special deputation, begging the Allies to make up their quarrel with the Mandarins, "as it was so very inconvenient for them to have their houses destroyed." These words are a close translation of their petition.

On the 20th August, 1860, the preparations for attacking the nearest fort on the north side were completed ; batteries had been placed at a distance of 700 yards from it, and, in the General Orders for the day, General Napier was notified as the Commander of the attacking force. It was known in the camp that there had been a vital difference of opinion between the leaders of the two allied forces as to the proper point of attack on the position, called that of the Taku Forts. Sir Hope Grant held that the northern, General Montauban that the southern, forts, separated by the Pei-Ho River, were the suitable parts of the system of defence first to be captured, and it was rumoured that neither of the Generals could abandon his own opinion for that of the other ; each would so far act independently on his own conviction. To capture the northern forts was not considered a matter of special difficulty, and only a part of the

* On 25th June, 1859, Admiral Hope, attempting to force the passage of the Pei-Ho River, was repulsed with a loss of 81 killed and nearly 400 wounded.

British force was detailed for the duty, which was that of escalading the fort attacked, after its fire had been beaten down by our guns. The great difficulty was that of crossing the wide ditch which surrounded the fort, the wading of the water having been impeded by bamboo splinters with sharp points stuck in the oozy bottom. The scaling-ladders were to be carried, and planted, actually by Chinese coolies brought up with the force from the South of China. There had been no difficulty about getting the coolies.

In the afternoon Mr. Parkes had gone up to the fort intended to be attacked with a flag of truce, and advised the Mandarin in charge of it to surrender. He was told to be off, as it was no use asking the garrison to give up the place they had come to defend. There seemed, Mr. Parkes said, to be excessive confidence amongst the garrison, and, as an accompaniment, some impudence with it.

On the 21st August, at daybreak, Sir Hope Grant, with his Headquarters Staff, set off through Tang-ku, and, after a canter of a couple of miles, reached the marshy ground between the fort menaced and the sea. General Napier's Division was already on the ground, and when the daylight became good all the Chinese forts, north and south, opened fire on the Division. To this our siege guns in the batteries erected, and the field guns with the troops, at once answered, with the aim of silencing every gun in the north fort, the object of attack.

The combined fire from the various forts was very heavy, but comparatively little harm was done by it, partly because the few shells fired against the Division were very badly filled, but perhaps chiefly from the fact that the shot from the forts, falling on soft marshy ground, in many, if not all, cases, was retained. Thus the shot had but one chance, not a dozen as it might have had if the ground had been hard; sticking in soft ground the shot usually sent up a shower of mud splashes, which rarely injured severely the person struck.

After about three hours of our fire, that from the fort had nearly subsided. The storming column was in readiness, the men lying down the while on the glacis and the ground near it. Powder to blow in the gate of the drawbridge on

the wall being reached was at hand, and the order to advance was expected every moment, when, unexpectedly, the order was brought to General Napier to delay the attack, and at the same time it was seen that the French troops were advancing from their camp in haste. General Montauban had, in fact, altered his view as to the key of the position of the Taku Forts, and had informed Sir Hope Grant that he would join in the attack. The intimation had come just before General Napier had reported that all was ready for the storming. The French troops had brought up with them all the ladders and other appliances which the matter in hand required.

The advance of the Allies was made at the same time, the French being on the right of our troops. The operation, which might well have been looked on as a desperate one, was soon over. The garrison resisted stoutly for a short time, but fled when the assailants had scaled the wall. For the Tartar troops to get away was another thing; there was no available backdoor for them. In leaving they had mostly to descend into the ditch on the opposite side, and in this a good many of them perished. Rather more than 500 of the Tartar dead were left behind, including drowned men.

The powder held in readiness for blowing in the gate of the fort was not used. Entry was had by less forcible means, the gate being opened from the inside, but the drawbridge could not be lowered in an instant to give the remainder of the troops an easy entrance after the stormers had got into the fort. I was amused to see the effort made by the Officer Commanding the Royal Engineers* to get over the difficulty by hacking at the retaining ropes with his sword, which I had seen him with in bygone years in the West Indies, when it gave dignity to "garrison boards" of one sort or another, and up to the time in question had enjoyed a peaceful age. The bridge was in due time restored to its old functions under new masters, the troops streaming in over it.

On entering the fort the first thing that fixed my attention was that of a Tartar soldier who had been fastened to one

* Lieutenant-Colonel Mann, R.E. He was assisted in this work by the General's A.D.C., Captain the Hon. A. Anson.

of the gun carriages by his own people—I suppose in order to encourage his comrades to offer a stubborn resistance, instead of commencing a hasty flight on the approach of the "pirates of the sea." Amongst the wounded Tartars there were a few whose wavering fidelity to their colours had brought them a ghastly punishment: their throats had been cut across, but only superficially. It might be more as a warning to others than that of a punishment to themselves, unless, indeed, the shallow wounds had been self-inflicted—a routine method expressive of sorrow at want of success.

I noticed an ingenious mode of transport for the wounded Tartars used in some cases during the bombardment of the morning. With a fastening under their arms the men were lowered into the ditch, and were floated along it into the river, where no doubt arrangements had been made to embark them for the south bank. I conjecture that this method was only used with the highest class of the garrison, and had no reference to the saving of the lives of the wounded, but only to that of getting the bodies of parents or relations back from the fort, the "ancestral worship" being practically the most venerated form of belief in China.

It seemed to me that amongst the Tartar garrison a large proportion had been armed with cross or with long bows. The effect of the arrow in the combat had been poor, but the first man I saw of our dead on entering had been killed by an arrow.

As I had no professional duty amongst the members of the Staff to employ me, I attended to the wounded of the enemy lying on the ground. I was particularly struck with the likeness of the faces of the Tartars to those of the dead and wounded of the Russian soldiers I had seen in the Crimean War. It was not a superficial resemblance, but, as I thought, a marked ethnological characteristic, pointing to a racial connection between the two peoples represented.

An episode which occurred soon after the capture of the fort heightened a little the natural exultation consequent on the success of the day. In June, 1859, when Admiral Hope with his gunboats attempted to force the mouth of the Pei-Ho River, fire from the forts had sunk two of them,

and the Admiral himself had been severely wounded. In the interval the Chinese had fished up the guns of the sunken vessels, and these, placed in the forts, had told against ourselves until the north fort was captured.

The fleet had been in readiness to render any assistance in the power of ships, and when the fort was silenced the Admiral came up the river in his barge, and landed at it. Sir Hope Grant was seated on the big gun of one of the sunken gunboats, when the Admiral came into the fort and was genially presented with the recovered part of the armament of one of his gunboats.

The success of the day had been complete. With the fall of the northern fort attacked, all the other forts north and south, comprised in the term Taku Forts, fell without any further fighting, hastily evacuated. The renowned Tartar General Sang-ko-lin-sin had lost heart and hurried off with his army towards Tientsin. During the first part of the day he had stationed himself in the fort on the south having the highest elevation, the one which by its cross-fire over the river had caused the greater part of the loss of the Allies. The initial success of the war cost the allied armies 503 killed and wounded, the French suffering most, one-third more than the English force.*

Later on in the day an exceedingly violent thunderstorm burst over the scene of the morning's work, and added greatly to the discomfort of all; most especially of course to the wounded, for whom transport was very greatly impeded, the marshy ground having been turned into something like a sea of mud, and the field hospitals into very forlorn settlements. I had some difficulty in reaching the camp, getting there late and very tired.

Next day, out of curiosity, I went over the captured fort, and came to the conclusion that a very good fight for it had been made by our opponents of the day before. The day of repeating rifles had not then arrived, and their personal armament, largely those of bows and arrows, did not help the Tartar warriors much.

* British loss: 17 men killed; 184 wounded, including 21 officers, and 5 men who died of their wounds ("The China War of 1860," Hope Grant, and Knollys).

I noticed that the drinking-water of the garrison had been brought into the fort in the shape of block ice, a vast quantity of which had been stored in the early part of the year.

The French had buried their dead within the fort, in a huge common grave, where the bodies lay side by side. At the head of the grave a board was placed, with the words, "Mort sur le Champ d'Honneur," a short but sympathetic adieu to their brave comrades.

In one of the southern forts a very interesting discovery had been made, when it was occupied, of some of the correspondence of the Tartar General. The "find" showed that Sang-ko-lin-sin had other qualities than the reputed one of ferocity only; shrewdness and literary judgment were indicated in a minute of his on a debate in the English House of Commons—of all things in the world about the least expected. It was quite a revelation of the falsity of the accepted belief that no Chinaman, high or low, had a spark of knowledge about anything in the world outside of China.

The inhabitants of the country near Taku spoke very favourably of the Tartar General, in respect of the strictness he enforced on his troops in the matter of abstention from pillage, and, further, respecting the encouragement he gave the inhabitants in the draining and banking of the neighbourhood.

On precipitately abandoning all the Taku Forts, after the capture of one, Sang-ko-lin-sin did not halt at the important city of Tientsin, but placed his troops farther on between it and the capital, Pekin; so, whilst the English force was marching the sixty-eight miles to Tientsin, Sir Hope Grant, with his Staff, went on in advance in the *Grenada*. Though the Pei-Ho was a small and a narrow river, the water was generally deep. The country on each side was richly cultivated, and at that time covered with uncut millet. The aspect was that of a vast plain with no intersecting divisions, but with numerous villages scattered over the surface. I did not see a single native on either side the whole day. When seven miles below Tientsin, the *Grenada* struck on a shoal, remaining fast until the rising

tide floated her off, reaching the city on the morning of the 26th August.

The city was in military possession of the Allies, and more troops were arriving from the coast daily at the camp about two miles from the city. Lord Elgin, with the whole of the personnel of the Embassy, had also arrived by the river route. Queu-lin, the Chinese Commissioner appointed to treat with the Ambassador, was also present at Tientsin, and there was a likelihood that peace might come from their deliberations.

The heat was great, 92·5 degrees in the shade, but it did not prevent us from going about the city. As far as regarded the better class of people, this was deserted by two-thirds of them, and of course the shops were mostly closed. Going on shore with Mr. Mangan of the Consular Service, we went into one of the shops still open. The owner was asked why the people had so largely left, and he answered simply enough, "Because their hearts were disturbed through fear." Asked again how it came about that a boy in the shop was, so far as complexion went, nearly as fair as a European, the answer was: "Because he is a young gentleman who stayed at home and studied," adding with pride that, young as he was, he had already read "the seven classical books." Losing his fear, the shopkeeper, after staring intently at me for some time, asked: "How old is he?" Mr. Mangan gave him the (as he thought jocular) answer that I said I was a hundred years old. This did not excite any wonder in the mind of the man, who calmly replied: "I did not think he was more than eighty." The explanation was that no Chinaman carries an unshaven upper lip until he is a father, nor does he let his beard, usually a very feeble crop, grow until he is a grandfather. I, untrammelled by this conventionality, rejoiced in both.

It was apparent that, however the rich classes might fear the presence of an invading army, the lower classes were indifferent to the marvel. They assembled in crowds wherever a good view of the ships in the river was to be had, seemingly gazing all day long; and boys of an adventurous character swam off to pick up the bottles flung over the side when the contents had been drained out. A ferry-boat

which plied between the south and the north sides of the river was crowded with wonder-struck passengers at every trip.

In passing through the streets, also, we, "the pirates of the sea," attracted universal attention, without the expression of any feeling on the part of the beholders. A small crowd of curiosity-mongers waited at the doors of the shops entered, patiently watching our uncouth ways, and on leaving accompanied us to another shop, to continue the study of our ways and appearance.

The markets were exuberantly filled with fine vegetables, fruit, and other productions of the rich soil. No army could have been better off in respect of necessary food supplies if quartered near a large town in Europe.

Part of the cavalry, consisting of the Indian Irregulars, had now arrived, and the size of the horses brought from India seemed greatly to impress the Tientsin citizens, accustomed to horses not in height exceeding that of good-sized ponies. They were also much taken with the fine appearance of the men of the Irregulars, and Mr. Mangan told me that this at first made it awkward for the Chinese officials to designate the men when speaking of them. The difficulty was solved by one Mandarin calling the men of the Indian contingent black princes, whilst the men of the British Division he called white princes. This courtesy title, he told me, had been exceeded by his Chinaman agent, who had been charged to bring breakfast-table supplies from the market on the morning after his arrival at Tientsin. Sleeping very soundly after the worry of the preceding day, he was gradually aroused by a voice from the staircase repeating the injunction to the sleepers in the room : "Arise, O great Kings, the eggs and the milk are come !"

In the matter of marketing, an important difficulty was at first found. The Chinese servants brought from Hong Kong and Shanghai could not make themselves understood by their countrymen of the north, yet the language of the two was identical. At length the written language was tried, and this at once unlocked the treasury of thought common to the two sections. Buyer and seller relations were happily established between them.

At the end of August the Headquarters were established

in what, for a Chinese home, was a sumptuous house at the river-side. In it Lord Elgin and the Embassy officials also lodged. The owner of the house was a rich wood merchant, and who, when asked what rent he required for the use of his dwelling, replied, ruefully, that he would give 5,000 taels if we would refrain from using it. According to Chinese notions, the house was desecrated by our presence.

Landing late from the *Grenada* to occupy my quarters on shore, I failed to find the house, and after vain wanderings in the dark, at the suggestion of my servant, concluded to take shelter for the night in a large Buddhist temple, the door of which was open. The feeble light of a small lantern showed me that I was surrounded by the usual plethora of images found in the religious buildings of the faith noted, but I was too weary to look at them after I had found what seemed to be a suitable place to retire.

On waking next morning I was startled to find a Sikh soldier in front of me on his knees bowing apparently in reverence to me. On starting up, I found that I had slept at the foot of the wall to which an image of Buddha, 10 or 12 feet high, had been fixed, and that the soldier from the North-East of India had found in the North-East of China an object of adoration. Several comrades of his faith joined him before I had time to clear out.

The weather had become very hot—oppressively so—and consequently a good deal of sickness had set in, though not usually of a fatal form. Having occasion to go on board the *Grenada*, on the afternoon of the 7th September, I had the experience—unequalled in my lifetime before or since—of a sudden rise in the temperature to 103 degrees, in the course of about half an hour. The thermometer, by which the reading was taken, was placed under the wooden hood at the top of the companion ladder leading to the saloon, and it was further protected by a thick awning covering the weather deck. The sudden wave of heat, however, soon took off; another but a good deal more gradual change brought down the reading of the thermometer to about 94 degrees.

Lord Elgin, with the Embassy, after the futile negotia-

tions ensuing after the capture of the forts, had decided to move on with the army. It appeared that the Mandarin Kwei-liang, sent from Pekin as a Commissioner to treat for peace, had no authority to bind the governing body there, called, I think, "the Board of Parliament," to accept the terms offered by the Allies. The Emperor had left Pekin in haste and dismay, and amongst the papers found in the southern fort at Taku, which had been the headquarters of the Tartar General, was a letter, or the copy of one, which had been addressed to the Emperor, by one of the greatest of his advisers—in very respectful but very firm language entreating him not to leave the capital, giving as a reason the fact that no preceding Emperor who had similarly acted had ever returned to it.

Connected with the decision of the Ambassador was the exceedingly trivial fact, that I was transferred from the Headquarters Staff to the office of medical officer to the Embassy.

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CHAPTER XIII

THE MARCH TO PEKIN (1860)

On the 8th September, 1860, Sir John Michell's Division began the march for Pekin, and next day the Headquarters, and the Ambassador at the same time, left for the camp at Pook-on.

To replace my own horse, lost by its having eaten a poisonous shrub a few hours after landing, one of the Indian Irregular regiments had been directed to supply me with a troop horse. Though, of course, the act was not known in the corps, "the mount" had lost its reason, had become an insane horse in fact, for no other designation, I am sure, would be appropriate for the combination of unsuspected characteristics which came to light on his transfer. At the head of these I would place phenomenal cunning and ferocity. A little unamiability of temper was shown when I mounted him late in the afternoon, and set out for the camp by myself; a short way on a long string of mulecarts was threading the narrow way. On my trying to pass this, my most irregular horse suddenly shrieked, and, after a kind of prancing dance, struck out with his hind feet at everything and at every animal, human and brute, he passed. The commotion made was immense, the shouting of the drivers and the coolies mingled with the rattling of the iron-clad heels, sometimes clearly on the jaws of the mules we passed. This went on until he reached the head of the column, and then his fine qualities returned—a child might have led him. It was now dark, and I turned him off the road into a field, thinking every minute to see the lights of the camp ahead; but after continuing some time in what seemed to be a line parallel with the road left, I

was conscious that I had completely lost my way, and knew neither the direction I sought nor that from which I had come, and Tientsin was also invisible, nor did any sound of voices or roll of wheels come on my ears.

After about two hours of aimless ranging about, with intervals of halting, in the hopes of being picked up by some fellow-straggler, it happened that the looked-for wanderer did turn up, in the shape of a distinguished Captain of the navy, who had been granted leave to accompany the troops on their march, and, like myself, "was all at sea" as to where to find the camp. Joining our forces, after a little more desultory roaming, we came in sight of a small cluster of cottage houses, for which we made, but not unobserved, as was apparent from the sight of a few Chinamen hastening on to the houses some way before us. When we got nearly up to them, the noise of slamming and of barricading of the doors inside was all we did hear; on knocking loudly, and addressing the people inside, the only response made was that of the noise of additional barricading. Seeing the uselessness of further delay, we moved off, and had not gone much farther, when suddenly the light of the camp at Yung-tsin caught our eyes, only about half a mile off, and we soon got within the line of pickets, and to the tents—but, alas! too late for supper.

The armies of the Allies marched next day for Pekin, eighty miles from Tientsin, the Embassy accompanying the troops. In the afternoon it rained very heavily, with the effect of greatly tiring the men, but in compensation a most refreshing coolness replaced the previous heat.

The baggage carts, brought on from Tientsin, were deserted by the drivers at night, and they carried off the mules with them. But the rain had made the roads so heavy that the march was arrested for a day.

On the 12th September, 1860, the troops recommenced the march—a long one—to Ngan-tsi-tsan. The Embassy took quarters in the house of an opulent farmer, the abode showing signs of his wealth. During the day messengers had arrived almost hourly from the Mandarins at Pekin, begging that the march might be stayed, pending the arrival of the President of the Council himself to negotiate

with the Allies. This official, if not the greatest, was one of the very greatest in China, and wore a ruby button on his hat. No European had ever been associated with a person of his consequence, and the urgency of the case was demonstrated by the proposal to send the President on the mission. Lord Elgin and the French Ambassador were firmly resolved, however, to march on to Tang-chow, only nine miles from the capital.

Next morning a march of thirteen miles brought the force to Ho-si-wu, through a well-cultivated plain, then bearing its second harvest of millet for the season; clumps—or, to use the Indian word in common use amongst the troops, "topes"—of trees in sufficiency, frequency, and extent gave variety to the appearance of the interminable plain. The town itself was a comparatively small one; unfortunately it contained quite a number of pawnshops filled with coveted articles, and this ensured their plunder by the army of coolies accompanying the troops.

The Embassy was lodged in a spacious Buddhist monastery, well equipped for its purposes, and in excellent order. To judge by the quantity and the quality of the stores of grain and of other matter laid up, the inmates must have been very well off; some coal of fair quality had been stored, and in their hurried flight some excellent tea had been left behind. I saw no monks here, nor do I think I ever saw a monk in North China in any of the numerous buildings belonging to them which I entered during the campaign. I do not think, however, that the monks wore a distinctive and readily recognizable costume.

The next was a halt day, as the President of the Council had really arrived in the neighbourhood, and our two great "Sinologues," as they were called—Mr. Wade and Mr. Harry Parkes—had entered into correspondence with him.

In the afternoon, in company with two of the secretaries of the Embassy, I rode out in the neighbourhood; whenever we approached a village, the inhabitants in a body scampered off.

The whole of the French force arrived during the day, and their arrival was fatal to a vast number of pigs, whose dying squeals were heard throughout the day. Great

quantities of a very fiery intoxicant, called "shamshu," was found in the town, and whenever discovered, the drink was poured out on the ground to prevent its baneful use.

On the 17th September, 1860, the troops continued their march, the Embassy remaining at Ho-si-wu, with a guard, and on the next day firing was heard. A sowar of the Irregular Horse brought a despatch with the intelligence that the Tartar troops had attacked the allied troops at Chang-chia-wan, but had been very easily repulsed with small loss on our side—about twenty men.

Unfortunately, a very sad event occurring in connection with the affair gave extreme importance to it; this was the sudden and treacherous capture by the enemy of a number of individuals of both the allied armies, who in the course of their duties, calculating on the sanctity of the flag of truce under which negotiations with the President of the Council had been initiated, were close to the position of the Tartar army. Of them, Mr. Parkes and Major Loch, the first Secretary of the Embassy, were at once sent off to Pekin, and were confined in a loathsome prison there amongst the lowest class of malefactors, to one of whom each of our officers was chained night and day. Mr. De Norman, the fourth Secretary of the Embassy, was beheaded on the ground, along with other officers or officials of both armies. Some of the twenty sowars of the Irregular Cavalry were killed, some were carried off, not to Pekin, but in another direction.

Amongst the captured in the last-named category was Mr. Bowlby, whose fate was peculiarly tragic. On the evening of the day on which a message was received from our officials, then hopeful that the negotiations with the great Chinese official would end in success, Mr. Bowlby was dining at the Embassy; the message from Mr. Wade reached Lord Elgin during the dinner and broke it up, as well-considered replies to the matters put before him had to be drafted and despatched. Mr. Bowlby very eagerly solicited permission to accompany the fourth Secretary, who was to take the answer to the message to Mr. Wade; the permission was refused at first, but at length, with visible reluctance, it was granted, and the correspondent of the

Times set out with alacrity, on his errand for supplying his newspaper with the latest and most authentic intelligence of—as it was imagined—a very fateful event. During dinner Mr. Bowlby and I had sat next each other, and by one of those coincidences, always called strange though they seem to crop up constantly, the conversation had mainly been about an occurrence in the first China War relating to an English captive who had been kept in a cage, with all contumely, whilst the war lasted; the subject was well known to him and he gave me the details of it. I laughingly told him, in view of what he had been telling me, that he should not press his request to the Ambassador; he answered in gaiety of heart, very elated at having succeeded in getting an opportunity to gather information at first hand.

Excepting in the cases of Mr. Parkes and of Major Loch, few of the prisoners survived; they were either beheaded at once, or died shortly after their capture as a result of the treatment they met with at the hands of their captors. The story we heard at the end of the war was, that the prisoners, with their hands and feet tied together behind, were thrown into the wooden-wheeled carts of the country locality, and jolted over the country to the place selected for their confinement. In order to secure the rope fastenings for their hands and feet, water was poured over the ropes to cause contraction, with the result that mortification of the extremities took place, and that death followed.

On the 20th September, along with others, amongst whom was the officer of the Navy whom I had encountered in my night wanderings a few days before, I left Ho-si-wu to rejoin the main body of the army; we started just before day with an escort of sixty of the Indian Irregular Horse, and we had much difficulty in finding our way. Several times we had to retrace our steps; we had the good fortune, however, to strike on a convoy of boats going up the river, and got directions which served us as far as Mat-ton. From thence we made for a very bright light ahead, which we took to be the place where the camp had been pitched. Hour after hour passed, however, before we reached an outpost; the blazing fire was then found to be the burning

town of Ki-kei-wang, to which we approached very closely, but neither saw, nor heard the utterance of, a living creature about the place. Farther on we came upon a picket of French troops who pointed out the position of our army. We reached the camp at 2 a.m., and found that the Allies were to march at 4 a.m. There was nothing to do but to dismount, and wait for the approaching sunrise.

The army marched at the appointed hour, and after frequent halts came on the position of the Tartar troops at Pa-le-chiao, about three miles from the camp we had left. The position of the enemy was a very extended one, estimated at nearly three miles; I heard no estimate of their numerical strength, but we knew that in addition to the levies under what was called the Black Flag were those under the Yellow Banner, the supreme flower of the Chinese Tartar forces, which had not hitherto been met in the field by the Allies. The Tartar force was chiefly a mounted one, the men riding what had much the appearance of cart-horses of a pony size. The riders were tall, stalwart fellows, and the principal weapon carried was a long, stout, well-made lance, with a large triangular knife-like head.

The enemy began the action with a seemingly determined charge on the English line, but this was stopped a good deal short of close quarters; the Tartars at one point met with a very disconcerting obstacle in the shape of a low wall, which hopelessly impeded them, though our cavalry took it with the greatest ease,* and followed up the retreating enemy. The Tartars made no stand at all, and unhappily for them their flight was obstructed by the Grand Canal, which passes from Tang-chow to Pekin near the ground they had chosen; many of them perished in trying to cross it. Another portion of the enemy came into contact with the French portion of the force, and suffered very severely in the long pursuit. The tents had not all come up, and I had to sleep under a tree in what I saw next morning was a cemetery.

In strolling about in a locality where there were a few

* According to Sir Hope Grant, the rear-rank of the Native Cavalry also came to grief here, owing to the thick dust hiding the wall ("The China War of 1860," p. 116).

peasant houses, I became acquainted with an incident connected with them ending very satisfactorily. In front of the houses was a large collection of firewood, chiefly of the branches of trees stored for winter's use; as usual the inhabitants had fled, but the firewood remained, a very treasure for the troops quartered near it. Of the two primary necessities of camp life, the first is drinking-water, the other wood for the cooking-kettles, so the stack of firewood received immediate and continuous attention. After a time the discovery was made that the Chinese cottagers had excavated an apartment over which they had reared the large stack of branches, and in this they had placed their women and children for safety. The affrighted creatures were taken out of the place of concealment at once, and were escorted well past our outposts into the country beyond.

Coming across some wounded Tartars in my stroll, I had two of them who were very badly injured brought in, and placed in a roughly-made shelter in a tope of trees near my tent, whilst arrangements were being made to transfer them to their own people; in three or four days they were taken into Tang-chow, seated in small, round baskets slung on poles. They seemed to deprecate their transfer; perhaps misfortune in battle was looked on as a punishable crime.

In the evening, during another walk to the bridge over the canal, the ground we passed over bore evidence of the great loss inflicted on the Tartar troops by the French at this point.

As the Allied Forces remained at the same camp for the next nine days, there was ample time to become acquainted with the environs of it inside the outposts; it is curious to recall the fact that though in presence of the enemy, and with the very recent experience of gross treachery on the part of their officials, no one with our troops seemed to feel any apprehension of danger in wandering about, even a little way outside of the lines; the people seemed so peaceful, on the very rare occasions when any were met, so anxious to scuttle away; the feeling of ordinary patriotism seemed unknown amongst them. In an afternoon walk with the Principal Medical Officer the usual features attendant on war were painfully evident—the trampled-

down crops, the rifled houses, the broken furniture, and farming implements scattered about. Many bodies of the unburied Tartar dead were seen lying about, and tainting the air.

On another occasion we rode out along the Pekin road to the town of Tang-chow, at the gate of which we arrived, and had it shut in our very faces. After a little shouting it was opened again, but we had given up the idea of entering, and perhaps it was just as well. Several of our coolies had been executed that morning for looting, and, as the unexpected so constantly crops up, we might have suffered vicariously at the hands of the citizens.

Continuing the ride, we went round the city walls, which were very high and very old, for some distance. Returning, we kept along the course of the Grand Canal, where the bodies of many more Tartars than were seen just after the fight were now floating on the water. During the ride we passed many Buddhist burial-grounds, with the usual monuments—stone tortoises supporting tablets with, as we thought, grotesque ornamentation.

About the deserted villages passed through there was further evidence of the heavy loss of the Tartars in their disastrous flight. The aspect of the country generally was very pleasing, if the constant recurrence of traces of the footprints of war devastation could only have been obliterated. There were pretty-looking houses, as well as cottage buildings, with well-grown timber interspersed here and there amongst the fields, whilst the windings of the canal, and, in the north-east distance, the looming up of the lofty range of mountains beyond Pekin, gave an agreeable variety to the landscape.

The long delay of the armies at this stage of the march was due to two circumstances, one a purely military one—namely, the necessity for awaiting the arrival of the siege guns intended for breaching the outer wall of Pekin. The train had been sent on by country boats from Tientsin, and in due time arrived without let or hindrance at Tang-chow. The other cause of delay was the resumption of negotiations with the ruling power at Pekin, nominally that of Prince Kung, the brother of the Emperor, resulting in a constant

interchange of messages between Pekin and the camp, the object of the Chinese being at almost any cost to obtain the abstention of the armies from our approaching nearer to the capital.

At this time a letter had been sent to Lord Elgin from Mr. Parkes, in the prison at Pekin, written in Chinese, but the effect of the message was quite discounted by a single line added by Major Loch in English, in which he said that the letter had been written "by the 'hookum' of the Mandarins."*

On the 3rd October, 1860, the camp was moved to a position a couple of miles farther on the road to Pekin. In the afternoon's ride we found that Chinese of the Mussulman faith were numerous in the locality, and we were struck by the sight of a well-built mosque, Chinese in its external characteristics, but having distinctly Saracenic features in the interior. The young Consular official, who was taking his airing with us, asked the prominent man of the faith, who had come to parley with us, why the four-ridge roof endings were ornamented in the usual way amongst Chinese with a string of the figures of little dogs, the unclean animal, on the most venerated Mussulman building. The man's answer was quite straightforward, that "they did not dare to leave them (the dogs) out." The converts had not reached the power of the martyr stage for the new faith.

On the 5th September, 1860, the troops advanced, leaving the heavy baggage behind. The confident expectation was that the Tartar army would make a resolute defence in a country so favourable for them as that now to be traversed between the camp and Pekin. Numerous clumps of trees, many suburban pleasure houses, and what appeared to be farm-houses surrounded with dark-coloured earthen walls—little fortresses, in fact, if the enemy had cared to utilize them for obstructing the march—were met with all the way. At noon the English force had arrived without, I think, firing a shot, at some old brickfields from which the first view of Pekin, about thirteen miles off, was had, and

* According to Sir Hope Grant ("The China War of 1860," p. 124), on the margin of the letter the words "we two are quite well treated" were written in English, and the warning message was written in Hindustani.

there the camp was made. The heat had been very trying.

Early next morning the march was resumed, the object being to reach the Tartar position, supposed to be on the north-east side of the city. What seemed to be their entrenchment was reached in the forenoon, but no enemy was there. So the march was continued in a direction intended to outflank the works, and in the afternoon we arrived within less than two miles of the gate of the city at the point, and bivouacked there. The heat had again been very great. Much of the ground gone over had been covered with ripened fields of corn, alternating with family burial-grounds. Very few of the country people were seen, and then always in flight from the coolie looters of the foreign demons.

What had looked like an entrenchment at a distance was probably a part of the broken-down earthen wall, formerly a defence of the city. The French part of the army had lost its way, and in the afternoon found itself at the Yuan-min-yuan, the Summer Palace of the Emperor, about seven miles from the city.

Next day was a halt; not an enemy to be seen; and when communication was established between our force and that of the French, the announcement that the richest palace in the world had been given up to plunder led to an outpour of the people not on duty at our camp—officers mostly, I should say—to view the spectacle, most of them returning with a part of the spoil, purchased from the holders of it. This intercourse between the two camps might apparently have gone on indefinitely, the treasures stored in the captured buildings being so enormous in quantity and so various in kind—the precious metals, crude and manufactured precious stones, costly silks and embroideries in countless bales, china of inestimable price, books in vast quantities, sometimes so venerated from association with the wise men of former times as to be priceless. The writings of these sages had in some instances been engraved on slips of the finest jade stone transcendently valuable. There were also presents to the Emperor, brought by Dutch or English Embassies in long past days, one of the latter in the time of Charles II. A quantity of superb Gobelin tapestry, from

France, was also found. But so numerous were the contents of the Imperial buildings that even an enumeration of those hawked about would dull attention into apathy.

The Headquarters were now established in the buildings connected with a Shamanist temple. The sect is a distant offshoot of the Buddhist faith, retaining, however, the multitudes of images for worship in their temples. I took up my quarters in one of the clean and comfortable cells, or rather rooms, vacated by one of the fugitive monks.

In the evening Mr. Parkes and Major Loch, liberated from their horrible imprisonment, were sent in by the Chinese authorities, an omen of the greatest importance for the success of the negotiations in hand. Major Loch was suffering from the effect of the bad food given, and from the general misery of his position.

At the same time the Mandarins sent in the remains of six of the Europeans captured before the action at Pa-le-chiao, a few bones only in most cases, but parts of the clothing worn at the time of capture served to identify each individual.

The scene in the very dimly-lit temple into which the remains had been brought was a painful one—the comrades of the dead, bending over with lanterns, scrutinized for recognition what remained of the bodies of those so lately their associates.

The next day, accompanying the Principal Medical Officer round the scattered field hospitals, we saw some of the Sikh soldiers who had been captured along with the officers, but who had been treated with less severity. They spoke of the horrifying treatment to which the European prisoners had been subjected. The remains were subsequently buried in the Russian cemetery at Pekin.

Negotiations between the Allies and the Chinese Government were now being rapidly and successfully conducted. No doubt the advance of the Taiping rebels from the south to a position only a hundred miles from Pekin contributed materially to smooth matters.

As security for the *bona fides* of the Mandarins discussing the terms, one of the great gates of the outer city had been given over by the Chinese authorities, and officers provided

with special passes were allowed to visit the gate and to walk along the wall at either side. The wall seemed to be a very grand piece of masonry. It was said to be 42 feet high and 61 broad, and it was so well built that the Engineers doubted whether our guns could have made anything like an effectual impression had an attempt been made to breach it. A deep cutting, which had been made on each side of the gate, so as to make practically a dry ditch to defend the position as soon as the gate was given over, had been a work of great labour on account of the excellent nature of the masonry. On the wall, included in the ceded portion of the defences of the city, there were many brass guns of all sizes, some of which only were of native manufacture, and these were profusely and beautifully ornamented. I noticed that one of the foreign guns mounted near the gate had been cast at Middelburg in Holland in the year 1628. Taken as a whole, the city seemed to be of great extent; the palace of the Emperor, in the "Forbidden City," was barely visible in the distance. In the outer of the three distinct cities, called the "Chinese City," the everyday life of the people seemed to be going on as regularly and uninterruptedly as if no foreign demons were within a hundred miles of the broad streets running through and crossed at right angles by others. The houses near at hand were generally of one story only. The shops were open and well frequented; but I ought to qualify my remark above as to the apparent indifference of the people by noting that near the gate crowds of sightseers, mostly of the rabble class, had assembled to gaze at the new-comers in possession of the gate. Even at that early period a small but well-attended market had sprung up, to supply the needs of the demons in possession in respect of vegetables and other kinds of food.

Next day permission was given to go farther into the city (that called the "Chinese City"), and I formed one of a small party availing itself of the privilege. Our first visit was to the temple of the "Sun and Moon," a far more stately one than I had seen hitherto. It had been subjected to extensive looting, but some fine enamels had been spared, and a large marble tomb, the principal and most attractive feature in the temple, had not been injured.

In the evening the remains of Mr. Bowlby, the special correspondent of the *Times*, were sent in to the camp. Scanty as they were, there was no difficulty about their recognition ; a slight but peculiar injury to the bone of the upper jaw of old standing showed at once that the remains were his, without the further need of the coat in which they were enveloped. After inspection, they were buried with those of the officers previously sent in.

With the advancing season—the middle of October, 1860, just passed—it had now become very sensibly colder, the thermometer marking 42 degrees in the morning. Snow had fallen on the summits of the mountain range to the north-east. From the camp the inner Great Wall of China, following the mountain heights unswervingly, could be very clearly seen without a glass.

General Michell's Division had been sent out to the ground near the Summer Palace, where part of the French force had been stationed from the first. I made one of a party from the Headquarters which paid a visit to the wonderful palace. Called by us a palace because it was an occasional residence of the Emperor of China, it seemed to be an assemblage of many houses, generally standing singly, scattered over an area of some three square miles of ground or so. The houses, as it always seemed to me on seeing renowned buildings in China for the first time, were in comparison with their importance mean-looking, but the riches contained in these of the Summer Palace were priceless. Many of the buildings were untouched at the time of our visit by the throng of looters. The number of the buildings and storehouses apparently could not be overtaken by the spoilers. The libraries were of vast extent.

On the evening of our visit the "Yuan-min-yuan" was set on fire by the Allies as a retributive act for the conduct of the Mandarins in respect of the treacherous capture, and the subsequent torturings, of the officers and others at a time when negotiations were supposed to be going on.

Next day orders were issued directing a Division of our troops to enter the city of Pekin should the Chinese Government in the meanwhile not have accepted the terms offered

to them. When our troops were just on the point of marching, news arrived that the Mandarins had submitted.

Amongst the stipulations of the treaty was one for the immediate payment of an indemnity to the relatives of the prisoners treacherously captured. The orders for the return of the troops to the coast were now promulgated. All—excepting three thousand men to hold Tientsin during the winter—were to leave the North of China, and the contingent from India was to return there at once.

The now rapid setting in of the cold winter, shown by a morning temperature of 28 degrees and the presence of ice of some thickness, accentuated the necessity of a speedy march coastwards.

In connection with the indemnity referred to above, to my vexation I found myself nominated as one of the Board of Officers appointed to receive the indemnity money from the Chinese authorities, nor did my protestations that I had no qualifications whatever for that duty relieve me from it. The Commanding Royal Engineer and a Commissariat officer were my yoke-fellows in the tedious business. When the Board assembled, an initial difficulty was found in the fact that no scales had been provided for the weighing of the money duly tendered by the Chinese officials, and there was nothing for it but to adjourn the Board.

Next day the members reassembled, and found that the weighing necessaries had been obligingly provided by our late enemies, and the work of accepting or rejecting was entered on. The silver tendered to us was uncoined, in cup-shaped lumps, as it issued from the ladles in which it had been melted. It took us two days after this to go through the form of scrutinizing each of the lumps, which together comprised the 300,000 taels of silver tendered to the Board.

CHAPTER XIV

AFTER THE WAR—RETURN TO ENGLAND (1861)

On the 24th October, 1860, the Treaty of Peace with the Allies was signed, and at once some of the troops began their return march to the coast. The Ambassador, with the officials of the Embassy, now left the camp, and, accompanied by a large escort of troops, horse and foot, with a band and other tokens of importance, entered the Tartar city of Pekin, and took up his quarters in the E-Wan-Foo, or the Prince of E Palace, near the gate leading to Tang-chow. The building was of great extent, but not palatial in magnificence according to Western notions. The delay in leaving Pekin was due to the necessity of first receiving the decree of the Emperor, ratifying all that had been done in his name by his uncle, Prince Kung, as respected the treaty.

I found that the honour of lodging in a nobleman's palace, in the beginning of winter, was altogether discounted by the cold and general comfortlessness of the dwelling. I understood now why the fur shops in the North of China were so numerous and comparatively so important in size and appearance.

I suppose that every city has its own specific peculiarities in the matter of noises. One such I had heard in no other city than Pekin, and until explained it was sufficiently startling. A sudden and violent screaming bewildered and excited new-comers to the Celestial City, until they came to understand that it was produced through an apparatus fastened to a pigeon, and acted on during and by its rapid passage through the air, but the noise was out of all proportion to the agency concerned in its production.

The day after arrival I took a long ride through the outer,

or Chinese, City and found myself—as I thought—to be an object of contemptuous curiosity. The amazing number of beggars—always men—was a surprise; all encountered saluted me with the same words, sounding like "Hum du leila." On my return I was told by a young member of the Consular Staff that the term employed by the sinister-looking beggars was one of the highest respect, and meant "My elder brother," but, all the same, he warned me to avoid in future the slums and other places where the professional beggars did congregate.

Although the Government of China had not, until this occasion, been approached by the British in negotiations carried on directly at the capital city and with the highest functionaries of the country, one nation—Russia—had for a number of years maintained a resident diplomatic agent of high rank there. The partiality thus shown was not unreasonable, considering that the frontiers of the two great empires were contiguous for many hundred miles, and that, in the days before railways and telegraphs had done away with distance, there was an urgent need for the presence of an agent at Pekin authorized to settle the smaller disputes constantly arising from the action of the subjects of the two Powers. Indeed, the concession was not only reasonable, it was inevitable.

During the active prosecution of the war, the Russian Embassy maintained a rigid neutrality, but, when negotiations had begun between the Allies and the Chinese Government, no doubt its aid was readily given to bring about a peaceful settlement. The relations between the English and General Ignatief, the Russian Minister to China, were very friendly. Dinners were interchanged, and kindly offices of a social kind followed.

It has already been mentioned that the remains of the captives who had died in the hands of the Chinese were buried by us in the Russian cemetery near Pekin, and the same generous concession, on the part of the members of a markedly different religious belief, was made in the permission to inter there all others of the British force who died during the occupation of Pekin. There was very little in Pekin, I think, which would have attracted the

ordinary stranger. For the exceedingly few persons who at that time (from a knowledge gained by the study of Chinese literature and history) were able to appreciate the opportunity, interest might, perhaps, be found in visiting the various buildings occupied by Government Boards—"Yamêns," as they were called, such as those of "Kites," of "Punishments," and of "Revenue," all plain-looking buildings, in poor repair, and semi-deserted. From the general appearance, a stranger would have judged Pekin to be a decaying city. There were, however, some attractive shops, such as those where enamels, pottery, and furs were sold, and those for the sale of "curios," or of contents much in the way of those in Wardour Street in London. To one or other of the above most of the money in the capital spent on luxury would have found its way. In the "Tartar City" there was much less bustle, and its streets at that time had a forlorn look. Two or three times I had occasion to ride out to the camp. I never met with the least molestation or even incivility. On the 1st November, the last time I paid a visit to it, I found that the "Lamasery," which had so long been the lodging of the Headquarters Staff, was being evacuated; at the same time the French troops were beginning their march coastward.

On the 2nd November, 1860, Prince Kung, the Viceroy, and the brother of the reigning Emperor, paid his visit of ceremony to Lord Elgin; with him came the Heir-Apparent, and a number of Mandarins of very high rank attended them.

Next day the Ambassador, attended by the officials of the Embassy, and in as great state as the exigencies of the situation permitted, paid his return visit to the Viceroy. The proceedings at the reception were as simple as they well could be, but the banquet, given by the virtual though temporary ruler of three hundred and fifty millions of people, had naturally a special interest for the guests. The Viceroy was the only Chinaman who partook of the banquet, which was served in a small room, at one end of which Prince Kung and Lord Elgin sat together; each had a small, separate table, and from those tables others, in

two rows, ran down the centre of the room, one for each person of the Ambassador's retinue. It would be simpler to say that there was a daïs, or high table, at the top transversely, with two rows of tables running down lengthways. Mr. Wade and Mr. Parkes, of course, sat each at one of the top tables on each side, to interpret between the Viceroy and the Ambassador. A great number of servants—more than one for each guest—attended; the dishes on which the food was served were very small, and the portions of it were also relatively minute, but in number the latter were, so to say, endless. I counted that over twenty portions were offered to me, and thought that about the double of that number were offered at the high table. It was a strange experience to eat food with "chop-sticks," but somehow, when the attempt was made, a fair degree of success was attained. Prince Kung, who seemed to me a man about forty years old, talked a good deal, but as I thought with effort—a duty to be got through. His dress was no doubt of the most magnificent kind, but I could not distinguish in what way it differed from that of an ordinary Mandarin. Everything went off well; there was, on the part of the host, a sustained but not overstrained courtesy, though the necessity of receiving the visit from the great man of the foreign barbarians, and in the capital city of the Empire, too, must have been fearfully galling to him.

About this time I was asked to accompany Mr. Wade and Mr. Parkes, who were about to pay a visit to a great Mandarin, the reason for taking me being that my professional advice might be afforded to the official in question. Hung Chi had been the Governor of the reigning Emperor in his boyhood, and from this fact was a personage of the very highest rank, and of influence in the State. The house in which this great official lived was in the Tartar City, and near to the wall with the yellow tiles separating it from the "Forbidden City," which was altogether occupied by the Emperor's palace and its adjuncts.

We were received very courteously and unaffectedly. The "Sinologues" both said that they had never before seen the interior of so fine a dwelling in China, or, until lately, when in the presence of Prince Kung, had they

ever spoken to, or, indeed, seen, a Mandarin of such a rank. The outward mark of rank in China is shown by a button on the top of the cap; the colour of this in the case of Hung Chi was, I think, a shade of blue. Of furniture there was very little in the rooms we entered, but that was of great beauty. The only ornament of its kind we saw was a picture of about nine inches square, at which my companions gazed with mute astonishment; I saw nothing more in the picture than a faded face and a few letters in the Chinese character on one side. Mr. Wade asked our host if it was really the case that the image was that of the almost prehistoric personage denoted by the inscription, and was answered that this was so, that the authenticity of the portrait was undoubted beyond dispute, and it was that of one of the earliest and greatest of the scholars and lawgivers of China, an object of reverence during three thousand years. It seemed to me that the two "Sinologues" present were as much impressed with reverence for the relic as was Hung Chi himself. Several times during our visit the door of the room we were in was slightly opened, and through the chink the face of a girl, perhaps eight years old, could be seen staring mutely at the strangers. On first noticing this Hung Chi made earnest protestations of regret at the breach of decorum, at the same time, with smiling benignity, begging us to notice that his little daughter was only a child. He was answered, with an earnestness equal to his own, that the sight of the young thing was a delight to us.

We partook of the hospitality of the great man, a neatly served collation, and the visit from first to last gave us the greatest satisfaction, and a high sense of the honour done us.

The influence of the ex-tutor of the Emperor procured for us a privilege rarely, or perhaps even never before, enjoyed by a European, that of being allowed to enter the "Forbidden City." The visit was a short one, and we did not approach the buildings constituting the Imperial abode nearer than, perhaps, 200 yards. We walked through a part of the garden ground, and were conducted to the tiny pagoda, where every year, on the proper day, the Emperor conducts some sacrificial ceremony of propitiation for the

agriculture and for the harvest of the ensuing season. From the platform in front of the pagoda a grand view of Pekin is to be had; from this we now understood how much more spacious the city was than could be judged of by rides through its streets. Lord Elgin's stay in Pekin was due to a clause in the treaty stipulating that it should be published without delay; and, that there might be no romancing on the part of the Mandarins as to the contents of the treaty afterwards, it was insisted on that the publication of it should be very public indeed, and, in spite of the unpleasantness to the Government, enormously large placards containing certain of the stipulations exacted as the price of peace were posted up conspicuously about the city, and everywhere large groups of people assembled to read them, Amongst those seen by me I noticed no excitement. After the proclamation of peace, women, until then never seen in streets frequented by the demons of the sea, now appeared in considerable numbers, and, in spite of proclamations on the walls commanding them not to look at the barbarians, did not hesitate to disobey the orders of their rulers.

Most of the shops which had been closed after the Allies entered Pekin were now opened, and carts bringing the returning population to their deserted homes were frequently seen in the streets. In respect of the vehicles, I was struck by the want of conformity shown in them to the apparent social position of their occupants, quite obvious in other matters, such as dress.

The cart conveying a Mandarin had the same outside appearance as that of a manifestly less important person; the great man was, however, always accompanied by a few unarmed followers on horseback. One of the notable features of street society in Pekin, at the then season of the year, in which the days were bright and sunny although the mornings were very cold, was the general custom of persons of the leisured classes bringing out their caged singing-birds for an airing in the afternoon; the little things were perched on rods, fastened by the leg, and judging by their clamour enjoyed their airings greatly.

The beggars seemed suddenly to have been reinforced in

number, many of them, as in all other countries, trading on some feature of deformity or of loathsomeness. They were now also pertinaciously troublesome; they still addressed the barbarians with the honorary title of "my elder brother," which, however, did not materially help to raise additional income.

Shopping continued to be a favourite amusement to the last with those whose duties kept them in Pekin; the Chinaman shopkeeper had the perfection of manner in serving customers, never extolling his wares or pressing to buy, but always quietly attentive and good-natured, showing everything pointed at unweariedly, again and again; and he had his reward. As all the shops shut up sharply at dusk, and as the gates of the Tartar City were closed at that hour also, purchasers had often to "put on a spurt," as the saying is, in riding back to their quarters.

The Hon. Mr. Bruce, the newly-appointed Minister to the Government of China, had now arrived in Pekin, and on the 9th November Lord Elgin, the Ambassador Extraordinary, previous to leaving the capital, received another, a farewell, visit from Prince Kung. Lord Elgin took occasion in a very cautious way to warn the Viceroy of the harm that had already been done by some of the Mandarins about him by their deception; the brother of the Emperor looked very much surprised, but not, I think, displeased. Everything seemed to show a most friendly feeling on both sides.

After the visit, the Embassy left the E-Wan-Foo, and went in state through the streets to the nearest gate; the Commander of the Nine Gates had been sent to open this one, and a ceremonious leave-taking was made. Tang-chow, on the Pei-Ho River, was reached in the afternoon. Very comfortable boats—"chops," they were called—had been provided for the transport to Tientsin, two passengers for each boat; but the baggage not arriving in time, a start was not made until next morning. The boats were sailed, or shoved on with poles, or rowed, or were tracked along with ropes from the bank, but good way was made. The "chops" floated downwards, a break occurring in the afternoon when they were made fast to the bank, to enable the

occupants to have dinner on shore, after which [illegible] set out again, and reached its destination next morning. The country, not now covered with the harvest, looked bleak and uninteresting.

Lord Elgin's departure from Tientsin was delayed, and the city, familiar at the time of the advance of the army, now presented a very much more animated appearance; it was crowded like a fair, the headquarters both of our own and of the French army being located in it. The permanent garrison, and the troops marching down from Pekin, helped to fill the principal streets, suggesting a foreign, rather than a Chinese, population. The shops were all open again, and besides this a number of shopkeepers had arrived from Pekin to partake of the advantages which experience in the capital city had shown to be substantial, by far the most important probably being the opportunities for buying back loot, which, in many cases, could be purchased from the ignorant looters at perhaps a thousandth part of its worth.

With the beginning of the cold season, furs were eagerly sought, and, in addition to the shops seen in August, nearly a whole street of fresh ones with furrier's wares had come into existence. On the 19th November, 1860, Hung Chi, the great Mandarin mentioned before, arrived from Pekin with the first instalment of the indemnity stipulated for in the Treaty of Peace. Fortunately the troops—not of the garrison—had left before the 20th November, on which day the first snow-storm of winter occurred, lasting, with intervals, over two days. On the 23rd November the early morning reading of the thermometer was 23° F., and the day after the river above the city was frozen over. But the sole amusement of the garrison at the time—that of visiting the shops—was not suspended by the onset of the wintry weather, as much felt indoors, perhaps, in badly-warmed rooms, as in the streets, and in the search for novelty new fields were opened when the fur and the curio shops had been exploited. In a Chinese print shop I noticed a series of pictures designed for the instruction of converts to the Roman Catholic faith, relatively numerous in Tientsin and its neighbourhood. The various matters

treated of in the representations were brought to the comprehension of the Chinaman in a way which tasked his imaginative faculty very little: thus, the Virgin was pictured as a Chinese lady in the clouds, with two peacock's feathers depending from her head-dress; and in another picture some saints were being waited on by boy servants who handed them cups of tea, just as if they were ordinary guests to whom honour and hospitality were being offered.

On the 25th November, 1860, Lord Elgin and the personnel of the Embassy left Tientsin in a little paddle-wheel steamer, the one which seemed to be the best available, and at the same time adapted for the work of forcing her way down the now nearly continuously ice-bound river to the coast. Leaving at 7 a.m., the day was passed in a nearly unremitting fight with the ice. Here and there, owing to a rapid current, there was clear water in the centre of the river, but such breaks were nearly always short ones; for the most part the paddles crashed down on the ice at each side. This was usually thin, not checking the speed materially, but at the bend of the river where the current was slow the ice was proportionately thick, at some places about 4 inches in thickness, and there the *Torrens* had her work to do in earnest; but the object was attained, the sixty-eight miles to Taku Bay were traversed. Throughout the day the issue of the fight was doubtful. Again and again the steamer had to go astern in order to make another rush forward to split through the ice; the noise, especially down in the cabin, caused by the grinding and crashing and thumping of broken sheets of ice against the sides of the vessel, gave us all at least an approximate notion of what it would be like in a ship beset in the Arctic Sea. As the *Torrens* neared the mouth of the river, and consequently the salt water, the passage was open; but in the clear moonlight the long stretches of snow-covered land served to keep the conditions of Arctic travelling well in our minds.

At Taku the Admiral's hospitality was extended to the wearied and hungry travellers, and then the voyage was continued to the anchorage outside the bar, where the *Feroze* was ready to receive Lord Elgin.

It had been arranged that the squadron of warships in the bay should receive the Ambassador with all the honours due to his high rank; but this presumed his arrival before nightfall, and it was nearly 4 a.m. on the next day before the *Torrens* transhipped the representative of the Sovereign, so the reception by the ships was one with maimed rites only. Not a gun was fired, but all the vessels, on the signal being made, were suddenly and brilliantly lighted up, and rockets were sent into the air; then, as suddenly, the lights were extinguished and all was silence.

During the day I had done nothing more than alternately stare at the "butting" of ice process, and yawn and shiver in the cabin; but never had I passed a more tiring day in my life, or one on the close of which bedtime was more welcome.

The *Feroze* was a sloop of war of the Indian Navy, and had brought Lord Elgin to China after the wreck of the ship in which he was embarked at Ceylon. She was armed with few but heavy guns, or rather guns which in those days were considered so; she was very trim in appearance, and had an air of much reserve about her, which I should say was shown in the very quiet way in which the necessary duties on board were conducted—no noise, no confusion. The ship made a very comfortable home for those transferred to her for a much longer time than the most of them had expected.

The *Feroze* remained at anchor all next day with steam up awaiting the arrival of Mr. Parkes, who was to come by land. On the 28th November the Taku Bay was left, the Ambassador being honoured with a salute of nineteen guns both from the French and from the British Admiral's ship, and, as the vessel steamed past, the yards of the saluting ships were manned. The display must have impressed the Chinamen.

A contrary wind and a troubled sea impeded the *Feroze*, and, at the best, she did not include speed amongst her good qualities; something between seven and eight knots an hour was her hurrying-up speed, which no engine-room artifices could materially increase; but, in justice, it should be said that a large French steamer lying the same course did not outdo the sober pace of the *Feroze*. On the

3rd December, 1860, Shanghai was reached, and, anchoring off the English Settlement, our sober and demure vessel was soon skipping about in the "chow-chow" water, and straining at the anchor in her mad merriment.

The change from the snow-covered region in the north to the pleasant temperature of Shanghai, with its trees still covered with leaves, was very agreeable, as was also the bustle of the settlement, and the hospitality of its residents. A universal feeling of hopefulness as to the vast extension of commerce in China in the immediate future was present, which not even the uninterrupted onward course of the Taiping rebellion could check. The river was crowded with merchant shipping, and the Chinese "compradors," or brokers between the Chinese and the foreign merchants, were busy as bees.

My friend, Mr. Lamond, again offered me the warm hospitality of his house, and I remained there during my stay at the settlement. The residents seemed to be like one large family, and the interchange of invitations to one sort of a social function or another never ceased. To be sure, it was the season for hospitality; the Christmas season, both in its religious and in its social requirements, was observed rigorously as in the country from which most of the Europeans in Shanghai hailed. The last day of the old year, too, was kept, as might be expected where so many Scots were to be found, in an enthusiastic observance of old customs, and the New Year was ushered in with much firing and dressing with flags on the part of the ships in the river.

On the 3rd January, 1861, Lord Elgin re-embarked with his retinue, all grateful for the kindness shown them, and the *Feroze* was put on her course for Hong Kong.

At Hong Kong, as at the settlement just left, the same hopefulness, inspired by the issue of the recent war, was found, and expression of satisfaction was seen in the balls, dinners, and other social entertainments given by the ruling social class, at which naturally the military and other branches of the public service were well represented.

At this time the cession, absolute or temporary, of a tract of land at Kowloon on the mainland opposite to Hong

Kong, and dominating both the harbour and the town, had been made, and possession was received from the Chinese authorities. Many people crossed over from Victoria to witness the ceremony, and returned disappointed; there was nothing to see but a flag hoisted, or to hear but a salute fired.

A visit of a few days' duration, paid by Lord Elgin to the city of Canton, made an interesting change in the life at Victoria. The *Feroze* conveyed us to the city, which seemed to me—erroneously, probably—more spacious, more full of public buildings, more filled with pagodas, and vastly more populous than Pekin. Mr. Parkes, whose name and whose influence are so intimately associated with the war in 1860, had now returned temporarily to his official duty as Consul at Canton, and did me the kindness and the honour of inviting me to stay at his house whilst we were in the great commercial city, and further took the trouble of showing me the principal points of interest in it. Under his guidance I saw (as in Pekin) a double city—Tartar and Chinese—the shops, the pagodas, the walls of the two cities, the canals, and, most wonderful of all, the river on which floated a third city of many thousand boats, in which a population lived sufficient in number to have made a large town elsewhere.

I spoke to Mr. Parkes one day as to the surprise everyone experienced on arrival in China to find how exceedingly few of the European residents apparently knew even a word of the language of the country in which they were living, and apropos of this he mentioned that a little while before he had dined with an English merchant, who was going to leave Canton next morning for good, after a busy and successful mercantile life in it of twenty-six years. The merchant remarked to him how strange it seemed to himself that, in spite of that long period of association with Chinamen, he yet knew only three words of Chinese. Mr. Parkes was curious to hear the three words garnered in twenty-six years, and the retiring merchant gave them as "wai low," "low low," and "chow chow." The Consul had to explain to his host that there was no Chinese word in the long vocabulary; that the words given were

thought by Chinamen to be English ones, whilst the English residents thought them to be Chinese.

At length, after about a month's stay at Hong Kong in all, Lord Elgin thought that the China trouble had sufficiently subsided to permit of his return to England, but the voyage was not to be made by the usual route; visits were to be made to the Spanish colony at Manilla, and to the Dutch one at Java, visits of courtesy only to the authorities in those countries, unconnected with any diplomatic meaning. So, with the heartiest expressions of goodwill on the part of our own colonists at Hong Kong, the *Feroze* steamed out of the harbour and shaped her way to the capital of the Philippine Islands.

We arrived in the Bay of Manilla without any unusual incident, and the Ambassador Extraordinary was received with all respect by the Viceroy of the Spanish Government, and was invited to make the palace his abode during his stay; this most courteous and friendly invitation also included in it the members of the Ambassador's official staff. During the stay of four days the utmost courtesy and consideration was shown by all the official world, from the Viceroy downwards. The city was a very spacious one, walled and fortified at the mouth of the Pasig River; it contained many fine buildings, of which the palace of the Viceroy was the largest and most stately; that of the Archbishop was not much inferior to it in either of those respects; and a very large and fine cathedral, adjoining the palace mentioned, gave yet more dignity to the locality.

There were, besides, the amenities of pleasant recreation grounds, and the presence of a large class of wealthy people in the city was very much in evidence in the late afternoon. A large garrison was also a notable feature; still more so, however, was that of the ecclesiastical population; and the commercial activity of the place was striking.

Most of the merchants of importance were British subjects, but the Americans were in considerable numbers, and Germans came next in numerical importance. But, alas! there was an obverse to the general appearance of prosperity and enjoyment. A few years—I think four or five—before, an earthquake had levelled to the ground every

building in a considerable area of the city, and no restoration had been attempted; the large, desolated space gave to the quarter a very depressing appearance as may be imagined, but the inhabitants themselves had recovered from the shock of the disaster, and its warning, perhaps, had become less heeded.

Three years after the time of our visit, in 1863, another earthquake prostrated the greater number of the buildings in the best part of the city, including the cathedral, the palaces of the Viceroy and the Archbishop.

Nothing more could be wished for than the attention which Lord Elgin and his suite received from the Viceroy and the officials of the Government. The day after his landing all the leading officials, I think, save one, were received by Lord Elgin at a levee, held in his honour. An amusing incident occurred in connection with it. Amongst the other great personages notified by the Viceroy to attend was the supremely greatest of all—the Archbishop, who immediately replied to the intimation that he would not attend at a function given in honour of a man not a Christian. The Archbishop might have stopped there, but he went on to add that he had been told Lord Elgin was not only out of the faith, but that he was a Scot, and therefore held one of the worst forms of Protestantism. The dominance of the army of monks in Manilla was said to be absolute: riches and power went together. A striking thing in connection with the clerical ascendancy was that of the keeping up of the old custom of reverence for the *Angelus*. At the sunset recitation everyone in the streets, on the promenade grounds, everywhere, in fact, halted for a minute or so, and even "Scots heretics" found it convenient to "assume a virtue if they had it not" when the bell tolled. I had never seen this custom in the Spanish mother-country near Gibraltar.

Manilla cheroots have a world-wide estimation, and Lord Elgin was taken by the Viceroy to see one of the factories, a Government establishment, where at that time 3,000 girls were in daily employment rolling up cheroots; in addition to this one was another, at which 2,000 girls were said to be employed.

In company with the Captain of the *Feroze* and Mr. Stuart Wortley, one of the attachés, I spent a day on a boating excursion going up the river which issues from a lake a few miles from Manilla. Our object was to see a little of the country beyond the city, and the boatmen took us to the quarters of the lieutenant commanding a detachment of troops at the margin of the lake.

Furbishing up my Gibraltar Spanish, I asked him for permission to ride a short way into the country; with all courtesy and good-feeling he replied that if we very much wished it he would give us a suitable escort for our safety, but strongly urged us not to go, as the attempt was dangerous. So, after an hour with the officer at his lonely post, we floated back to the city. Re-embarking, after the most gratifying visit, Lord Elgin received a ceremonial visit from the Viceroy with his suite, and all was over. The *Feroze* set out for Batavia, in Java.

The weather was all that could be wished, and land was generally in sight, the huge island of Borneo being near; but the Captain must have found it to be an anxious bit of navigation with so many obtruding islands to be avoided.

At Batavia, the seat of Government, and the commercial capital of the country, Lord Elgin was received by the Governor-General with every mark of respect, and, as at Manilla, was invited to take up his residence at the Government House along with his suite on disembarking.

The same evening a great dinner was given in his honour, to which the leading British merchants were invited; nothing was omitted to express cordial satisfaction with the visit of the late Ambassador Extraordinary to China. The Dutch military and naval officers were particularly friendly; very generally they understood English, and their bearing was much that of their English compeers, in their several professions.

The Governor-General at that time was living at his country house about twenty miles off, and to that delightful retreat we removed, and for two days enjoyed to the full the charm of its hospitality. The gardens, filled with specimens of every kind of tropical fruit, were most attractive, and the grounds surrounding the house afforded

morning and evening strolls of the most restful kind to weary mariners like ourselves.

From this Eden-like bower we proceeded to Bandoeng in the central district of the island, resting the first night at a half-way house, of which the only impression I carried away with me was that, so near the equator, it was possible to feel very cold in bed. I suppose that the altitude reached had something to do with this phenomenon. Next day we went through a country over a road so dangerous at night from the tigers tracking over it that no one dared to use it after dusk. At Bandoeng Lord Elgin was received by "the Regent," a Malay Chief having jurisdiction over the natives, and also the responsibility of seeing that cultivation was well carried out. The place had all the appearance of an Indian cantonment, and, in fact, it was one when Java was occupied by the British in 1811. In the burial-ground a few headstones with the names of some of the then occupants were still legible.

Next day, provided with horses by the Regent, we had a long and interesting exploration of the district, which was covered with tea plantations, young forests of eucalyptus, and of cinchona-trees, all flourishing grandly; subsequently, in conversation with the Governor-General, he mentioned that the object studied in planting the two last-named trees was not primarily for a commercial profit but for medicinal purposes, especially in the case of the cinchona-tree, that the quinine derived from it might be cheapened in price. It was strange that on the first morning after my arrival in England I saw in the newspapers an official statement that the cinchona-trees, brought from South America and transplanted on the hills in India, had all died. Accordingly I wrote through the proper channel to the India House authority, mentioning what the Governor-General of Java had said to me, and suggesting that Calcutta should apply to Java for young plants. I never had an answer to my letter, not even the severely curt one, "that my letter had been sent to the paper-mills to be pulped"; but two years afterwards, when in Calcutta, I casually met an official of the Horticultural Garden there, and in conversation asked him if the cinchona-tree had been acclimatized in Bengal

yet; he said they had a copy of my letter in the office received from England. It would be pleasant to know if the letter had had any effect in making quinine more obtainable by the poor malaria-sodden people in the fever tracts of India.

The most prominent object to be seen at Bandoeng was a huge volcano, perhaps four miles off. As we neared it in our ride a thin streak of fluid sulphur was to be seen flowing down the side, and occasionally a puff of vapour was ejected; this was its ordinary condition, neither quiescent, nor in active operation.

In the evening the Regent provided a native dance for us.

On leaving the English-created cantonment, we returned straight to Batavia, where Lord Elgin took leave of the Governor-General, and where we said good-bye to the genial officers who had accompanied us on board the *Feroze* to say good-bye; we reciprocated their good wishes most heartily. Before sunrise next morning our ship was clear of the Straits of Sunda, paddling across the Indian Ocean.

It might be said that the trip across the sea to Aden was uneventful, but this would leave out of account a trifling incident that wells up from memory when events of more importance have faded out of it. On the morning after the *Feroze* was out of sight of Java, someone looking over the side noticed a few fragments of wreckage about 200 yards off, such as might have been swept off the deck of a ship by a heavy sea, or have floated off it when the ship foundered. Between the wreckage and our ship a large dog was seen swimming steadily towards us. It seemed like abandoning a human fellow-creature, and we were all sorry when poor bow-wow was left to his fate. On reaching Aden, the Governor invited Lord Elgin and his staff to spend the day on shore, away from the coaling operations on board, and an interesting day was spent in one of the last places in the world such an occurrence might have been looked for. There had been a record "find" at the station—a large one, too—of water-tanks excavated in the volcanic rock, in far-away days when Aden perhaps was a stopping-place for vessels on their way to Ophir.

From Aden, the Red Sea traversed, Suez was reached, and thence to Alexandria the journey was made in the royal train of carriages of the Viceroy of Egypt, which had been sent in honour of the Ambassador. The *Terrible*, steam frigate, had been told off to take Lord Elgin to Trieste, and a very pleasant time was passed on board, hardly ever out of sight of land, one renowned place after another coming into sight.

At Corfu—then a Protectorate under Great Britain—the Governor invited Lord Elgin to stay at Government House during the coaling of the ship, and there was plenty to interest during the day. On going on board next day, the *Terrible* made for Trieste ; from thence we reached Vienna, and the Ambassador with his *entourage* dined with the Ambassador to Austria that evening.

I spent two days in Vienna, and then parting from the Embassy to China, with thankfulness to the distinguished statesman at its head for his kindliness to me on every occasion, and a goodwill for the members of his staff, which has never faded, in due course I reached England.

After my recent association with rulers of men in Eastern countries, it may be imagined that I might be just a little puffed up ; if this were really the case, the voice of the cabman at London Bridge Station, saying, "Where to ?" disillusioned me, revealing the fact that all my adventitious importance had "faded into the light of common day."

CHAPTER XV

INCIDENTAL TO A GREAT CRISIS—CANADA (1861)

[Surgeon Home served at home from the 4th April, 1861, till the month of December in the same year, when he was sent to Canada, to which country troops were being despatched in consequence of what is commonly termed the "*Trent* affair." The situation alluded to arose in the following manner: On the 19th November Captain Wilkes, commanding the Federal warship *San Jacinto*, boarded the Royal British Mail steamer *Trent*, and carried off two Confederate Commissioners, Messrs. Mason and Slidell. A peremptory demand was made by the British Government for the release of the Commissioners, and an answer insisted on in seven days; meanwhile, all preparations were made for an expedition to operate on the Canadian border. Though the Federal Congress passed a vote of thanks to Captain Wilkes on the 3rd December, President Lincoln recognized the untenable nature of the position, and after the receipt of a firm despatch from the British Government, on the 18th December, the Commissioners and their secretaries, who had also been arrested on the *Trent*, were released and sailed for Europe on the 1st January, 1861. The incident thus terminated and the reinforcements sent to Canada were recalled.]

LET it not be supposed from the above heading that I seek to associate myself with the actors in a crisis of a drama in any other way than that analogous to the part played by the fly on the wheel in the story.

In the latter part of December, 1861, I was one of the atoms accessory to the composition of a Force which was being got ready in all haste to proceed to Canada.

The matter originating the crisis might have brought in its train misery to hundreds of thousands of people, whose actions had not in any way contributed to the result.

The Civil War, in the United States of America, led to a defiant outrage on the honour of the British nation. War between the two nations seemed to be so surely the sequel to the action of the United States officer, which his Government would not at first disavow, that energetic preparations were made in England for the prosecution of the expected —an inevitable war.

The most powerful influence in the country was unfalteringly used on the side of peace, to gain a little time for quickly roused passions, in both of the countries, to abate in intensity, and eventually success crowned the efforts; but, meanwhile, the plan of procedure in case war should be declared involved the hurried transfer of the services of many persons from England to Canada, amongst them those of myself, and in the second week of December I embarked at Liverpool for Canada.

The ship had quite as many passengers as the accommodation permitted; those connected with the army in various ways were numerous, as were also Americans returning to their country from England, in view of the expected declaration of war; there were also several hundreds of soldiers on board.

A heavy mist had settled down, and this contributed just a touch of anxiety to those on board; consequently, when the ship was steaming down the channel after dark, the fear of collision with some running vessel, expressed by someone or other, was not altogether laughed off, by calling the landsman who expressed his nervousness, "a Job's comforter."

The final departure was made from Queenstown, where a late mail had been taken on board, and the ship's course was laid for Cape Race in Newfoundland, which had telegraphic communication with both continents.

The ship arrived off Cape Race very late at night. Forebodings as to the certainty of war had kept us all up, awaiting the dreaded news; it seemed too good to be true when the word ran round the ship like lightning that peace was

assured. In a few minutes after the ship was laid on her course for Halifax. Peace was certain.

Favoured by the same propitious weather which had made the Atlantic passage so free from discomfort, the ship reached its destination after twelve days' steaming from Liverpool; the day before this we had sighted the dreaded Sable Islands, the grave of a thousand and one vessels.

Ten years before I had gone through the Samborow Heads and enjoyed the sail up the fifteen miles to Halifax, and it was nearly as pleasant on this second occasion. It was the day after Christmas Day; no snow had fallen, and with no wind blowing the cold was nothing to speak of. On landing in our furred coats and caps, protected as if for a Polar expedition, our precautions amused the citizens a good deal.

There had been some enlargement of the provincial capital since I had first seen it, and some of the former wooden buildings, having succumbed to the natural death of such structures, had been replaced by others of a material less susceptible to fire. Some new and handsome public buildings had been added, but the city had not enlarged phenomenally; still, it was a pleasant place, and the inhabitants were kindly, courteous, and as enthusiastically loyal to the old country as ever.

My stay at Halifax was short; on the second day after arrival I set out on a journey of 577 miles to Rivière du Loup, in Lower Canada, there to arrange for hospital accommodation to serve the needs of the 5,000 men expected from England, who, landing at Halifax, would be conveyed through Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, to the railway terminus at Rivière du Loup, and then by railway to Montreal. This was the route I was about to use along with seven others sent on in advance of the expected troops, each of them on some special duty in connection with the expedition, such as the hiring of houses along the line when practicable, the building of huts, the making arrangements for the provisioning of the men, and so on.

All this was necessitated by the winter closure to navigation of the St. Lawrence.

Up to this time the weather had been extraordinarily

mild and open; the roads were clear of snow, and wheeled transport was in general use.

The first sixty-two miles, however, of our journey were to be done by railroad to Truro. We left after breakfast, in what, to our inexperienced eyes, seemed to be bright, settled weather, but before the train had been an hour on its way heavy snow began to fall with persistence long before we reached Truro; it was evident that the first great snowfall of the season was on.

Arrival at Truro only confirmed what we had guessed for ourselves—namely, that no wheeled carriage could travel through the thickness of newly-fallen snow already covering the roads; so we remained weather-bound. Finding at our inn clean rooms, a plentiful, well-supplied table, and civility, this was all the more appreciated as applicants for entertainment were that day exceptionally numerous, owing to the arrival by the same train of passengers for Prince Edward's Island, who derailed at Truro.

For the rest of the day we were confined to the inn, but this was not wearisome in our circumstances. The interchange of talk with our Colonial brethren in the inn was pleasant, as well as instructive. I was surprised when the landlord told me that his family had settled in Nova Scotia generations ago. I had taken him for the descendant of a Scot, once removed: he looked like one. His speech seemed to betray him, and the books in his room were of true blue Presbyterian colour. But Scotland, I fancy, has given little more than her name to the colony. Persistence in the case of characteristics peculiar to race or species is easily accounted for when, in the early days of colonization, the colonists of each nationality group together in rural communities, having very little intercourse with those outside of their own spheres.

By next afternoon the storm had taken off. The contractor for our journey, after a good deal of hesitation, decided that an attempt to push on was justifiable, and the sleighs for the next stage of the journey were accordingly brought round to the door. When the baggage was being put in, some merriment amongst the bystanders was caused by the sight on my portmanteaus of big green-coloured

labels marked for Hong Kong, which I had neglected to remove after their usefulness had ended. The facetious man in the group had certainly a right to improve the occasion by shouting out, "Now then, who's for Hong Kong? Hurry up, or you won't be there to-day!" and so on.

The sleigh was well horsed, very skilfully driven, and its course was picked out by the driver in methods—now of prudence, then of seeming rashness; but the horses had very hard pulling from the first, the snow was still soft and their hoofs sank in it at every step; but when piled up drift-snow—which could not be avoided—lay across the road, we had a new and in no way a pleasant experience. The driver would call out to all and sundry, and in the sharp and curt tone of a captain on the bridge, "Now then, all jump out and make the track." This, explained, meant that we were to climb up and down the snow-wreath until, by our tramplings, the horses, which had stolidly stuck still—crowded is the term—on arriving at it, seeing a trodden path, would deign to make an effort. This stage of the business reached, our guide, philosopher, and master, would sing out, "Now then, all aboard!" and very glad we all were to get aboard, the tramping up and down in the heaviest of clothes and boots, to satisfy the scruples of the horses that they need not fear sinking into an abyss concealed by snow, was most tiring, especially to beginners in the art.

On the occurrence of other difficulties on the road, the mail might be helped along by settlers, if any there were near at hand, who turned out willingly to knock down the snake fences adjoining the road, or even to make a way through forest land by felling a tree here and there. The driver himself, when we seemed to be tied up in a second-growth wood we were seeking a road through, brought out an axe from under the seat, and in an amazingly short time felled a young obstructing tree, by which act we found an exit from the difficulty, but only to encounter another in the shape of a "lakelet," or big pond of water, which brought us to a halt on its bank. The driver was doubtful as to the strength of the new ice, but he started the horses on it

at their utmost speed; the ice cracked very loudly on every side, so did the driver's whip, and the sleigh reached the farther side in safety. The congealed surface apparently could not make up its mind what to do, and no time was given it to decide. As there were no Humane Society hooks on hand, the passengers "hummed" when the struggle was over. The sleigh at length arrived at the village called "Folly," only ten miles from Truro, and we found there capital accommodation. Having done my share at the supper-table, I was glad to take the rest of my entertainment in sleep.

Next morning the journey, having for its objective "The Bend" on the Shediac River, was resumed. The road to be traversed led over the south-eastern ascent of the Coboquid range of hills, a sensibly felt one, but the farther up we got the better was the snow for locomotion purposes, owing to the increasing hardness from the frost. There were still snow-drifts blocking the way, and causing "crowding" of the horses, only to be overcome by the treadmill function of the passengers being exercised; but the occasions were fewer than on the day before, and when the track was favourable the hard frozen snow favoured a pace in going impossible over the soft snow of the day before. The cold, of course, was greater, but bright sun, together with the dry exhilarating air, made the ride a very pleasant one.

The driver of the sleigh on which I rode was our landlord of the night before. He mentioned that he also had a farm, but his more regular profession was that of a mariner, and he pointed out a little schooner laid up in the creek not far from his house, of which he was owner and master, and in which, when navigation in the Bay of Fundy was open, he pursued his calling, and made voyages to Boston, occasionally even fetching as far as New York, carrying dried fish to trade against Yankee notions likely to find a market in Nova Scotia villages. In fact, to this extent he was a merchant. The crew of the schooner consisted of himself, a man, and a boy. I did wonder how the little craft was sailed with such an economy, even of the most intelligent labour; but, as I had to say something, I suggested that more might still be achieved by the substitution of a big

Newfoundland dog for one of the hands—the dog could take the watch at night, and sing out to passing ships. But apparently the man with many strings to his bow thought I was only joking.

The country through which we were now going seemed to be a finer one for agriculture than that left behind; the woods were denser, and the harder woods, maples especially, exceeded in number the less valuable firs and spruces we had seen on the first day of the journey. Every now and then we passed the clearing of a settler, almost always solitary. One would have thought that the location of two or three settlers near each other would have been an object worth considerable sacrifice, but, for some incomprehensible reason, solitariness seemed to be preferred.

It certainly takes years before the forest land selected for settlement can—figuratively—be said to smile under the civilizing processes of the settler's axe. A patch of three acres, covered with the stumps of trees, perhaps 3 feet high, which the settler had done his best to burn down and has charred into a most unharmonizing contrast with the white snow, is what is seen in winter at a new location, and in summer the aspect is not greatly improved. There are machines designed for the extracting of roots, but the cost of hiring them is usually beyond the means of the settler, although perhaps the rapid clearing of the ground for cropping would well reimburse him. I was told that the stumps of a hardwood tree took five years to rot in the ground to an extent sufficient for easy grubbing out, that the stump of a fir took fifteen years, whilst that of a hemlock tree the time could not be stated.

In the midst of the oasis of civilization stands the shanty, or log-house, of the settler pioneer, generally very small, with the ends of the logs, of which it is built, projecting irregularly at the corners, and through a hole in the roof is the stove-pipe, as we saw it in the winter in passing along, smoking away furiously.

At a little distance from the dwelling-house is the stable for the cattle of the settler. The chances are in winter, I think, two to one that in passing along the settler is noticed to be hard at work chopping wood to feed the insatiable

maw of the stove; but then, he has little else to do at this season, the ground being frozen like iron for perhaps 2 feet in depth. The wife and children generally come running to the door to stare at the welcome sight of strange faces.

In the part of Nova Scotia we were going through the oldest settlers of the country, the French *habitants*, were not unfrequently met in their sleighs; they represented the original colonists who were expelled by the British for alleged complicity with the Indians in murdering the British colonists.

The teamster told me that the French could be recognized by the poor cultivation of their farms. It appeared that there was very little intercourse between the colonists of the nation they represented—British and French each used the language of the people it sprung from—but they lived peaceably together.

At this time the poetry more generally read in England than any other was that of the author of "Evangeline," and it gave us all interest to see the descendants of the *habitants* of old as they passed us on the road.

As the ascent of the hillside was continued, the snow lay thicker and the track was worse from the absence or diminution of traffic on it, and with the slanting rays of the setting sun the cold was much greater. Nor was the travelling quite free from risk. If the horses got off the track they might have been staked on the snake-fence rails, covered up by the heavy snowfall. The road was not marked out, and the edge of a precipice might be encountered with very little straggling in search of it. This danger, however, did not meet us, and we reached the next resting-place for the night, "Purday's House," not far from the summit of the ridge, about dark. The satisfaction which followed on the exchange of the freezing cold outside, and the all-day cramped position in the sleigh, for the cheerful blaze and warmth at Purday's need not be expatiated upon.

We found a large and comfortable common room, with an open hearth of more than 6 feet in length, on which was laid half of the trunk of a rock maple tree, irresistibly suggestive of the old hall in ancient days in rural England.

The fierce heat given off was, every bit of it, wanted to combat the night cold at the altitude of the place in the Christmas week.

The inns along the road at this time were mostly kept by persons whose occupation was farming, and, in fact, inns they were not in the sense the word implies. At them, though all reasonable attention and courtesy was given, it was thoroughly understood that the guests were the obliged persons, and that no money consideration would make the host submit to an assumption of superiority, or to an affectation of patronage on the part of the guest. Nor would even a sulky taciturnity on the part of a guest pass unnoticed; a perfect equality amongst the guests at the table was the rule. Thus, master and man, and in our case centurion and private soldier, and all the dwellers in the house, sat at the same table, which had no dividing salt, and, as in the case of the celebrated "jackdaw," no one found himself "a ha'porth the worse" for the rule.

The farm-inn doubtless sprung up as a compromise. At first, when the road was little used, the hospitality of the farmer would be extended to the travellers, but when these came in numbers numerous enough to make the hospitality burdensome, but still insufficient to support an inn relying only on travellers, to support a remunerative service, the farm-inn would appear, and remain until travellers became numerous enough to bring along the regular inn.

Naturally the entertainment as regarded the table part of it varied according to the facilities of the place for the procuring of the necessary supplies, but at all the inns I saw the food was excellent and varied, though usually the cooking was of the primitive kind, not the result of high art. I used to think that fortune had smiled on me when I found that a piece of coveted beef-steak had *not* been fried in the pan along with a piece of salt pork, with resulting disastrous commingling of their juices. Tea was placed on the table at every meal; beef, turkeys, and fowls were scarcely ever wanting; raspberry and cranberry jams were never-failing ornaments, with savoury cakes and mince-pies. Capital river fish were sometimes on the breakfast-table, and in New Brunswick venison at dinner was common.

I was told that in some districts the price of this meat—never seen in England except at the tables of the great—was threepence a pound.

On the other hand, no intoxicating drink could be had, and Britishers at the farm-inns had the singular privilege of not being forced to muddle themselves with drink for the "good of the house."

We left Purday's hospitable roof early on the last day of 1861, and the sleigh continued the ascent of the slope until the saddle-back of the Coboquid Hills at this point was reached, and then came the rapid descent on the western side towards the seaport town of Amherst. The pace at which the sleigh was carried along roused alternately emotions of admiration and of dread in our minds. The down-hill speed connected with clever management of the horses caused the first feeling, and the second depended on the existence of intersecting ravines on the road through which the sleigh had to be taken. At the bottom the rivulet always found had been spanned by a roughly-made bridge. This sometimes seemed slightly framed, and not unfrequently the trenails fastening the cross-planks of the roadway to the rafters were loose, causing the rafters to tilt up, as the sleigh rattled over it. There might be no side-rails to give pause to frolicsome leaders cantered over the structure, whilst the yawning chasm bridged by it, in contrast with the snow, looked portentously black and deep. The principle of the art of taking the bridge at such places was just the same as that used in taking recently-made ice already mentioned. The four horses were put down the hill at top speed, and I suppose that in the absence of a brake of some kind this was a necessity; the bridge was taken at the same pace, and as much of the opposite ascent as the horses could be got to do. The driver called the proceeding "helping the team up the hill." I doubt if the horses thanked him for his help after they had stampeded over the shaky bridge.

After passing Amherst, the road crossed an extensive salt-marsh, beyond which was the frontier line of the sister province of New Brunswick. In this neighbourhood there had been much fighting between the English and the French

for the possession of Arcadia, about a hundred years before, and on the right-hand side of the road stood a neglected fort, in silent witness of the fact.

Although under the covering of snow little could be seen of the face of the country, there were indications that the district the road passed through was populated; the farm-houses were fairly numerous, and the primitive snake-fence enclosure for the fields were not universal; sleighs were passed on the road pretty frequently, and the air of solitude had lifted. The first place of any size passed was the nice-looking little town of Sackville, where the main industry, judging from appearances, was the scholastic one; a college for the education of young ladies, and other institutions for the training of boys in the way they should go, gave the air to the place.

Allusion has been already made to the more frequent meeting with sleighs after the province of New Brunswick had been entered. On this day the solitary sleigh met on the road was not the only object of interest. More than once a little string—a cavalcade—of sleighs was met, and, apart from the interest of seeing many faces, was that of the cheerful tinkling of the harness-bells.

Were no other notice of approach given than that afforded by the almost noiseless stamp of the horses and the equally silent graze of the runners on the frozen surface of the snow, travelling in winter would have greatly added risks, particularly as the pace is usually fast. Collisions might be looked for with certainty, therefore the law directed that the harness of horses on the road should have the specified description of bells attached. Some owners liked to have their harness-bells arranged in order harmoniously, and the effect was very pleasing.

Passing through the town of Dorchester, long after dark, the journey was continued to the bend of the Shediac River, at which point the railway from St. John's was reached about 11 p.m. The proper name of the rising town is Moncton, but it was generally spoken of by the name the grandfathers of the settlers had known the site by—that of "The Bend."

At "The Bend," a good hotel near the station emphasized

the importance accruing to it from the railway connection. At supper all the passengers brought on from Truro assembled. It was the last day of 1861, and, in due observance of custom, farewell regrets were accorded to the passing and cordial greetings to the incoming year. Everyone was in good spirits, though our temporary association was now—like 1861—passing away.

It has not been mentioned before that a gentleman, a passenger from Halifax to Moncton, had interested me mysteriously—I knew not why—from the first. On getting into the car for Truro I hardly noticed this passenger, but when he spoke, somehow his voice held me a little, or rather worried me a little—a loudish, masterful voice. I ventured to ask a gentleman near me who the new-comer was, and was answered that he was an important man, a contractor for building and kindred matters, that much of recent Halifax had been built by him. The incident went out of my head, but revived again at Truro, when I found that he did not stay at the hotel where most of the road-stayed passengers put up. On the day we began the next stage of the journey in sleighs, the gentleman who interested me had the box seat, talking away to the driver part of the time, and at short intervals hummed tunes to himself nearly all the rest of it. I was in the bench just behind him, heard every word he said, and for the life of me could not understand why I listened attentively to very ordinary commonplace talk. Late in the afternoon, following on a short interval of silence, he began to hum the air of one of Burns' most popular songs. This riveted my attention. Next day the object of my curiosity again sat by the driver, talked and hummed away as on the day before, occasionally bringing in the air which had made me "sit up," but in the afternoon he brought out another air which made me "sit up" higher still. On the last day of the sleigh ride he was in his old seat, and all the day I listened with heightened interest to his hummings. Over and over again he reverted to the two airs; but when sunset was near, without anything more of special interest to me having come up, he began humming a fresh air—like the two others, the words by Burns.

At supper at "The Bend" I was seated just opposite to him, and at last heard him say, to my dismay, that he had to strike off here for his own home, and must be going. I had a longing to talk with him in the morning, but now it seemed was my last chance; so, using a pause in the conversation, I said to him across the table: "In 1842 did you take a passage from London to Berwick-on-Tweed in the steamer *City of Manchester*, Captain Polwarth?" He stared hard at me, as did everyone else at table, and answered: "Yes, I did." "You had a very rough passage, and had to put into the Tyne for more coal." "Yes!" he said, excitedly; "but who are you?" I went on: "You were then a mason, and had been working on the new Houses of Parliament, and were on your way to Sprouston in Roxburghshire to bid your father and your people good-bye before going to Bermuda for the Government works there." "Yes, I was," he replied. "I did go to Bermuda, and, that job over, I went to New York, and built some of the brown stone houses there; then I came to Halifax, and started my present line of business. But who are you?" he kept on exclaiming. Then I made answer: "I never saw your face until the day we left Halifax, when somehow the sound of your voice startled me. I also was on board the *Manchester* in 1842, but lay prostrate in my cabin. The ship had a half poop, which overlooked the upper deck, where you and some friends sat nearly all day talking, and you amused yourself by singing some of Burns' songs from time to time, less than a foot from where I lay. Your singing then came in the same order every time. Ever since I have associated those three songs with you, and the rough weather in the North Sea, with the result you see."

Everyone at table had listened with interest, and the great contractor, after many "Ah! ah's!" gave vent to his feelings characteristically. Addressing me, he said: "O man! if you will come with me to my place, I'll keep you for a month." It was painful to refuse the chance of standing at free rack and manger for a month, but the path of duty lay another way; we greeted each other kindly, and, as John Bunyan says, "he went on his way, and I saw no more of him."

Next morning—New Year's Day—our party had the advantage of getting on to St. John's, in a special train which had been provided for a Government messenger with some important despatch, and we arrived there early in the afternoon. Our hotel was one conducted on the American lines for such concerns, and was largely occupied by citizens from the States, with which the city of St. John's had very important commercial relations. We—or rather should be said, I—saw the system in work for the first time, and, to begin with, were summoned to our dinner by a loud gong, and found that most of those at table were not flitting travellers, but regular boarders with their families. Dinner was not a lounge, but a matter to be quickly despatched; conversation, as being antagonistic to this requirement, was shunned. The hotel "bar" was a novelty to me, as was also the manner of the keeper of it, in its combination of gracious patronage with imperative sway.

All the city was in motion in honour of the day, and the observances were just those seen in Scotland on the annual festival day, the *Jour de l'an* borrowed from its ancient ally—namely, everyone paid visits in the circle of his acquaintances, proffering his respects and best wishes for the New Year; and, if relationship or unusually close friendship demanded, brought presents for acceptance. Above all, a day for family reunions, crowned with festival—the day, in fact, for sincere social enjoyment.

I had occasion to fall in with the first part of the observances noted. Having found at St. John's a friend of former days—one also too early lost, a consummation mercifully hidden at the time—I enjoyed my visit, enhanced by the memory of my recent little discomforts.

In the streets, and indeed everywhere, the conversation turned on the question of the probability of war with the Northern States of America, for, although the envoys of the Southern States, seized by the former from a British ship, had been given up, the general opinion was that in spring war was inevitable. The New Brunswickers, like the Nova Scotians, were ultra-loyal, and faced the likelihood of war with unshrinking resolution. The Volunteers had been called out, and were on duty; houses and other buildings

had been got ready to lodge the troops daily expected to arrive from England, temporarily ; the dissidents were few. The other side of the question was seen in the columns of the Boston newspapers lying on the tables at the hotel ; in them the editors vented their anger at their Government for having, as they put it, "backed down to England."

In two days' time the first of the regiments sent out from England on the occurrence of the crisis arrived in the harbour of St. John's, and the loyal excitement caused in the city was unbounded. The disembarkation of the Rifle Brigade was a perfect triumph—everyone rushed to meet them and to greet them.

The day after the arrival of the troops I left St. John's for Fredericton, sixty-five miles farther up the valley of the St. John, and the seat of government of the Province, on my way to Rivière du Loup, on the St. Lawrence, along with two officers, who in their special way had duties analogous to my own in relation to the preparations being made for the transit of the troops on sleighs through New Brunswick to the Lower Canada of those days. The instructions I had from my professional superior were to notice everything in connection with the nightly resting-places, the rationing, the clothing, and the medical arrangements, and to communicate at once to him any suggestions which seemed called for, to promote the sanitary well-being of the men on the long journey. As to this employment, however, it may be said at once that the preparations made for the transit of between 5,000 and 6,000 men and officers, travelling for six days in sleighs, with the thermometer well below zero all the time, and in a country where most of the accommodation at the nightly halting-places had to be hastily erected for the occasion, were so good, so well thought out and executed, that, so far as this part of my duty was concerned, it was a sinecure office.

Leaving St. John's in the forenoon, and crossing the river to the south side by the suspension bridge, the sleigh left the ordinary road after reaching that part where the open water ceased ; the river was hard frozen from bank to bank, and we used the track already made on the ice. We did not

enjoy the situation at all, as large openings in the ice, called "blow-holes," were to be expected. Some of them might be large enough to engulf our chariot and all the riders in it. We passed close to one such, and it was quite possible that one similar to it might open under our feet, so to say. The chance of this happening and of our being swept under the ice gave us no pleasure.

It was a satisfaction when the river was left, and we travelled over its deeply snow-covered bank, even although the track was very close to the edge of the bank—so close, indeed, at one time that the off-side runner of the sleigh was within a foot of the spot where it would be suspended in the air, were its distance to be diminished to a point within the foot. But it was difficult to look tranquilly that day on the conditions under which we journeyed. A piercingly cold north-west wind blew directly in our faces, and the sensation of cold was the worst by far I felt in Canada throughout the winter. Actual pain was felt; my temples felt as if nails were being driven into them, But the great struggle was to keep the nose from succumbing. I had to warm and cherish it by clasping it in my bare hand every few minutes, but, before I had got the circulation well established in the nose, my hand, exposed ungloved, ached as if it would drop off. It was a very trying experience, lasting until the wind took off a good deal in the afternoon.

It was near dusk before we had reached the Half-Way House to Fredericton. After leaving this, the track was exceedingly bad, "unmade" as the word is, and the snow-drifts across it were very high. About midnight, trying to make a short cut, we lost our way. By dint of excessive flogging, the horses dragged the sleigh on to the top of a drift, and then the teamster discovered that the sleigh could get no farther in the direction he was taking. At first sight it seemed to be an impossible task to extricate the sleigh and to turn it round; and so it would have been—the weight of it in lifting sunk us up to the knees in the snow—had we not been braced up with the strength of despair from thinking of the peril of remaining out all night, exhausted with the fatigue of "making a track" so often in the day, with the crowning fatigue of turning the sleigh

round. So we set to work getting wood from the fences to form a sort of road over the drift, by which at length we dragged the sleigh back. The horses had nearly an hour's rest, but their strength was greatly diminished, and progress was very slow; they were just able to crawl on.

It was after two o'clock in the morning when we found ourselves, as it seemed, all of a sudden in Fredericton. We entered it just when our harassed team was dead beat. On reaching the hotel, one of the horses dropped down as if dead, but after much labour it was got on its feet again. The sleigh conveying our baggage, leaving St. John's at the same time with our own, arrived at Fredericton next day.

Resting over Sunday in Fredericton, and greatly appreciating the kindly welcome extended to us by those of the inhabitants we met in the pleasant little town, we left for Woodstock on the Monday following. We began the sleigh ride with one of those ineffable winter mornings so peculiar to Canada, in which sun, sky, and atmosphere all combine to create a feeling in the mind that for the time there is no such thing as worry or anxiety in the world, and that it is a place where happiness is found in the sample fact of existence. The trees, especially the birch-trees, sparkled in the sun shining on the particles of ice adhering to the twigs, as if each one were covered and sparkled with myriads of diamonds.

The road ran west, along the south bank of the St. John's River, and the drive was very pleasant; the country passed through was comparatively well settled; and maple, ash, and birch trees were sufficiently numerous to relieve the heaviness of everlasting stretches of fir-wood. The district had long been, and still was, a famous field for the "lumbering" business. From time to time we noticed on our way the logs from the forest being hauled down to the side streams, which when flooded in spring would float down the small rafts to the St. John's River. There, united together into huge rafts, the winter harvest of the lumberers would be further floated down to the seaport, and the larger part would eventually be carried to England for numberless uses there.

A track had been made on the frozen river, and its course was marked out by fir saplings having only a branch or two left at the top ; but it was not much used, the danger from blow-holes being considerable, and the track was also interrupted occasionally by stretches of open water, where quickly-flowing currents prevented freezing of the stream. So the land track was generally used ; it, too, had its dangers, however, from running very close to the high precipitous bank of the river, but I suppose that, as nearly 6,000 men subsequently passed over the same place on sleighs without accident, there was no real danger, only a very good imitation of it.

I had the seat beside the driver, a very conversible man, originally from the North of Ireland, who, as he might have said, "discoursed" me during the day, the subject being, what the lumbering business was and how it was conducted. At first start in his New Brunswick life, in order to procure the means of planting and stocking his little clearing, he had gone lumbering, and eventually he continued this great aid to farming without capital, for a good many reasons. He spoke of its hardships and its risks very sympathetically, but to my surprise insisted that, on the whole, it was a happy life, one free from care, by which I fancy he meant pecuniary cares. The master-lumberer, who "runs" the adventure and takes all risk, first of all secures at the Government annual auction a right to fell all the timber on a certain area of land, and then engages the two classes of men for his operations—those for whom the matter is a profession, and those unskilled men for whom it is only a casual or temporary "job." The gangs go to the woods in autumn, settle on a camping-ground near to a convenient tributary of the St. John's—as the best timber in the world would be useless were the cost of hauling it too great. The main feature of the camp—the only one, indeed—would be the sleeping-place, for which at a suitable spot a shallow pit would be dug, to receive a bottom layer of fir-wood branches, on which would be laid a bedding of the soft green ends of the branches. On this, covered with their buffalo robes, the lumberers would sleep at night, in the open air, all the winter through. A huge fire, however, would be kept in

action all night by one of the gang told off for the work. There would be no screening walls, beyond what the surrounding three or four feet high of snow might supply. The payments to the men were not on a uniform system; special bargains were made, some contracting for so much money each month, others for a certain wage, with a share in the value of the lumber delivered. I was told that the wages varied very much in different years, much depending on building contracts in England, the range being as much as from £2 to £6 a month.

The contract also provided that the most plentiful food and that of the best quality should be issued free to the men. A stipulation was also made—originating with the men themselves—that no intoxicating drink should be allowed in camp. If such should be found in possession of any one of the lumbering party, the men would destroy it off-hand.

A suitable tree having been selected, the green hands are set to work to make a path for the log down to the water's edge. Two experienced lumberers then fell the tree, and in a marvellously short time it is brought down. Looking at the stump a few yards off, anyone would say the tree had been sawn down, the stump is left so smooth on its surface. The two men who felled the tree would then clear off the branches, and cut it down to a proper length; and their work would be over so far as concerned that tree. Then would come a man to square the tree and make a log of it. The next operation is that of hauling the log to the stream, being deferred until snow had fallen, so as to get the benefit of the frozen snow as a pathway to slide it along. When spring came and the ice broke up, the streams, swollen by the melted ice, have water enough in them to float the logs down to the St. John's or other large river, on which large rafts are made of the lumbering season's work; then these are piloted down to the harbour of St. John's.

The most dangerous part of the lumberers' work is that of getting the logs into the swollen torrents and fastening them into small rafts; they are engaged all day in water full of melting ice, and men are frequently swept away and drowned at the work, and few escape acquiring rheumatism, perhaps a lifelong ailment. The temptation of good pay

with which to work their clearings brings plenty of young men into the woods, however. There, as is said of sailors at sea, they work like horses; sometimes also, like the sailors, they spend their hard-earned money like asses—a melancholy end to it.

We reached the Half-Way House at two in the afternoon, and dined there in the usual farm-inn way. For a bountiful dinner the charge made was three York shillings, or eighteenpence in English money. We did not reach Woodstock until 9 a.m.

At St. John's the loyalty shown to the Old Country in connection with the expected war with America was firm and sincere; at Fredericton it was striking and universal; but at Woodstock it was a passionate feeling that scouted all consideration of the consequence of war with an enemy whose frontier was not more than ten miles off. It appeared that all the summer the citizens on the Maine border had been boasting of how they meant to whip the Britishers, and the Woodstock people had to tolerate the bounce as well as they could; but now things had taken another turn, and when the news arrived that Messrs. Mason and Slidell had been given up to the British Government, the Woodstock Volunteer Artillery turned out, and, marching to the border of the Province, fired a royal salute into Maine, possibly to give their neighbours an opportunity of rejoicing with them. Further, to show their goodwill, they had taken the editor of a Woodstock paper, who had persistently run down the South and had written up the North, and, after treating him to a ride on a rail, had emptied him with all his printing gear into the State of Maine. But in extenuation of such lawless acts it might be pleaded that the people of the Woodstock districts were mostly the descendants of loyalists who, after the War of Independence, had left the United States and had settled in British North America, largely about Woodstock. The feelings of their fathers had survived in them. The inn at which we put up belonged to a descendant of one who had cast in his lot with the British, and from him we heard all the incidents arising out of the local feeling, and we sympathized with him.

Leaving Woodstock next morning, our road lay nearly due north along the east bank of the St. John's River, eventually crossing over to the west bank, where the boundary-line dividing the Province from the State of Maine was close to us.

At first we passed through a fairly well-settled hilly country, crossing occasionally the mouths of deep, narrow valleys, bridged for the roadway, down which in spring torrents pass swiftly to the St. John's here close at hand. This water-way made the district, which was heavily wooded, a very favourable one for lumbering operations ; it also made it a very picturesque one to the eyes of travellers. After leaving the Half-Way House at Florenceville, the country was very hilly, and the prospect from any height over the distant parts was that of an interminable ocean of forest. The sleigh did not reach Tobique—the resting-place for the night—until 9 p.m., the horses being unequal to the work. Our inn was a very comfortable one for anyone, but especially for the wearied travellers it received into its hospitable shelter. Tobique—or Tōbĭc, as the English colonist calls it—is about seven miles from the boundary-line, and a good many Americans were settled in the valley, though the majority of the inhabitants were of the old French-Acadian descent. It is close to the confluence of the important Aristook River, coming from Maine to join the St. John's, which also receives the Tobique River from the valley on the east side at this point.

We left early with a capital team, and got along well, though the road was bad ; and in trying to better it by short cuts over clearings we got many bad bumps. The term " clearing " was, in fact, very often only a " courtesy title " for the land. The soil in the valley was considered to be very good, as the hardwood growing on it indicated, and emigrants settling there at that time had rare advantages ; a hundred acres of it could be bought from Government for £15, payable in labour on the roads—perhaps on one passing the man's own door—at the rate of half a crown a day. The farmer without capital could also readily obtain work in the lumbering operations, comparatively speaking, close at hand, and with the money earned could

make the clearing a farm. Schools had already been started for the children of the settlers.

The valley at the time was one of the most famous tracts for moose- and cariboo-deer shooting in North America—the flesh of the former was found at every house, its cost being almost nominal—and excellent fish, including salmon, I was told, abounded in its rivers and streams; the moose-deer skin, turned into leather, made the best of mocassins for winter use. Many of the "red men" still roamed about the valley, subsisting on the produce of the chase and fishing. Their squaws made up mocassins and wove baskets, etc., in their leisure time for sale in the settlements. I had pointed out to me, near Woodstock, a nice-looking farm which was owned and worked by an Indian—the solitary example of its kind. It was agreed on all hands there that the red man was a vanishing quantity, an opinion not held now in Canada, I think, since the Government seriously set to work to raise their position. We saw several of the wigwams of the Indians who were encamped near a tributary of the Aristook River for the purpose of catching fish, and I also saw several decrepit sots of the race, who hung about settlements, giving themselves out (to strangers) to be great chiefs, and thus levying a small revenue of sixpences from the awestruck pale-faces, lately landed from the big canoes. The best of the Indians in the valley were famous as guides to hunters, their inherited knowledge of woodcraft and their instinct for finding their way about woods unknown to them being miraculous.

On this occasion it happened that our teamster was a man of substance and position in the neighbourhood. In England the union of the conditions would bewilder everyone in the locality, but in a new country it seems quite as natural that a squire should earn money by hiring and driving his team as that he should do so by selling potatoes or grain. Our teamster was quiet and unassuming—a pleasant companion to sit beside in the sleigh; it only came out by degrees that the bedrock of his work was farming; that with other members of his family he contracted to horse the post-office mail along the road; that they were also engaged in lumbering operations; that he was now on his way up to Quebec on

some business connected with shipbuilding. Later on, I learnt that he had contracted to replace the fallen-down suspension bridge at Great Falls, with another, guaranteed never "to get tired," for spanning the St. John's.

We reached the village of Grand Falls early in the afternoon, and I had time to see the attractions of the place.

The St. John's River is here narrowed into half the width it is higher up, and for about a mile passes through a deep gorge, on the sides of which, wherever there is earth enough to nourish them, fir and other trees grow which even in winter take off much of the desolate look of the view. The fall is about 80 feet high, and of a breadth of somewhere about 200 feet; the great body of water falls with an awful crash, and sends off columns of mist and spray high into the air, and then races down the gorge in the character of a turbulent rapid until it has passed over the declivity into a more level bed. Just a little beyond the fall the river is spanned by a suspension bridge, and, as we were walking over it, the gentleman who had driven us from Tobique told me its history, and I experienced that not only was he a very well-informed, shrewd man, but that he was also an acute thought-reader. The former bridge, it seemed, had collapsed into the river bodily one day when a waggon was driving over it. Involuntarily, I looked up at the high wall which supported the end chains of the existing bridge, and at once he informed me I need not be afraid of this bridge, for erecting which he and his brothers (I think) had contracted—that the demonstrated fault in the old bridge had been avoided. He had himself seen that the chains were not only sunk well into the ground, but, further, were fixed securely into a cutting 5 feet deep in the rock.

The grand "water privilege" I noticed had been put to the use of man in supplying power to drive large saw-mills.

Next day we left Grand Falls, crossing to the east side of the river which, nearly as far as Little Falls, is the boundary between the Province and the State of Maine. The Ashburton Treaty, which is still bewailed in New Brunswick, gave a large and futile district of land north and west in this part of the Province—rich also in lumbering wealth—to the United States. Along with the territory given up was

the population, chiefly consisting of French-Canadians, who for long have kept alive the vain hope of being allowed to revert to the Province.

All the people in the country were French-Acadians. We should have known this without being told, from the fact that every traveller on the road courteously saluted whoever he met. The houses also were more spacious and heavier built than those usually seen amongst the English colonial settlers ; I think they were less tidy inside, but this I gathered chiefly from conversation with non-French people. Large chapels, wooden built, replaced the small and plain meeting-houses we had hitherto seen at St. Basil; a fine chapel and a convent arrested attention, and here and there we came on a wayside cross. About nightfall, Little Falls, or Madawaska, was reached, and about ten miles farther on was the boundary-line of New Brunswick, where we entered Lower Canada. A plain wooden post pointed out the spot on the road where the territories met.

As might be expected, the track on the road of the larger and richer Province was better cared for than that hitherto seen—mile-posts marked the distances, the bridges seemed to be more substantial, and the snow-plough was at work to make the track easier to travel on. At this particular part there was nothing attractive about the scenery—a dreary cedar-tree swamp, or rather what would be a swamp in the absence of frost ; in the pale moonlight it was only suggestive of wolves. And in this connection with the animals mentioned I would say that, contrary to preconceived notions of life in a country so full of deer and of other creatures, the natural food of wild animals, we did not in the whole course of the long journey see a single specimen of one, or even the track of a wolf on the snow. The nearest thing to wild animal life we had seen was a beaver-lodge near the road, and therefore deserted by its former inhabitants; it was in perfect condition, both as to its little tower-like houses and its containing wall.

The resting-place for the night was a wayside inn at Dejelé, kept by a French *habitant*. The scene on presenting ourselves was unexpected. The house itself was rather a large and rambling one ; we found it full of people, mostly

young, who had been amusing themselves with dancing and singing. The pleasant and genial curé of the neighbourhood was also there; he told me he had been shriving penitents all day, and the existence of the light-heartedness was a consequence. He said also apologetically—very unnecessarily, I thought: "You know that in the country the curé is mixed up with everything."

The incident called up to mind the words of the ancient English song in analogy with the merry-making seen:

> "'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
> To welcome merry Shrovetide."

I fear that our arrival, involving the necessity of cooking, etc., for guests, somewhat damped the pleasure of the very pleasant-looking little festival.

Whilst supper was being got ready, the walls of the guest-room furnished us with amusement, if not with instruction; they were covered with highly-coloured prints of various saints, and of sundry almost miraculous passages in their lives. Mixed with what might be termed the devotional pictures were some illustrating the glories of the French army, more especially those in the episodes of the then recent Crimean War, but the well-known figure in the grey riding-coat and the cocked hat was also prominent.

Supper ended, the travellers made for bed, but I for one was not destined to partake of tired nature's sweet restorer that night. The stoves in the house were so many, and so well served all night through, that the heat exceeded anything tolerable; it was like what I fancy the stoke-hole of an engine—full power on—would be. Remonstrance could not be made, and yet the dried-up hot mephitic air made silence impossible; the only relief felt was that afforded by a frequent groan. Next day's journey was for a long stretch by the margin of the Temisquata Lake; then the ascent of some mountainous land was made, on reaching the top of which we passed down towards the St. Lawrence River along a well-laid-out road, resembling in general features, though a considerable way off, those of the Swiss Alps. Since entering Canada the travelling had been over much better roads, but it had not been so pleasant generally as on

that through the Lower Province, on leaving which one-horsed "carioles" were supplied to each of our party, instead of the former large well-horsed sleighs. I found that four hours on a cariole was as tiring as a day's journey in a large sleigh. No road keeping over such a long line of difficult country could be of the same excellence everywhere, and, where snow-drifts had formed, the carioles had found hollows like those between the waves at sea. At "cachots," as such drifts were called, the jolting was frightful; if the person inside were not prepared for the shock he might readily be pitched out, and a short succession of such jolts qualifies a stranger's admiration for sleighing as an enjoyment. The horses were wonderfully good; on a favourable track, twelve miles an hour has been recorded.

About midnight a sudden turn in the road brought into view a broad expanse, right and left, quite free from trees, and it did not require also the sudden addition to the former severity of a cutting wind to tell me that the expanse was that of the frozen St. Lawrence. The town of Rivière du Loup on its bank was soon reached, and the cross-country journey was over.

CHAPTER XVI

WINTER IN CANADA (1862)

WHEN asked by the driver of the cariole who had brought me from Dejelé where Monsieur wished to lodge himself on reaching Rivière du Loup, I had given him for answer the direction: "To the grandest hotel in the place." I afterwards had to learn that, though there were two so-called hotels in the place, neither of them, strictly speaking, could be called by the term used. The driver had deposited me at one of them, but I ungratefully left it next morning, and settled in the other with three officials concerned in the troops' transit business, remaining there during my stay at Rivière du Loup. I have hitherto called the settlement at the "River of the Wolf" a town, but in 1862 its claim to this distinction could only be maintained in summer and autumn, for the rest of the year it was a village on the right bank of the River St. Lawrence, about 126 miles from Quebec. It was also the then terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway, and thus the point at which the troops coming overland from Halifax were to be "entrained" for the Upper Province. Isolated and self-contained, so to say, its normal population was that of an ordinary French *habitant's* village. Of outsiders I think there were few indeed—railway officials, and of the rest, perhaps a couple of dozen living as real foreigners in the place. In winter the only language was French. As far as my observation went, I think I am justified in saying that only a dozen or so natives of the village—including the proprietor of the boarding-house honoured by the presence of the officials already adverted to—could speak English. In summer, however, the village was transformed by the arrival of some 4,000 holiday people, who

came to it as the sea-bathing place of Quebec chiefly, though some of the visitors, it was said, came from far-off New York even; the visitors resided chiefly in houses which had been built for a temporary population, and were empty in winter. The St. Lawrence River—if the term can denote an estuary of about fifteen miles broad and influenced by the tide—receives the small tribute of water brought to it by the Wolf River, which in its course intersects the area on which the village is built. In the season for visitors, when they wander along its banks, and have its rapids and waterfalls in view, no doubt the scenery is very enjoyable. There was a good deal of cultivated land within three miles of the village, generally arranged in severely regular strips of ground, so very unlike the farms of men of British nationality. The wood in the neighbourhood had been largely used up, but the gorges through which the river ran must have made the valley picturesque in summer.

The village might contain about 200 houses; a large stone-built chapel and a gigantic mill were the most conspicuous features in connection with it. Though small, it was great by comparison; for the neighbouring *habitants* it was a metropolis, as it congregated the storekeepers, notaries, doctors, etc., whose services were available for the settlers and others within a certain radius.

When, after its winter closure, the St. Lawrence was open for navigation, the village became a pilot-station, and perhaps its adaptation for this use was the original cause of its existence.

My first and most pressing duty at Rivière du Loup was to find some buildings suitable for use as a temporary hospital. Fancying that the best way to effect this would be by requesting the aid of the curé, I called on him, and was received very civilly, but was told that the very moderate requirements stated were not to be found in the place. The houses were small, but if one of the empty houses better suited for the purpose could not be found, he would very willingly give up his own *presbytère* (a comparatively large one) for the purpose sought, and that he would be glad to be of any further help to me. I thanked him cordially for his offer of co-operation and left, wondering how the village

of Rivière du Loup had come to have in it, a curé who so completely came up to the idea I had formed of one of the high ecclesiastical personages, say, of France, in bygone days, as to stateliness of appearance, suavity of demeanour, and, as I guessed from the large library in his sitting-room, of cultured tastes. I then called on the medical man of the place, only to find that monsieur could do nothing.

I found for myself an empty house—a Hobson's choice—which would do to begin with; it was secured, and from Quebec next day a suitable equipment arrived for it, so the house was ready to receive any military wayfarer stricken by accident or illness on the road. The temporary hospital never had its resources seriously tested; in all, not more than a dozen men were received into it from first to last, no one of the number with severe illness.

At this time there was a heavy fall of snow, and preceding it the temperature fell very low. Although the hospital was little more than 100 yards from the hotel, it startled me during a visit to it in the forenoon, whilst the snow was falling, to realize how readily a person might be lost in a heavy snow-storm in an exposed place. My experience was acquired in a sheltered street. After a few yards of walking with the snow up to the knees, relish for the walk had gone; then the snow got a little deeper to just over my knees, and it was with great difficulty I extricated a leg from the snow for each advance. The heavy boots and the cumbersome tails of a fur-lined coat kept me pinned down so long at each step that the struggle was quickly exhausting, and a good blast of wind might have sent me over. I had every condition in my favour, but in the case of another, essaying to reach his home after a day's work, exposed on a shelterless plain, bewildered with the snow battering his face and uncertainty as to the direction, exhaustion might quickly come on, with ensuing stupor. A body, discovered weeks after, would show that he had been lost in the snow. On the 14th January, the first detachment of troops, sent out from England on the special service, arrived towards evening by sleighs from New Brunswick.

Lodging had been provided for the reception of the

detachments successively arriving until next morning, when they were entrained for the Upper Province.

Few persons can take any interest in a mention of the specific means taken to transport the Expeditionary Force, in the dead of winter, across the Province of New Brunswick, but perhaps if any long-lived survivors of the force casually come across a summary of the means taken for their well-being on the occasion, it may awaken a transient interest to have a gleam of this portion of their life brought back.

The force to be transported consisted of six regiments of infantry and of an equivalent proportion of artillery and engineers, with the usual accessory complements of departmental bodies. The bedrock of the whole operation was an unlimited credit on the British Treasury, and, secondary to this, a knowledge amongst the officials concerned that in the conduct of it everything would be forgiven except want of success.

The troops were to travel by day, and to rest at night at the various stopping-places on the line already mentioned, and contracts were made for the erection, if necessary, of temporary houses in which the men were to rest for the night. To provide for this, the wood was hewn, sawn, and built up; and in a few days stoves were set up to warm the buildings.

Every soldier had served out to him special warm underclothing, and a pair of boots over which he wore deerskin mocassins; his greatcoat was lined with flannel; he was given a sealskin cap, covering ears and neck and coming well over the sides of the face; a pair of fur gauntlets; and, lastly, a rug to wear at discretion in the sleigh. Warnings were given to the men on the subject of precautions against frost-bite, and instructions how to act when its advent was suspected.

The rations were special, excellent of their kind, and abundant. A hot meal was in readiness for the detachment as soon as it arrived off the day's journey.

Instructions were given that the men should be systematically exercised during the day's journey by occasional walking, for a short stretch.

How to prevent drink being procured by the men was a

subject of much consideration. By the zealous and unremitting co-operation of the local authorities along the line of road, success was nearly completely reached; comparatively few men managed to procure the means for injuring themselves. In one case a man who refused to wear his gauntlets, and whose obstinacy led to the horrifying sequel of the loss of both hands, from the one well-known "Gelatio" of the Crimean War time, was not suspected of having brought on his misery through drink. Another man, however, who, as the result of a drunken sleep in the sleigh, was taken out of it dead at the end of the journey, was an example to others. In the words of Coleridge,

"He closed his eyes in sleep; nor knew 'twas death."

Anything that broke the monotony of a barrack life was welcomed by the soldier of those days, hence the enthusiasm with which they were always ready to volunteer for active service. This winter journey was very agreeable to them, and whilst it lasted they had neither tiresome parades nor weary "sentry goes," as they call guards; the pipeclay element of their profession, both material and moral, was for the time delightfully abated. As I saw them every evening, when they had gotten close to Rivière du Loup, they were in high spirits; indeed, in boisterous good-humour, often singing patriotic songs in chorus; sometimes—I suppose by way of impressing the imaginations of the people met—a pocket-handkerchief fluttered from a stick on the sleigh. Jean Baptiste used to laugh as he saw them gliding by, but possibly the laugh expressed a tinge of apprehensiveness that if anything occurred to mar the good-humour of the singing warriors, arms would not have given way to the village toga. However, nothing did occur, but if it had I am sure it would only have been something trivial.

In journeying along close to the American frontier, so close, indeed, that a man at certain points might have jumped off the sleigh and in a few minutes have reached the ideal boundary-line separating Maine from the Province, it was necessary to have in view the possibility of desertion. Crimps were known to be hovering about the line of road with money and fine promises to inveigle men, and sleighs

in readiness to whisk off those who fell into the snare, whilst the prospect held out to deserters was tempting in a high degree. Recruits for the American army were just then in great request, and a well-drilled soldier deserting from the British army had a likelihood of almost at once reaching the position of a non-commissioned officer, with a pay of some five times as much as that he was receiving, and the allurement of active field service along with it. Only three men, I believe, did desert. Let anyone ask himself what effect the sudden offer of a fivefold emolument to that he was then receiving would, conceivably, have on his own mind were the price of the change to be but a sacrifice of nationality. There seems to me nobleness in the spirit which at that time kept the soldiers true to their country.

On two occasions, when approached by speculators from the Maine side of the border, men got into the sleighs with the tempters, and went with them just as far as was needful to afford evidence of the wrongdoing called "inducing to desert," and the wrongdoers were then handed over to the civil power. I understood that in each case four years of retirement from active life was allotted for the infraction of the law of New Brunswick.

During the preparatory stage of the transit operation, much wasted energy on the part of officials was of course a prominent feature, quite justifying the petulant remark of a harassed regimental officer whenever he saw a sleigh passing his post: "There they go, more organizers and telegraphers." On one occasion a stolid unimaginative officer replied to what he thought was an hysterical telegraphic message from his superior of "Where are you, and what are you doing?" that he was at Little Falls, and that he was having his dinner.

One Departmental Officer at Rivière du Loup, who had been trained to methodical habits at desk work, and who every day received a little sheaf of "wires," had them carefully bound in little volumes. I hope they have been treasured in the library of his Department.

The officials finally settled at Rivière du Loup for the winter were an officer of the Quartermaster-General's Staff, a Commissariat Officer, and myself; we lived in comparative

comfort in the hotel, and, so associated, had no need to "wire" to each other. A day or two after arrival, I found an important stranger waiting for me at the little hospital; like ourselves, he had a temporary interest in the passage of the troops on their way to Upper Canada. He explained that he had been sent down by the editor of a Quebec newspaper to write a stirring article on the subject, and I heard soon after from Montreal that he had written very strongly about everything and everybody connected with the temporary station, so much so that the Montreal folks thought we had sounded the loud timbrels for ourselves: a mistake on their part, nor can I excuse it, as the mistake was quite unnatural.

The gentleman—he was one both in education and in manner—after his professional jottings were made, gave me a very interesting account of his career in Canada, which followed on his leaving the Blue Coat School in London. I could not help telling him that, if published, the readers of the paper would welcome them far more eagerly than they would anything he could glean for them by his visit to Rivière du Loup.

Life at Rivière du Loup in winter could not be said to have any particular charm for strangers—not of the same people as those permanently inhabiting it; the silent influence of different faiths was an effectual barrier to any approach to intimacy, but the civility extended to the stranger was a very fair substitute for friendliness. I have already mentioned the courtesy of the curé; his paramount influence was very advantageous. He created a good understanding with the villagers as to the soldiers, and his warnings against supplying drink to them were effectual.

People have an easy sneer against Scots, by associating them in the matter of ubiquity with grindstones and rats. There was no Scot at the village of the Wolf at the time referred to, but it had a narrow escape, as the *seigneurie* of it and of a huge tract of land around was held by the grandson of a Scot, who, having been an officer in one of the Highland regiments of Wolfe's army at the capture of Quebec, received a most liberal grant of land in the then forest. Indeed, it must have been a "monstrous cantle,"

for he divided it into three *seigneuries*, being one for each of his sons, which by the then law of the country—imported from the France of the old régime—had certain rights, at the cost of other people's wrongs, attached to them; the *droits de moulin* and the *lods et ventes*, which for so long a time fettered down industry in Lower Canada, were amongst the rights. The ancient law on this matter had been abolished a little before to the advantage of everyone, not excepting the despoiled seigneurs in the country, who it was told me divided about a million sterling amongst them for the forced surrender of obsolete privileges.

The notaries in the village represented a class quite unknown in English villages; it was told me that members of the profession looked forward to the succession to public offices, and if disappointed, furnished recruits to the body of patriots, who did their best to persuade their countrymen that they were the ill-treated members of a subject race.

At Rivière du Loup in winter violent snow-storms occasionally cut off the inhabitants from communication with the outer world, but not usually for more than a few hours, at least as regards the railway. On it, through the beneficent agency of the snow-plough, the snow-drifts which block up the way were speedily brought low. In recompense for this, the weather in this season may be delightful, the air being dry and reinvigorating, and although the thermometer might show many degrees below zero, the cold would be less felt than on some of the black misty winter days occasionally noticed in England; but no doubt the very warm dress worn in Canada in the season might account for the paradox. After sunset, however, the cold at Rivière du Loup was always severely felt.

Monsieur le Curé had called on us, and his visit had been a pleasant one, but we had seen no one else on a visit of courtesy; the mountain would not come to Mahomet, so the alternative was taken up—we called on two or three of the prominent inhabitants. The seigneur, Mr. Fraser, naturally was one of those to whom we paid our respects; he spoke English, but markedly as a Frenchman would speak. Neither the chateau of old France, nor the great man of his neighbourhood, was in evidence; a prosperous farmer in a

large way was the impression conveyed by what we saw, but he was a very large landed proprietor. A visit was also made to the Protestant clergyman ; it caused us surprise to hear that the village had a church for him to officiate in. He told us that he had eight families under his ministrations ; I suppose that the summer season largely augmented this number. I have already mentioned the readiness with which the curé, Père Racine, aided in all measures likely to be serviceable for the object in view of which the village had been made a temporary station ; his courtesy was also extended to us personally in a highly appreciated invitation to dine with him. My hospital duties were of the lightest kind ; the short winter's day was more taken up with the afternoon walk, generally in company, than by any other employment. There were tracks in every direction, but only available for persons who could use snowshoes in locomotion. We were not of the number, so our walking was limited chiefly to the two highways, the Quebec and the St. Francis Road. A foot-track which led down to the St. Lawrence was also generally available—that is, when no fresh snow had fallen and obliterated the track. To reach the third milestone on the road, along which we had travelled from New Brunswick, was a good walk ; but as the track was very narrow, pedestrians had a great deal of unexpected exercise thrown into the bargain, arising from the necessity of jumping into the snow off the track whenever the tinkling of the sleigh-bells was heard before or behind us; the combination of watchfulness with exercise was trying both physically and mentally. It was much better, however, to accept the terms on which we could use the highway for exercise than to pass the afternoon in the stove-heated room of the hotel.

The walk down to the margin of the St. Lawrence was a very fatiguing matter. The distance from the hotel was over a mile of mostly untrodden snow, with patches of glairy ice to cross from time to time, beginning with the frozen-over tributary to the St. Lawrence beside which the village stood ; but the toil to reach the great river was repaid fully by a near view of its (at a distance) completely frozen-over surface. We had in fact suggestions of Arctic Circle features, stored in the mind from former reading, though

of narrower scope, brought back to us. At this point the river was fifteen miles broad, but in the centre of the stream an island eight miles long diminished its apparent width. The margin only—the *bordage*, as it is called—some three miles in width, was frozen, so there was a great width of open water left, but useless for navigation because of the imminent danger from floating masses of ice. Owing to the action of the tide, the thick ice on the *bordage* had in many places been broken through, and water had burst up and spread from the blow-holes over the originally snow-covered ice. The surface of the *bordage* was largely covered with "hummocks" of ice washed down from the upper course of the river, and piled in irregular heaps—sometimes six or more feet in height—and obstructing the view in a degree which made walking on the *bordage* a little risky. To avoid the hummocks it was necessary to make frequent détours, by which the intended line of way was lost; the smooth hummocks could not be climbed. The sun's position, of course, gave a general notion of the situation, but nervousness as to the close of a short winter's day could not but be present. The sharp edges on some of the crowded-together hummocks made progression slow; it compelled wary walking, besides which loud cracking of the ice was not an infrequent sound, and water was seen welling up from below. Occasional tumbles on the newly-frozen water from the crevices were incidental occurrences which hardly added to the interest of the walk.

We reached the shore a good deal lower down than where we took off on this occasion. But the excursion, on the whole, had a sort of fascination in it which prompted to an occasional repetition. Once I even went on the *bordage* by myself, returning from the semi-Arctic exploration safely, but with an experience that taught me not to be such a fool again.

Occasionally a belated ship leaving Quebec is caught in the ice, and possibly may have the good fortune only to be held up by it until navigation opens again in spring; but there is great danger of the floating ice overwhelming the vessel: a change of wind might bring immense quantities of ice up the river.

One oft-repeated enjoyment at Rivière du Loup was that of the wonderful sunsets in the winter season, mountains beyond, and the river itself at hand, with its vast expanse of snow-covered ice, the green forests, all seen in the light of the western sky, flaming like red copper, whilst in other parts all sorts of colours—green, violet, pink—made up a picture to live in memory.

On the northern shore of the river, and, as seen in the clear atmosphere, not very much lower down than Rivière du Loup, was the entrance of the Saguenay River, yet the map showed that it was sixteen miles below the village ; the high bluffs at the entrance hid the stream. Much interest attached to the tributary, chiefly due to mystery, so that very few people comparatively had ever been on its waters ; a gentleman I met was one of the few. He stated that the course of the river lay through what looked like a rent in a mountain range, running longitudinally with it, the bed being as clearly cut out as a canal, or the line of a quay ; that the wall-like banks, besides being very high, were almost plumb straight. The water at the junction with the St. Lawrence, he said, was too deep to be sounded by the ordinary ship's sounding-line. No Red Indians lived in the country, but he said that a few Esquimaux from the coast of Labrador might be found ; that the country could not grow wheat, and that only a few lumberers near the St. Lawrence found occupation there.

One of the men employed at the Rivière du Loup railway-station was of Esquimaux race, and, so to say, was a curiosity, and attracted attention ; but in his case it seemed to me that the ethnological characteristics were not those of a perfectly unmixed race.

Time ran by, and on the 9th March the last detachment of troops from New Brunswick arrived ; they completed the number of 6,811 men and officers, brought overland to the Canadian railway-station. On one day only, in the end of February, had the weather interfered with the uninterrupted passage of the troops : a furious snow-storm on that day blocked up the road ; no sleighs could travel, and the troops had to remain at Fort Ingal on the New Brunswick side. It was said that some of the snow-drifts were

15 feet high. By great exertions a passage was cleared, and on the day stated the work was finished. The railway was also blocked up by the same storm, so that communication with the outer world was for some hours cut off. We had also to use snow-water to drink, as one effect of the storm on that day. The operations in connection with the transit had been advantageous to those settlers along the line, and near to it, who had furnished the carriage and the teamsters, occurring as they did at a time when winter had stopped nearly all farming work. It was strange to find that a good many of the teams came from the adjoining districts of the Maine border. I occasionally had a talk with the teamsters, most of whom did a little business on the return journey, purchasing such things as flour, rum, fish, and small wares, or occasionally agricultural implements, at Rivière du Loup, for sale in their own State; as no carriage had to be paid, the little ventures turned out well. Amongst others, I talked with an Irishman, who had migrated from New Brunswick into Maine. He was very content with the position his industry had brought him, but admitted that he might have done as well in New Brunswick, and that some chance circumstance generally controlled the question of settlement of emigrants in one country or the other. In his own case, he said that he had landed with less than twelve dollars in his pocket, that he used to make nine pounds a month at the lumbering business, but he added that he could not stand the roughing it out. His land of 200 acres, with the clearing on it, would sell for 3,000 dollars. Contrary to what I had heard before from other settlers, he had very definite notions as to the rate at which clearing forest land for cultivation could be carried out; the worst man who handled an axe, he said, could clear two acres of the heaviest timbered land in six months; that a good axeman on the lightest land might possibly fell thirty acres; that in six months such a man could readily fell twelve acres of hardwood.

My very light work at Rivière du Loup was now over, and I paid my farewell visits, two in number—one to the hospitable curé, Monsieur Racine, and one to the local medical man, Monsieur Houdin, with whom I had some

slight professional relations. On the 13th March, along with the officer of the Quartermaster-General's Staff—the same who had been mentioned in a former notice in the Great Mutiny jottings—I left Rivière du Loup for Montreal.

The transit of the troops had finished just in time; the frost had begun to lessen; by midday a perceptible thaw had appeared, announcing the end of the sleigh-running season.

CHAPTER XVII

WASHINGTON DURING THE WAR (1862)

LEAVING the French village, where the greater part of the winter had been passed, in the morning, we reached Point Levis on the south bank of the St. Lawrence, opposite to Quebec, in the afternoon. The pace at which the train moved was a very leisurely one—the incipient thaw compelled this—and stoppings were frequent—so frequent, indeed, that my companion became anxious, and on one occasion asked the conductor whether, when passengers were in a hurry to reach their destination, they were permitted to get out and walk, and he was reassured by an affirmative reply. The line ran through a country in some parts of which there were natural features of interest, and, when near Quebec, some of historical association ; but the mantle of snow marred the one, and the want of local knowledge on our part made the other invisible. The imposing citadel of Quebec, too, seen from a distance, dwarfed in interest everything else, though a recollection of the view down the river towards Lorette, frozen as it was, compels me to qualify the first statement.

At Point Levis the river had to be crossed. On leaving the train, we were fortunate in finding the steam ferry to the city at work, after its long winter spell of inactivity ; it had recommenced only the day before, and by it we were landed at Quebec. Four hours remained to us before our train left Point Levis, and we utilized them in driving about the upper and the lower towns, and seeing the principal streets. Of course, we had a sight of the famous ground where the Generals of both armies fell at the last battle for the possession of the city, and we also visited the citadel.

When returning by the steam ferry, there was just a little doubt if it could clear the ice which had formed in the afternoon, but this was effected, and at seven o'clock in the evening our train left for Montreal. The journey onwards was delightfully spent in deep unconscious repose in the luxury of a sleeping-car. Writing forty years after having—for the only time in my life—travelled at night, in what might be described as the connecting-link between a cabin on board an ocean liner and railway train accommodation, I may perhaps be excused wandering from my subject to say how interesting it is to notice that sleeping-cars seem likely to have a future on English lines; at any rate, they have been introduced in some trains—on cautious trial, perhaps.

At ten o'clock in the forenoon we crossed the then recently opened Victoria Bridge spanning the St. Lawrence, and found ourselves in the city of Montreal, and amongst many acquaintances.

The change from the silent village on the St. Lawrence facing the (in winter) Arctic-circle-looking territory of Labrador afforded as striking a contrast as could readily be seen. The city, having at that time a population of a little over 90,000 people, contained sumptuous-looking public buildings of all kinds, religious and civil; the principal streets, to eyes lately habituated to the solitude of the Lower Canada villages, seemed to be alive with busy people; the whole aspect was bright and cheerful, even in winter. The "Royal Mount," which rises to a height of over 700 feet on the landward side of the city and parallel to it, gives a noble background, and even in the comparative youth of the place many handsome private houses had been built on it.

Most of the streets, built in early days, were narrow; and in winter, especially in the season when a warm midday sun melted the covering of ice and snow on the roofs, the danger of walking on the side-paths was sufficiently in evidence; every now and then small avalanches were precipitated into the street, and, arriving there with the impetus gathered on the downward journey, were much more than sufficient to convert them into dangerous missiles

for the passers-by, on whose heads they might chance to fall.

There was a great deal to see at Montreal, in spite of the winter snow. The walk along the upper road—Sherbrook Street—with the extensive view its commanding position gave, was a great enjoyment; and one over the frozen river to the railway-station at St. Lambert's well repaid the trouble. The Victoria Bridge, two miles in length all but 50 yards, was seen in this walk to all advantage from the centre of the river, and the track over the ice was always animated by the nearly uninterrupted succession of sleighs, crossing with supplies from the country for the market.

In going through the streets of Montreal at this time, I used to think English was as much heard as French, but this might have depended on the quarter of the city in which I usually took my walks abroad. The Irish population seemed to be considerable; I was told that, in spite of the strong bond of similar convictions in religion, the *habitants* and the Irish did not get on well together—that aversion rather than sympathy was the feeling of the one people to the other. But on a matter of this kind it is easy to be misled if the observation has not been spread over a large section of population.

"Patrick's Day," the grand festival, happened this year to fall in very bad weather: a furious storm of wind hurling dry powdery snow—a blizzard, as it is called—had set in on this day, and though it moderated, enough of cold and discomfort was left to make most people prefer indoor comfort to outside boisterousness of weather. It did not, however, damp the spirits of the Irishmen on the 17th March; the city on that occasion may be said to have been given over to their jubilation, in bands of music, processions, and speeches.

My professional work at Montreal was as light as it well could be. I was attached to a small hospital, but as a large number of medical officers had been collected at Montreal, in view of their services in an expected campaign, the medical duties of the garrison were not enough to go round. This state of things did not last long, however; with the assured prospect of peace, those surplus to the ordinary

needs of a garrison were ordered back to England, and in this surplus I was included.

Being so near "the States," it was natural that I should like to set foot in them, particularly as this was the second time I had been in North America, and there had been no chance for my doing so in 1851; so I put in an application for a short leave of absence, which was graciously accorded me, with the stipulation that at its expiry I was to embark for England.

This was a very pleasant prospect; it promised to gratify curiosity, the chief reason for the application; but a secondary one—at a long distance—was that perhaps permission might be given me to improve the occasion by noting in what ways the medical arrangements of an American army in the field differed from those in use in our own armies. My arrangements depended on one primary condition—that of being allowed to enter the United States when I presented myself at the frontier; and to this end I applied for a passport to the American Consul at Montreal. I was received civilly, and was shortly questioned. There was no disposition to refuse the favour; one or two—as I thought—unimportant personal peculiarities were, however, noted on the passport, but I reaped an advantage from this subsequently—that of "seeing myself as others see me" in certain ways.

I left the Royal Mount city for Toronto at four o'clock in the afternoon, and reached it at the same hour next day—only six hours after the due time; the spring of the engine broke down, and four hours were lost in repairing it; and after this we journeyed slowly along the shore of the lake for the greater part of the way, passing from time to time embryo towns named Port This and That. I passed a day at Toronto, which was even then a fine-looking, nicely-built city, but one not approaching Montreal in size—to me it appeared as strikingly British as the last-named city was French.

Leaving next day, the railway still skirting the western side of Lake Ontario, the city of Hamilton, another port—at the returning point where the lake bends eastward—was passed. A flourishing young city, at one time, it was

thought—quite incorrectly—to have been ruined when the railway of which for some time it had been the terminus was carried farther afield. It is now, forty years after my visit, a most flourishing centre of commerce and of social life; it has been christened by the title of "the ambitious city," one which may materially help in the fulfilment of its future greatness.

I was told that the city had lost one-third of its former inhabitants through the facilities the railway extension gave to the outlying districts (to which Hamilton used to be a metropolis) for reaching and dealing with Toronto; and the quiet of its streets, noticed when wandering through them, was expressive of premature old age. Travelling onwards from Hamilton to the American side of Niagara, in company with three officers whose objective was the same as my own, we found "a team"—as the phrase is—for the journey, and in many little ways the community of interests helped each of us. We found the scenery on the route very enjoyable, in spite of the immense tracts of snow left, not as yet sensibly affected by the continuous daily thawing.

The railway crossed from the Canadian to the American side by the suspension bridge over the Niagara River, through which the waters of Lake Erie join those of Lake Ontario; the bridge is about a mile below the Falls, but in crossing a full view of them is obtained from the train, though the view is greatly obscured by the mountain of spray flung up by the descending water. The suspension bridge itself appeared to me to be one of the wonders of the world, spanning the huge cleft in its fairy-like lightness and grace.

After the first sight of the world-renowned Falls from the suspension bridge, the next thing in connection with Niagara that impressed me was the bewildering number of the hotels, and the—to my eyes—great size of many of them; the provision for visitors had been well cared for; this affluence, however, made the choice of a resting-place all the more difficult.

The usage in Continental Europe apropos of passports is, I think, to require their production at the first setting-down place in the country, visited through the licence given in

the document; but this was not the case as regarded the passports issued at Montreal to non-American citizens, desiring to visit the States. Apparently no one noticed or cared a straw for our arrival at Niagara, although we were foreign-looking in the extreme; nor did the book in which we registered our names at the hotel require any statement as to nationality from us. The passport system was an exotic one; it did not take root—was killed, in fact, by neglect. This passport was never asked for once in America.

After arrival, making the best use of our limited time, we drove about the town and neighbourhood, seeing the Falls from different points of view, and wondering at the number of persons we met—all, apparently, on the same errand as ourselves, and this at a season in which, it was reasonable to suppose, the attractions of Niagara would be at the lowest point.

Next day, at an early hour, we closed with the waterfall—so to express it—doing its wonders systematically and seriously—first from the American side, not quite sure which was the most fascinating of the two—the view up the river above the Falls, as seen from Goat Island, with the turbulent rapids, hurrying along great masses of broken-up ice to the downfall beyond; or the sight of the enormous body of water precipitated in two sheets a depth of 150 feet into the boiling-up, misty, "horribly beautiful" caldron below. Sated with the view, and stunned with the roar of waters, our next point of view was on the Canadian side of Niagara, where a new wonder is produced. It is not the grandest, the most inspiring view, if an "Ode to Niagara" were meditated, but it is the particular point of interest in the Falls most likely to dwell in the prosaic memory when the subject is revived in long after years.

On the American side we had seen the upper surface of the avalanche of water as it sprang over the edge of the Fall, but now we were to see the under surface as it shot out in an arch, and to have it, like a roof, over our heads for a sensible distance before its straight-down course commenced.

To prepare for seeing this phenomenon, the visitor was

first inducted into a complete waterproof investment, from top to toe, as a rain from the under surface of the wave was a part of the wonder, and then descent was made by steps to a ledge of the rocky precipice, over which the water shot. The ledge, which might be traversed, formed a floor, with the water for its roof, for some distance, I understood for a good 30 feet, but safety required the distance to be about 10 feet. I found this last distance quite enough for me, as the ledge was perceptibly sloping, and a trifle slippery from the water on its surface. Indeed, I am not sure that I advanced as far as the assured safety-limit extended.

To reach Washington the most direct road was by way of Buffalo on Lake Erie. Whilst on the way there we had the company of a recruiting officer of the American Army, who was bringing up recruits from Niagara; he did not belong to the regular army, nor was he a native-born American—only a naturalized citizen. Amongst his recruits I noticed three men, unmistakable deserters from the British troops. The recruiting officer was seated just before me in the car, and I could not but overhear every word he said in conversation with a friend of his concerning a proposal made by them for the enlistment of sixty Red Indians; but the authorities at Washington had received the offer very coldly, and the red warriors were not enrolled. I had a pleasant talk afterwards with the officer; he was very outspoken, and regarded his employment as only a particular way of earning a living, without sentimentality of any kind.

We had the whole of the afternoon to see Buffalo, and, although the young city on the lake had its points of interest, they were soon exhausted. One of the chief objects to a stranger was the sight of the many handsome dwellings for well-to-do people; some of them might be called stately, a testimony to the mercantile element in the community. The number of steamers and sailing ships laid up for the winter in the harbour, and not yet liberated by the breaking up of the ice on the lake, was surprisingly large; the sailing schooners used as grain-carriers might have passed for gentlemen's yachts anywhere else, I think.

Leaving Buffalo at about seven o'clock in the evening,

the train arrived at Elmira after midnight, and four hours were spent at this city in the State of New York.

If there was a waiting-room for passengers at the Elmira "Depôt," we managed to miss it; so, following the stream of passengers who, like ourselves, were waiting for the train going south, we passed our time in a German eating-house outside, with a very promiscuous company. Besides ordinary, not specially distinguishable travellers, there were some soldiers of the "Buck Tail" corps, who carried the emblem of it on the front of their caps, an invalid from the war, and the Sheriff of the district in charge of two of his fellow-creatures, on their way to the State penitentiary at Albany. As these last-named gentlemen walked along, a sad clanking accompanied their march. One of the fettered ones seemed to find a solace in recounting his recent history, for the benefit of the audience in the room. His misfortune, it appeared, was "all along of a horse"; he was innocent as a child in the matter, and if at that mockery of justice called his trial certain facts had only been stated, he would have left the bar a good and true man. He ought to have stopped there, where his narrative ended; but he destroyed any nascent pity in this audience by adding: "I guess I am not going to make myself miserable about the penitentiary; I have been there before." Whilst hanging about the platform of the Depôt at Elmira we were confronted with one sad token of the great Civil War, in the shape of six or eight rough deal coffins, with a name and a direction written with chalk on the lid of each—soldiers from the Army of the Potomac, whose bodies their relations in the North had conveyed thus far on the way to repose with their kindred dust, perhaps in New England villages. Farther on we saw more of similar sacrifices on what the men, when living, had thought was the altar of duty to their country.

When at length entrained for Baltimore, we had an experience which could not have been paralleled in England. Soon after the train left, a man in our car began an address in a low voice, as if reading from a book; the subject was an exhortation for all to aid in the abolition of negro slavery in the United States. The orator, if I may so call him, was

a farmer, and from Kansas—so I gathered from what he said ; but there was more of a clerical appearance about him, and his language was good—that of an educated man. He spoke at intervals throughout the night, never addressing any particular person ; spoke as if abstractedly, and the oft-repeated burden of his message was that the States must expect misfortune so long as they tolerated slavery, and that in all the humiliations which had recently befallen them he saw a purpose, and heard a voice which plainly said, "Let this people go," meaning the negroes. The people in the car listened quietly ; no one answered him, or even interjected a word. Probably most of them, like myself, took forty winks from time to time, waking up to hear the emancipationist still appealing to their sense of right. I do not think there was a single sympathizer with him in the car, but no interruption was offered. The end came, however ; I think a question was asked of someone sitting near, and the reply was : "I'll tell you what, sir : I think if they took an Abolitionist and a Southerner, and hung a pair together on every tree, that the country would be all the happier." And this seemed to be the unanimous opinion, for no one offered another word ; but slavery soon afterwards went by the board.

By morning we had left the snow of the North far behind, and through a pass in one of the ranges of the Alleghany Mountains, now in the spring season, had entered the valley of the Susquehanna, perhaps in certain parts of it as lovely a region as the world can show : an Arcadia, but a lively, bustling Arcadia, where piping shepherds are replaced by busy farmers. It was delightful after the silence in winter by the St. Lawrence again to hear the sound of streams. The country passed through was cleared ; only wood enough had been left to diversify happily the scenery. Neat farm-houses with ample surrounding orchards abounded ; the country seemed to smile with plenty. The broad river, rolling down the valley and winding round the spurs of the hill met in its course, was naturally the great feature, but there was plenty of space for imagination to conjecture where Gertrude and Waldegrave might have roamed together.

The train crossed the river in its course again and again, over fine-looking bridges, one of great length—about three-quarters of a mile. The mountain scenery in view as we passed down the valley, both near and distant, added much to the interest of the journey in this beautiful region. In the afternoon Harrisburg, the capital of the State of Pennsylvania, was reached, where a very noticeable feature was the large number of flags flying half-mast high.

Soon after this the State of Maryland was entered. We were now in a State which for a while halted on the dubious verge of separating from the Union, but remained in it, after all. The railway we were travelling on afforded one of the principal routes for the Northern troops to reach Washington, and it was carefully guarded all along by detachments of soldiers at short intervals. We were now on the soil of slavery; negroes replaced white men at field-work. I did not notice the houses of any small farmers, but from time to time comparatively large houses came into view, such as we imagined belonged to country gentlemen.

I thought that the country was beautiful as well as interesting, with its well-cleared, rolling land and wooded hills, oak, ash, and other hardwood trees predominating, if not universal. In one locality some small, squalid-looking cottages, apparently all inhabited by negroes, were passed; they were built of beautiful white, unstreaked marble, of the kind, I think, known as statuary marble. The marvel was explained when the train passed through a cutting close to the cottages, which had furnished the marble for them, and presumably at a price less than that of ordinary building stone or brick.

In the evening we reached Baltimore, and put up at Barnum's Hotel—a very comfortable one. Before the "Secession," or Civil War, the city of Baltimore had a two-fold claim to distinction. First, that of being a great mercantile centre, at which also were great shipbuilding and engineering works. The other claim was that of being the social capital of the State of Maryland, to which in early colonial days many, especially of the Roman Catholic landed class in England, had emigrated, to obtain what they could not in those days get in the country of their birth—

full freedom for the profession of their religious beliefs. The descendants of the emigrants had largely become land-owners, and had preserved something of the importance which in European countries attaches to the position ; and with land the institution of slavery was associated, bringing with it deference of the slaves for their masters. This state was very analogous to that out of which the aristocratic condition of society in Europe was evolved, and I was told that the Maryland upper-class society assimilated to that of the landed class in Europe in conventionality of manners.

Having an introduction to a medical man in Baltimore, I waited on him next day, and was very courteously received ; he took me round the principal hospital, and explained its economy to me in all its departments. He was restrained in his talk, however, and I perfectly understood that we were in a city in a state of siege. I saw Baltimore from the roof of the hospital—a fine view ; it comprehended that of three large newly-erected forts, which, my guide told me quietly, accounted for the reigning tranquillity. In fact, " order reigned in Baltimore " in the same way and measure as it was said to do in Warsaw, in the well-known notice issued after that city had been stormed and captured. Baltimore was said to be one at heart with the Southern States ; it was occupied by a strong force of the Northern army, and a large part of its youth had gone South to join the army of Beauregard, the Southern leader at that time ; and a good many of the citizens were " cribbed, cabined, and confined " in Fort McHenry.

The " Yankees," as the Northern soldiers were called, were everywhere about. Yankee buglers sounded their calls ; Yankee bands played " Hail, Columbia, Smiling Land "; the Stars and Stripes floated everywhere. Whilst the men of Baltimore were rigorously dealt with, the women at first were allowed to be as insulting as they pleased ; and it did please them to go to extremities in the matter. Thus, in the newspapers of a day or two before, lying on the table in the news-room, was a paragraph stating that, whilst a newly-arrived regiment from the North was marching through the city, women looking on were holding up the children in their arms, telling them to spit upon the Yankees.

This was too strong to last, and, in spite of their habitual respect and deference for the sex, the Northern commander warned the population of the city that gross insults by women would be punished. The ladies of Baltimore kept up resentment, shown in ways that could not be reached by a direct punishment, such as an ostentatious solicitude for the nursing and comforts of the wounded Southern prisoners brought to the city, whilst those of the Northern troops, similarly situated, were left severely alone.

From Baltimore we easily reached Washington. The trains for ordinary traffic, although so close to the armies in the field, were not materially interfered with, nor were passports called for. The train was crowded with officers and men of the Federal army, but they were travelling in the fashion of ordinary passengers, not in organized form. There was a great deal of conversation in the car; as a matter of course, it ran almost exclusively on the subject of the war, past, present, and to come. The unanimous approval of the war, from the Northern point of view, was of the same unhesitating kind I had heard from the day I set foot in the States; nor was there any criticism as to the way in which the war had been conducted, or any fear as to the issue; and if the subject were mooted, everyone expressed himself as content to see personal liberty temporarily abridged, and despotic measures used against individuals by the authorities for the triumph of the Federal cause. As to fears of oppressive taxation consequent on the Civil War, everyone said, when this was mooted, that the last dollar would be forthcoming for the war.

We were lucky in getting bedrooms at "Willard's," a more gigantic hotel than my imagination had ever conceived as existing. It was said that 1,500 people dined there in relays from two to four o'clock; but, then, dinners were very quickly served and as quickly despatched. No one remained at table a moment after his appetite was satisfied. Iced water was the drink on the table; if something stronger was wanted, the bar might be visited, where the applicant—as the term was—might "smile," and where it was the fashion to pay off little debts of social friendliness, by making your acquaintances "smile" also.

Everything had conspired to crowd Willard's Hotel. The momentous war had reached a momentous stage; a few miles south of Washington a powerful Confederate army, full of hope, confronted a Federal army, restricted for the time to the defensive. The Congress of the United States was sitting at a time of supreme importance, which attracted thousands of people with diverse interests to the centre of official American life, and "Willard's," at all times the great political rendezvous during the sittings of Congress, was full to repletion—the hall crammed with every kind of well-dressed persons all the day, and well on into the night. A great number, if not all, of the celebrities in the country were there, including in certain cases those whose celebrity had suddenly sprung up in connection with some incident in the war. People with inventions, and others with good counsels for the shortening of the war, were also curiously numerous.

The city was full of soldiers; mounted vedettes were stationed at the corners of many of the streets; every now and then long trains of baggage and other waggons filed through the streets on their way to the bridge over the Potomac River. I had the pleasure, and for my purposes the great advantage, of making the acquaintance of an Englishman who had lived ten years in America, and was very favourably regarded by a large circle of American friends. With his genial guidance, I was able to improve every hour of my time at Washington. His notion was that nearly two-thirds of the resident population of the city was "secesh" at heart. He pointed out to me a society house where the prominent Southerners used to assemble before the outbreak of the war; the same in character as a Parisian "salon" of other times, where, under the guise of unpretentious afternoon or evening visiting, plots were hatched and Governments thereby destroyed. It was even said that the President's wife sympathized with the South.

Of President Lincoln, he affirmed that his hold on the Northern people was supreme, and that part of this was due to the fact that the average citizen was gratified by the election to the highest dignity of a man who started from

the bottom of the ladder; that on the President's levee days, when there was the tacitly allowed right of every citizen to present himself, the man of average social position made a point of attending to honour the President, perhaps explaining that he was going to the White House to shake hands with the President, because he thought him a downright good man.

A striking feature in the crowded streets of Baltimore was that of the number of young men, often of the best families of the country, who were voluntarily serving as private soldiers in regiments raised by their several States. In many instances they were men of large fortune, and amongst those who similarly had rushed to arms to keep the Union intact was one with whom I became acquainted through the introduction of W. B. P. He was said not only to be rich, but amongst the rich to hold the rank of a millionaire; he looked quite a lad, bright, intelligent, and of pleasant bearing. Except in the matter of exceeding riches, he might, I think, be taken as typical of a very large number of his young countrymen. I think he belonged to the Rhode Island State, and had enlisted there, his regiment being the first to reach Washington after the attack by the Southerners on Fort Sumter had precipitated the war between North and South; wounded and taken prisoner at the *débâcle* of Bull's Run—which in conversation he did not palliate—and exchanged, he was again wounded at Port Royal. He was now in Washington with his regiment, on the point of embarking on some very important expedition, the nature and the destination of which was kept secret; only guesses as to the object of it were on the tongues of everyone, as horse, foot, and artillery came from General McClellan's army in Virginia to form the force, and crowded through the streets of Washington. The young volunteer, but already a veteran in war service, told me many interesting facts concerning the early days of the war, one of which I may relate. On the arrival of the regiment in the South to entrain for Washington it found itself in Maryland, where the secret sympathy was with the Southerners, and this was put in evidence by the breaking-up of the line, and the burning of bridges at many places. When the train carrying

the regiment came to the first break in the track, the Commanding Officer thought the matter out, and concluded that as the rails were plaguey heavy, and the sympathizers were lazy, the rails had not been carried far, so he formed the men, and extended them on both sides of the line, and marched them outwards. In every case the rails were found within a quarter of a mile—sometimes in water—were carried back, and were easily reconstructed, and Washington was quickly reached.

I was anxious to see the President, but felt I had no chance of doing so. One morning, however, when wandering about before breakfast with my newly-formed acquaintance, we were just in front of the White House, when he suddenly called out to me : " There he is, the Emperor Abraham the First !" I looked up to the bedroom window, and, true enough, there was President Lincoln adjusting his collar, I thought. As he looked over the half-blind of the window, I knew him at once from the many pictures of him I had seen. Besides our two selves there were three others looking up in pleased curiosity at the President, who looked down on us for a minute ; it was what might be called a " little levee " all to ourselves.

My anxiety was that of procuring a special pass from the Provost-Marshal of the Army of the Potomac, enabling me to cross the river, and to visit the camp as far as Fairfax Court House. With this intent, one of the team from Canada and I called at the British Legation, hoping to get aid and comfort there—a bootless expectation ; we found only hindrance and discouragement. Our always helpful friend, Mr. W. B. P., came to the rescue, stated our case to Mr. Willard, who gave us a certificate of his belief that we were quite harmless, and on this the Provost-Marshal granted us passes. Having hired a light waggon, W. B. P. accompanying us, we set out early for our visit to the Army of the Potomac ; at the Washington end of the Long Bridge—well so named—the military passes were examined, but the sentry (who spoke County Cork American) returned mine to me after a single glance. We then began our passage of the Potomac, which was quite a military operation, being both difficult and with a chance of danger. The bridge was

covered by two streams, the outgoing one consisting of guns, caissons, store-carts, ambulances, sutlers' carts, etc., in which line our little vehicle took a place, surging about in a very distressing manner. Most of the military waggons were drawn by four mules, driven four-in-hand ; the mule-leaders of the teams seemed to divine that they were going South, and in a mulish fashion kept turning round to stare at their native North, thereby causing entanglements, material and moral, which occasionally threatened to throw our light waggon *into*, instead of over, the river, particularly at one place where the bridge was being repaired and some of the roadway planks were up. The return stream was mostly of empty vehicles.

At length we touched what was, in a subjective sense, called "the sacred soil of Virginia," which we found to be a most sticky soil of waggon-impeding clay. Our passes were again examined ; this formality over, we were permitted to sally through the works at the head of the bridge. The country we then passed through was naturally a fine one, with wooded hills, valleys, and streams, but whatever the hands of men had raised the hands of other men had mostly destroyed. All along the road to Fairfax Seminary, about which General McClellan's army was then encamped, the houses were levelled, the fences destroyed, and orchards cut down, always excepting a few houses, reserved for hospital and other purposes. The iron hoof had passed over the previously existing homesteads, and had obliterated them ; but this is a feature almost inseparable from war—if carried out with determination on both sides—for everything depends on this. I had seen the smiling country about Kadikoi in the Crimea, occupied by our own Cavalry Division, reduced from a region of vineyards, orchards, country houses, and smaller dwellings, to a plain with—excepting the church—everything on it razed to the ground or uprooted ; the very stones of the houses, including their foundation ones, broken up to form a main road.

Yet there was no ferocity or even harshness in the action ; our troops wanted wood as fuel to boil their dinners—that was all.

The country south of the Potomac had received in ex-

change for the "happy homes and household lights," chiefly the marks of abandoned sites for camps, about which might be all the festering filth connected with them, dead horses, the remains of slaughtered animals, and an air filled with miasm, through which we drove with all speed, not with baited, but with temporarily suppressed, breath." As the troops occupied a country largely wooded, the encampments were necessarily small, and proportionately numerous.

Our teamster was a violent Unionist, whose panacea for secession was the same as Stratford's "thorough." He mixed freely in the conversation, and it appeared that his case was one of cruel complexity; he had enlisted in the Northern Army with one of his sons; whilst his wife, a Southerner, had sent the two other sons to join the Southern Army. Horror of the risk of killing his own sons in battle forced the father to ask for his discharge.

Our driver had lately been to Manassas, and was describing how gloriously the Northern Army had occupied the abandoned works of the Southerners—"skunks," he called them—when my joking friend, W. B. P., asked him if he brought away with him a chip of one of the wooden guns mounted on the works, which all the winter frowned defiance on the Northern Army blockading it. The result of the question was an explosion of wrath, which looked likely to have us driven to the nearest picket; but a soothing expression of regret restored good temper, and we jolted, or more frequently walked, along on our way.

On the road we passed a number of corps marching, as we afterwards knew, to embark on the expedition to reach Richmond from Yorktown, in which attempt great loss accrued. I judged from the number of men who fell out whilst marching that the corps were newly raised, and that many of the men also had ill-fitting boots, as this is the common cause for which men on the march fall out of the ranks. I thought that their simple uniform, with hardly a trace of tawdry finery on it, was very becoming; it harmonized with the terribly serious nature of their then profession.

Near Bailey's Cross Roads we came on the ground occupied by the 30th New York Regiment, in which W. B. P.

had acquaintances, and we were most kindly received, were invited to get down and have dinner. "Well, then, something to eat." "No? Then liquor up." I mention this as an example of the hospitableness of Americans, always shown.

Being more interested in medical than in military matters, I asked permission to see their regimental hospital, their ambulances, and other paraphernalia for the sick and wounded—a request at once granted; and the surgeon of the regiment took me round his special department. I found that in the field their arrangements were much the same as those in our forces similarly placed.

From the hospital we went to the lines of the next regiment, which was one of three corps armed with the then newly invented six-shot revolver rifles, the men so armed being all picked out as first-class shots. Here at last was something new to see. I thought that, like as in the old time an English archer was said to carry the lives of six Scots spearmen at his belt, so the newly-armed Northern regiments carried the lives of six Southerners in their rifles, and was surprised when our conductor shook his head on my asking him if this was not the case. He answered: "Well, no, sir; the men of the regiment are half mutinous on account of this rifle, in the use of which half the fingers in the corps have already been blown off." I was perplexed when the young sentry near us, on a question being asked him about the new rifle, at once offered to take the mechanism to pieces to show me. I thanked him cordially, but would not allow him, poor fellow, to get himself into terrible trouble in the matter; the genuine wish to oblige is a part of the American character. We were allowed to stroll about the camp; from it we could see the pickets of the Confederate army. We returned to Washington after a most interesting day in the camp of the Army of the Potomac, and delighted with the obliging frankness of everyone we had met. I was amused by the remark of a negro shoeblack in the street, who said, when "fixing up" my boots after my return: "Ah, I see you have been on the sacred soil."

Having seen the arrangements made in the temporary

hospitals in the field for the reception of the sick and wounded, I was desirous of seeing the more important secondary hospitals, at the base of operations, as the term is, to which the inmates of the field hospitals of an army in the field are systematically drafted, not only for their comfort and well-being, but to leave the army as much as possible unencumbered.

The melancholy "slump" of our own system in the first stage of the Crimean War had quickened the interest of medical officers generally in all matters appertaining to their special department of the medical profession; and, being where I was, I wished to see in what ways American sagacity and ingenuity had improved on our slowly elaborated and applied means for the amelioration of the conditions of the sick and wounded of an army in the field, and for the lessening of the mortality amongst them. Accordingly I preferred a request to the Surgeon-General of the army at Washington to be allowed to visit the general hospital, and the favour was at once granted.

Unfortunately the time was a bad one in which to see just what I wanted; the casualties in the various actions in the localities served by the hospital had been great in number, and had rapidly accrued—a state of things which is imminent, and, indeed, is seldom wanting, in the army of every nation in the time of active war. Thus, I saw the hospital in the Patent Office at its worst, newly established, and not fairly in running order; it was overcrowded momentarily, so to say. I counted six rows of beds arranged down the length of one long hall: in the normal course of development the hospital would present a very different appearance, when the pressing necessities of exceptional demands on it ceased.

From the Patent Office I went to the office of the Sanitary Commission, and there, in conversation with Dr. Jenkins, the secretary, I had the pleasure of hearing all about the steps taken to bring their methods up to the most advanced scientific sanitary knowledge of the time; he also kindly gave me printed copies of the instructions of the Commission to the medical officers of the army, some of which I subsequently placed in the hands of our army medical authorities in England, and those of the professors

of the Army Medical School. Special attention to things of professional interest, however, occupied very little of my time in Washington; there was so much else to excite curiosity. Foremost of all was the never-dwindling crowd of visitors occupying the city—I might almost say from all parts of the earth—and nearly everyone brought there in connection with the war in some way. The war dwarfed everything else in interest.

Along with the others of my team I visited the Capitol and the two houses of the Legislature—the Senate and the House of Representatives—and saw the Conscript Fathers of the Republic at work on their high calling. Both houses were freely open for view to every citizen, and no difficulty was raised about the admission of strangers. The other principal sights of Washington were chiefly the various offices of the Government—the Treasury, the Post-Office, the War Office, and the Patent Office—a very interesting place, and one of great utility as well. Jackson's Square also was admired.

We thought it strange that, after having apparently left winter far behind us in the North, we should—on the last day of March, I think—have to encounter a snow-storm so far south as Washington. It was an unfortunate change for the troops, with all their impedimenta, marching through the city on the expeditionary duty before referred to, as the melting snow played havoc with the roads, making marching very heavy.

On the Sunday we were much struck with the great quiet of the city on that day, in spite of all the then present extraneous population in it. This, noticed in a New England city, would have been understood, but I had not imagined that the Puritan reverence for the day had penetrated so far to the South.

I was told that churches in Washington had been closed when the officiating clergymen refused to pray for the success of the Federal arms; but perhaps this referred to one particular church only.

CHAPTER XVIII

JOURNEY HOME FROM WASHINGTON (1862)

OUR limited time having run out, we left the Federal capital with reluctance, and returned to Baltimore on our way North. On the same afternoon we left for New York ; time did not permit us to break the journey at Philadelphia. Of this well-known city, however, we saw a great deal, as the railway from the South not connecting directly with that for New York, the passengers were transferred to the latter by the street-cars, and for quite five miles, as it seemed to me, we were carried through the streets of the Quaker city, which appeared to be a formally laid out one of red brick buildings generally, distinguished commonly by marble doorsteps. In our hurried flight through the streets we only caught glimpses of some magnificent buildings of white marble. We reached New York on the same night at a late hour.

At the parting with our friend W. B. P., he recommended us, not to put up in New York at one of the grand new hotels, but to go to the Clarendon, and there we went on arrival ; and a marvellous hotel we found it, combining faultlessly good accommodation and service and table with a lowness of charge that, even after the reflections on the forty years which have elapsed since I was a guest in the Clarendon, seems to me an incomprehensible problem.

Whilst there is no privileged class in the States, wealth, culture, and the union of these with good personal qualities, and perhaps descent from an ancestor of historical importance, all tend to create a class, the members of which are known as belonging to the "best families," and this is on the way for hardening into an aristocracy ; the guests at

the Clarendon contained examples of persons whose personal positions were thus conceded. Amongst them was the greatest non-official person in the States, General Scott, by the invocation of whose name, preceded by the appellative of "Great," Americans were supposed to intensify expression of astonishment at anything. In ignorance, I sat down next him at breakfast, and found him one of the most unassuming of men in the world.

The sights of New York, even forty years ago, were many and interesting, perhaps the most of all being those of the life in the streets; at this particular time the war was accountable for much of it, and manifestly for the number of men to be met with dressed in the uniform of the French Chasseur regiments, and in that of the Zouave caps, probably newly raised volunteer bodies from the State of New York. Many of the little boys of New York were also dressed in military fashion, and patriotic emblems were not wanting about the dresses of the ladies. The Federal colours were in abundant display, and the shop-windows were not behindhand in articles on view which ministered to the all-engrossing patriotic flame. At the door of an ironmonger's shop, however, I saw exhibited what seemed to me to be quite an emblem of decadent patriotic sentiment —that of a slop-pail, on the body of which the stripes of the national colours were painted, and on the lid the stars shone out in brilliant colour. Patriotism, I suppose, was held to cover every falling away from good taste, but I wondered how the exhibitor had escaped lynching; the arrangement looked so like that designed by an enemy to the cause.

Taking only the smaller shops, and leaving out of account the large "stores," I thought the shops in London or in a large provincial town in England looked brighter than those of New York, and the contents richer. The omnibuses, on the other hand, seemed cleaner and more roomy than ours, but also slower. I perambulated the Broadway up and down, and went to look at the grand houses in the Fourth and Fifth Avenues, visiting Trinity Church for the sake of its associations, and the Post-Office to get my letters; the latter building seemed to me to be remnant of the old time when New York was a Colony, groaning under the

tyranny of despotic England; even, I thought, there was something of the knickerbocker era about it.

Having seen the mansions of the great, I also had a view of those at the other end of the social scale, in the Bowery and in the Battery localities; the sight was not pleasant, but it hardly came up in sordidness to that of many parts of our East End in London, nor could the speech of the inhabitants be fouler than that in use in our own slums.

Another day was passed in New York and Brooklyn in much the same fashion as on the preceding day, and on the day following the city of Boston was reached. Here we found winter still in part possession; the cold was sharp enough to satisfy any moderate desire for bracing weather, and the vehicular traffic was pretty fairly divided between that on runners and that on wheels. The approach to the city for a considerable distance was through environs which were well sprinkled over with country houses, prim in appearance somehow, though painted in white and bright green colours. I put up at the Rivière Hotel, then the newest and most up-to-date in the city. On going into the new room, I had the pleasure of meeting an American gentleman, a merchant, with whom I had formed acquaintance at St. John's, N.B., and he kindly took the trouble of giving me the sketch of a sight-seeing plan, by which as much as possible of the subjects of interest might be seen in the short time at my disposal.

The Navy Yard was the first place to which I went, but the interest there lay not so much in it as the localities passed through in going to it and after leaving. From the Navy Yard I drove to the famous Bunker's Hill, where, as the commencement of the Revolutionary war, the Britishers paid so woeful a price for the barren possession of a useless eminence. A very beautiful obelisk of polished granite, 250 feet high, has been erected near the spot where the raw American levies held their ground so tenaciously, and near its base is a museum containing objects associated with the historic site. There are also some ancient brass guns, trophies wrested from the Britishers during the war.

From Bunker's Hill I passed on to Cambridge, three miles from Boston, to visit the well-known Harvard University,

near which was the house where Longfellow had lived : one of the detached, ordinary houses of the neighbourhood, but when once seen it connects itself in memory with the poet some of whose poems will live on, a heritage for English reading people throughout the world. In returning I saw other places consecrated by their connection with other men of literary genius Harvard has sent out into the world during the last sixty years.

On my return I had the privilege of entering Faneuil Hall, the " cradle of liberty," as the Americans proudly call it.

Of a special feature in Boston—the commercial warehouses —one requires almost to speak with baited breath, their appearance was so palatial. The houses, also, of the men of many dollars, in Franklin Square, taking them generally, looked superb. Taken as a whole, Boston looked something like an English town ; but if challenged to say in what particulars that resemblance consisted, I really could not answer.

Next day I found myself at Portland, in the State of Maine, in those days a comparatively small city ; but, being quite free from ice in winter, and having an excellent harbour, it is by nature a winter port for Canada, owing to its nearness.

At 3 p.m., the latest mail from Canada having been taken on board, the ship in which I had embarked unmoored. In a few minutes it was outside of the land-locked harbour ; the pilot left, and in a couple of hours we were out of sight of the American Continent.

Later on in the evening there was a heavy snowstorm, and the *Nova Scotia* had to go on very warily, sounding the steam-whistle and tolling the bell at short intervals. The distance to Liverpool by the course marked out was 2,900 miles, and the ship made remarkably good way, in spite of a strong head wind lasting for a couple of days. In every respect the *Nova Scotia* was as comfortable a ship as heart could desire—nice fellow-passengers, capital table, excellent accommodation. On the fourth day out the course had to be changed, to escape the ice and fogs about Cape Race ; this took the ship across the Arctic Stream, in which at the then season icebergs are commonly met, but only two very

small ones were passed. The surface temperature of the water in the stream was 36° F.; the fog became less dense, but there were occasional snowfalls. On the seventh day out the air was warmer and pleasanter. On the ninth day a dense fog came on, and no observation of the sun could be taken, so the position of the ship was only to be guessed at by the dead reckoning, which showed how many knots had been run in the last twenty-four hours, during which the ship had been steered in such and such a direction. On the eleventh day the fog fortunately lifted at noon for about a couple of minutes, and the hurried observation taken showed approximately that we were near the land at the north coast of Ireland—just where we ought to be—and we were now favoured with a fair wind. Next morning Torry Island was sighted astern, but a rising storm from the south, bringing up with it rain and a thick mist, obscured all the landmarks; and when the storm, as short-lived as it was sudden, took off about noon, it was found that the ship had overrun Loch Foyle, where it was due to touch, so it was put about, and in a couple of hours Moville, some fifteen miles below Derry, was reached. A tug took off the passengers who were to land here, and the ship again stood on her course for Liverpool. The weather was now very pleasant, the vividly green shores of the loch very charming to look at. We passed so close to the shore that the Giant's Causeway, farther on, could be seen to perfection, whilst in the distance was the coast of Scotland. That beautiful natural feature of the Irish coast, Fair Head, appeared in all its stateliness. When night closed in the ship was crossing the Irish Sea.

At breakfast-time next morning the Welsh Hills were in sight, and soon afterwards the *Nova Scotia* crossed the bar of the Mersey, and by eleven o'clock was alongside of the landing-stage at Liverpool.

CHAPTER XIX

AN EPISODE IN THE NEW ZEALAND WAR (1864)

[Surgeon Home returned home in April, 1862, and remained there till January, 1863, when he sailed for India, serving in Bengal till October, when he was sent to the scene of active operations in New Zealand.]

In the latter stage of the Maori War of 1863-64 I was attached to the force under Lieutenant-General Cameron, operating in the country east of what was then called Narawahia. The district reached was not only possessed and lived in by the natives, but no European had settled there. It was even said, probably incorrectly, that no white man had ever been in this part of New Zealand before the troops arrived in the fine, open, well-watered, fertile country through which the Hora Tien River ran to join the Waikato. The Maori did not oppose the invaders at this point; but, driving away his horses and cattle, left the little settlements, taking every soul with him, westward to Te Awamutu, where he concentrated and constructed a "Pah," awaiting our attack in it. The attack was promptly made, but unsuccessfully, by the troops already at Te Awamutu, who were repelled with a relatively considerable loss. This was not the first similar repulse we had met with in the war when attacking the native fortified post, nor was it to be the last. The Maori was, however, as it was thought, blocked in his Pah, and hunger would do the rest. But, to the astonishment of all, after a time, and in broad daylight, these intrepid men, accompanied by their women and children, suddenly left the Pah and broke away into the Bush, sustaining some loss.

At this time I was directed to proceed to Auckland on a temporary duty, and my route at first lay through the very country into which the retreating Maoris had probably, in part at least, escaped. I had the honour, but hardly the pleasure, of an escort of two mounted men for the distance between our camp and that at Te Awamutu—some ten miles. The presence of two men was far more likely, I thought, to bring stragglers on us than to ward them off; but as it turned out, we reached Te Awamutu without seeing a trace of the foe. The only danger encountered was that my horse suddenly sank deeply in a piece of boggy ground, but both horse and rider were quickly extricated by the practised Bush-riders who formed the escort. Without their rapid aid, the horse might have remained in the bog for good. Te Awamutu was a missionary settlement, working largely through education and instruction in the simpler arts of civilised life for the Maori's children. On the outbreak of war the children disappeared, and so also did the conductors of the enterprise, temporarily. Finding no one to welcome me, I took the liberty of selecting the best room in the nice house for my lodging until next day. I spent the afternoon in visiting the hospital tents for our own men, and those also where our wounded opponents were cared for. The chief loss of the Maori, I fancy, occurred during their audacious evacuation of the Pah. I noticed one dangerously wounded woman, but probably there were more; she was cared for by a woman of her own race. Amongst the Maori wounded men was an old man, delirious and half sitting up in bed. Very evidently, as life ebbed away, his thoughts were engrossed by memories of other times and places than his actual surroundings. He kept on moving the right hand over his breast in regular time, just as if he were playing on a stringed instrument, all the while accompanying the movement with a low muttering. There was a pathos about the scene which I have not forgotten, though thirty-eight years have lapsed since I saw the death-bed of the aged Maori.

Recalling the succession of events during the final Maori War when the staple of conversation at the present time in England is the all-engrossing Boer War, stretching its

length along a period of years, I am forcibly struck with the, in the main, essentially identical principle that has evolved both the Boer and the Maori methods of warfare. Moreover, the similarity is precisely what might have been expected from a knowledge of the circumstances in which both races were placed—warring with an enemy used to methods deduced from experience in war with peoples more advanced in civilization than either of the first noted races.

Both races were alike in these points : they lived in small pastoral communities, with few artificial wants, therefore in moving about they were free from impedimenta almost entirely. Both lived in localities which exercised hourly the keenness of their perceptive faculties. Both peoples were for the most part individually brave and self-reliant, the commando of the one, the tribe of the other, a unit through which the individual had freedom of initiative, and to a large extent freedom of action ; in both the fighting strength coterminous with the manhood of the body. Both brought to the field an acquaintance with firearms as their mainstay ; the Boer, however, was usually a practised shot, whilst the Maori had no special skill. With both the main principle was to invite attack—the Boer in ground selected for qualities of natural defence, the Maori in their Pahs, which were usually invincible against storming. These were always evacuated after repulse of their opponents, probably from the dominating question in all wars, that of food-supply.

The Boers universally used the horse in war, not to fight on, but to transport the rider ; the Maori used horses similarly, but, having few horses, not largely nor systematically.

It is instructive to recall that when the Maori, nearly always victorious in defending a Pah, attempted to meet our troops in the open field, as subsequently was the case in the Wanganui campaign, he was overcome with the greatest ease.

I had arranged to leave Te Awamutu at 4 a.m. next day with the daily convoy, but, missing this, I had to follow on by myself. It was still dark when I left, and, when clear of the camp, I quite realized that small bands of our dispersed enemy might still be on hand, awaiting chances in

the Bush. I came to have a vivid appreciation of the great poet's line : " The thief doth fear an officer in every bush." A well-defined track led all the way to my objective, but the Te-Te scrub consisted often of isolated bushes, which emphasized the poet's meaning. But when the sun rose all was changed ; the bright clear air, and the beautiful forest and water scenery in the distance, gave pleasurable excitement, and a quick canter brought me to our next post at Hamilton. Here I asked the Officer Commanding for a fresh horse ; he readily assented, but coupled his assent with the intimation that he could not let so good a saddle go. With a curious want of completeness, he made no demur to my retaining the Government bridle. I told him that if the saddle must be kept back, so might the horse—that I would do my next stage on foot. This brought out the fresh horse with the saddle, and the animal soon knew I meant business, as he had to swim a considerable river, following the boat carrying me over. My road was now along a Maori track on the left bank of the river, and thus there was no fear of losing my way. A bright cheerful day banished the notion of fugitive natives with tomahawks in readiness, until, quite suddenly, I found myself within a few yards of a native settlement of greater extent than any I had ever seen before, deserted and silent as the grave. As I rode through, it seemed that at any time I might meet with lurking Maoris, and Shakespeare's line came up again, as in my morning ride.

I was glad to be through it, but on the other side there was poor comfort. The track now left the river-bank and ran through a forest with trunks of fallen trees lying across in places, making frequent détours necessary. It seemed to me as perfect a man-trap for an innocent traveller as ingenuity could have thought out. I plodded on, hoping that the other side of the forest might be nearer than just where I was it gave any appearance of being, when a loud " Cooee " burst on my ear. Startled extremely, I looked right and left, and there in front and some 60 yards off stood in the middle of the path, with his musket thrown over his left arm, the veritable Maori of my morning's thoughts, and my fate, awaiting me. I understood the

case instantly. I had been spotted in the forest, had been roped in on all sides, the "Cooee" being the signal to close round me. I pulled up, but retreat was hopeless, resistance impossible. I had no offensive weapon, not even a penknife, with me; the spurs on my heels were useless in the emergency. There was nothing for it but to push on and see the thing through. On I rode, the Maori making no sign, standing impassive in the track, until I was within 12 feet of him, when he uttered one word, like "Pickaniny." I stopped in front of him, but could gather only that I had no hostile Maori before me. I rode past him, and soon another unexpected but welcome sight greeted me—that of a busy landing-place on the river, where our people were hard at work unloading stores, with the aid of "friendly Maoris," from a stern-wheel steamer. The Maori of my late acquaintance was one of them, but, his boy having strayed, he, along with others was searching the forest through for his lost child. His address to me really meant, "Have you seen my child?"

I was just in time to get a passage in the "stern-wheeler" returning to Narawahia—the base of the expedition at that time—so, after giving up my horse (I am proud to write, without retaining the saddle), I embarked. The river was full of "snags," but on this trip we only made their passing acquaintance. A little later on, I understand, the stern-wheeler joined a "snag" in the bottom of the river. We duly arrived at our destination. Narawahia had been the capital of the Maori King—a poor capital, in all conscience.

The King with whom we had to do was only the second of the dynasty called into existence after the British annexation as a means of uniting the Maori race; but the confederation of tribes was loosely knit and did not hold. The father of the reigning (and fugitive) King was a "strong man," fit to create a nation out of self-governing tribes, but he died too soon, and with him died any chance of success the idea might have had. He had nobility of mind; the notion of uniting his race came to him from his earnest desire to avert the deterioration of it by that scourge of all primitive peoples brought into contact with modern civilization and annexation, the alcoholic curse. The colony would

not make a law to suppress the selling of drink to his countrymen, so he took on the kingship, and rigorously enforced his law against any toleration whatever of the sale of drink. I did not notice any native warries in the capital. By the River Waikato stood the King's Palace, and at a few yards' distance the tomb of the first King. Our camp was a little way off. The Palace was a rather large native warry, of one room, about 12 feet long and 8 feet broad, with an earthen floor. A tiny window over the door lit it up. No one hindering, I lodged myself in the Palace ; it was empty, excepting that in a corner lay the carved figurehead of a canoe.

I managed to get something to eat from a sutler in the camp, having had more than a twenty-four hours' fast. I had not come across "food for my mouth," as the natives said, since the afternoon at Te Awamutu. Having arranged for my transport next day down the river, I spread my blanket on the floor of the royal abode, and, wrapped in my cloak, slept more like a top than a human being.

Warned by my mistake of the day before, I was up and in readiness to move *before*, not *at*, 4 a.m. It had been settled that I should have a passage in a Navy boat, going down to the first station below. After waiting some time by the river-bank, I went in search of my Jack Tars, and found all the five in the enjoyment of deep slumber in a tent. It was some time before my expostulations availed to waken the petty officer, and when he had taken in the situation, he had to coax, not to order, his men to rouse up. But the boat was at length manned, and off we started on our way. A little below Narawahia the river scenery is beautiful, grand even, with the lofty hills coming down to the edge of the stream on either side, with splendid forest, clothing the hills ; sunrise on a fine morning, such as we had, is a sight to remember. The station I had to disembark at was variously named ; only the initiated could gather the correct designation, which sounded like "Mealipotomus." An Irish soldier at once settled the matter of pronunciation as "Mealy-Potatoes" ; the name was "catchy," and was adopted. I had no time to explore the place. After leaving the Royal Navy boat, I had to transfer myself to a

big "dug-out" canoe with a native crew, which would drop me at a settlement of friendly Maoris a little way down the river. There were four natives to paddle, and one to steer. There was no fellow-passenger on board, and, naturally looking on myself as a first-class one, I took up the best quarter available in the "dug-out." But the "Friendlies" did not see the case as I saw it—quite otherwise: before we had pushed off twenty yards, I had a good dig in the back. Turning smartly round, I found one of the paddlers, proffering *me* a paddle, and was conscious that I was expected to work my passage down, and accepted the position without remonstrance. I had never had a paddle in my hand before, but I dashed it in, as it seemed to me my fellows did, not wildly, but with measured action. No period for improvement in the art was allowed; I was quickly and roughly ordered to hand the paddle back again; I did so, and resumed my former character.

The native settlement—I can hardly call it a village—at which I was landed was not new to me. The Chief was our friend, all the inhabitants were our enemies, but most of them obeyed the voice of the Chief, and aided us with canoe transport. Some, however, aided our rebel enemies, and fought stoutly in their behalf at the action at Rangiriri, —an important one early in the war. Connected with this was a story, illustrating the old, old story of a woman's devotion. A Maori woman of the little tribe, young and handsome, was married to a young tribesman, called by us "Big George." She was very proud of her giant George, who had cast in his lot with the rebels, and had been badly wounded in fight at Rangiriri. News of this coming to her, she took a canoe, paddled it down in the darkness by herself, and succeeded in reaching the Pah on the side which was protected by a marsh, communicating with the river; she brought off her disabled George in safety, landing him at the settlement of the tribe. People admired her devoted action, and when "Pale Faces" found themselves at the little settlement they usually paid their respects to Mrs. George, perhaps with a little present of tobacco. On my first visit to it, I found her quietly seated with the others of the tribe, smoking her pipe of about an inch and a half of

stem, and the head of it turned downwards. With her visitors the language difficulty prevented any lingual expression of respect; all that could be given was a sympathetic grin, to be received with indifference. Probably she could not understand our appreciation, accustomed as she was to think that war meant the unconditional slaughter of the enemy root and branch; whilst on her part she had only done the ordinary duty of a wife in succouring her great George.

The distance from the settlement to Rangiriri was only a few miles; a canoe passage was found for me. Arrived there, I was furnished with a horse to take me to Queen's Redoubt, and was told that I "couldn't miss the road if I tried." This was well enough in its way, but it was spoken without any knowledge of the phenomenal talent I had for losing my way on a Bush ride: the Waikato might be always on my left hand, but this bare statement left out of account that it might not always be in sight. So, too, the sun, that other guide, might show me the west; but as it was setting, its aid was but temporary. No account was taken of small marshes to be eluded by going right or left, or of shallow dips to be crossed just at the right place. But late in the afternoon I started, and did fairly well as long as the light held. I wandered on, picking out the best-trodden line, bringing the horse back to it when he took it into his head to swerve right or left; but a little of this showed me that the horse was generally right—in fact, he could not be so completely at sea as I was—and I ceased to interfere with his choice of the path, even when it was strongly opposed to my own notion. There was only one sensation on the journey; some wild, or more likely escaped, cattle came out of the Bush unexpectedly, and the leader seemed bent on making a quarrel with me, but, pretending not to see him, I reached another camp at Mere Mere.

After giving the horse a little rest here, I entered on the last stage of my day's journey in the dark; luckily it was not a difficult ride, and I had confidence that the horse knew the road. I had to cross the scene of the first engagement in the war—that at Te Rore—where the Maori, having defied our troops on open ground, was scattered like chaff.

Between this place and my destination ran a narrow deep river or "creek," as the local word is for a body of water draining a marsh into a river. An outpost had been stationed on the farther side of the creek to guard the crossing-place, but I arrived so late that everything was quiet in the camp, placed on a lofty bank close to the creek. I shouted in vain for a long time, gave myself a rest, and then began again. At length I heard that my importunate behaviour had carried the point; two soldiers were coming down the road from the high ground overhanging the creek. I could even hear them talking in a very excited way, and in most unparliamentary language, about the disturber of their rest. I am sorry to say that one of them went so far as to suggest the throwing of me into the creek, but I knew that this was "only pretty Fanny's way." The men brought the pontoon over, and overcame the hesitation of my horse to embark by a smart and sudden cut behind; the impact of his jump in ought to have wrecked the frail conveyance. On the other side the men gave me my sailing directions civilly, and I set out to finish the day's work. A short way on I crossed a little wooden bridge which led on to the Great South Road, the making of which was one of the main causes of the war on the part of the Maoris.

A short mile from this brought me to Queen's Redoubt. As it was now nearly midnight, the place was silent, except for the challenges of the sentries to the intruder. Outside, however, I luckily found somewhere to place my horse, and as there were a number of rickety tents about I chose one for my night's rest, and slept undisturbed in it.

Breakfast was my first care next morning. I had eaten nothing except a casual biscuit for more than thirty hours, but somehow I was not ravenously hungry, though I ate with enjoyment when I got in front of my breakfast. I then started on a fresh horse for the remaining fifty miles' ride to Auckland—an easy ride for the most part, over an excellent road, a steep "saddle-back" at one part being the only exception. Bush fires farther on had broken out on both sides of the road—a great deal of forest had been destroyed—but the safety of persons travelling was not involved, the trees on each side having been burnt down at

the beginning. Journeying on, the sight of the houses and surroundings of the settlers was very cheering ; the city itself looked delightful to eyes just off from the Bush, even if the vision was only to endure for the two days I anticipated.

[Surgeon Home returned to Bengal in September, 1865, and served in that Presidency until the beginning of 1868. He received the Companionship of the Bath on the 7th July, 1865, and was specially promoted to the rank of Staff Surgeon-Major "in consideration of the ability and zeal displayed by him during the operations in New Zealand." On the 3rd April, 1867, he was gazetted Surgeon-Major in the 35th Foot (now 1st Battalion the Royal Sussex Regiment), returning to England with that regiment in January, 1868. He was re-gazetted Staff Surgeon-Major on the 15th February, 1868, and served in that rank at home till the 23rd May, 1873. For a short period, from the 30th August, 1871, to the 31st October, 1872, he was seconded on appointment as Medical Inspector under the Privy Council.

On the despatch of the expedition to Ashanti under Major-General Sir Garnet Wolseley, C.B., K.C.M.G., he was appointed Principal Medical Officer of the force, with the local rank of Deputy Surgeon-General while employed on the West Coast of Africa. He has written no reminiscences of this short campaign, but the following quotation from the "Narrative of the Ashanti War," written by Captain Brackenbury, Assistant Military Secretary to Sir Garnet Wolseley, shows the good service done by him :

"In the middle of December Dr. Home, who had been on the coast since June, and to whose thoughtful care and able brain the entire organization of these arrangements for hospitals, and removal of sick and wounded was due, was seized with a most severe attack of the terrible coast fever. During all the operations he had been present in the field, and his personal exertions had been conspicuous. On that desperately trying march to Abrakampa, and in all our marches, he had worked on foot like a private soldier, striving amongst the men suffering from the effects of the sun and exhaustion. A medical board invalided him to

England, and his services were lost to the force. Only a brain specially gifted with organizing power, and of remarkably clear judgment, could have arranged with such singular effectiveness for the probable contingencies of a campaign in this climate. All Dr. Home's calculations were subsequently found to have been most wonderfully correct, and his successors found organized and ready to their hand a complete system."

Similar high praise was accorded to him in the despatches of the General Officer Commanding. There is no doubt that the striking success from a purely sanitary point of view (which in a tropical campaign means also a military point of view) of this expedition, in a climate which had proved so fatal to all other attempts to invade Ashanti, was very largely, if not wholly, due to the forethought and exertions of the Principal Medical Officer.

Deputy Surgeon-General Home was confirmed in that rank on the 24th December, 1873, and served at home till July, 1878. He received the Knight Commandership of the Bath in March, 1874.

In July, 1878, he was promoted local Surgeon-General while serving as Principal Medical Officer in Cyprus at a time when affairs in the Near East appeared to point to a war with Russia. He returned to England in April, 1879, and was permitted to retain his rank, though without pay and allowances, till promoted Surgeon-General on the 4th April, 1880. He served as Principal Medical Officer in Madras from March, 1880, to March, 1882; and in Bengal in the same capacity from the latter date till April, 1885. The remainder of his service, until his retirement at the age of sixty on the 29th November, 1886, was spent in England.]

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